

The Illustrated

LONDON NEWS

June 1980 65p

Adam Fergusson
THE EUROPEAN MPs

Andrew Moncur
TEST MATCH SPECIAL

E.R. Chamberlin
WORDSWORTH'S GRASMERE

**FLYING WITH
THE NEW
RED ARROWS**

Exclusive pictures

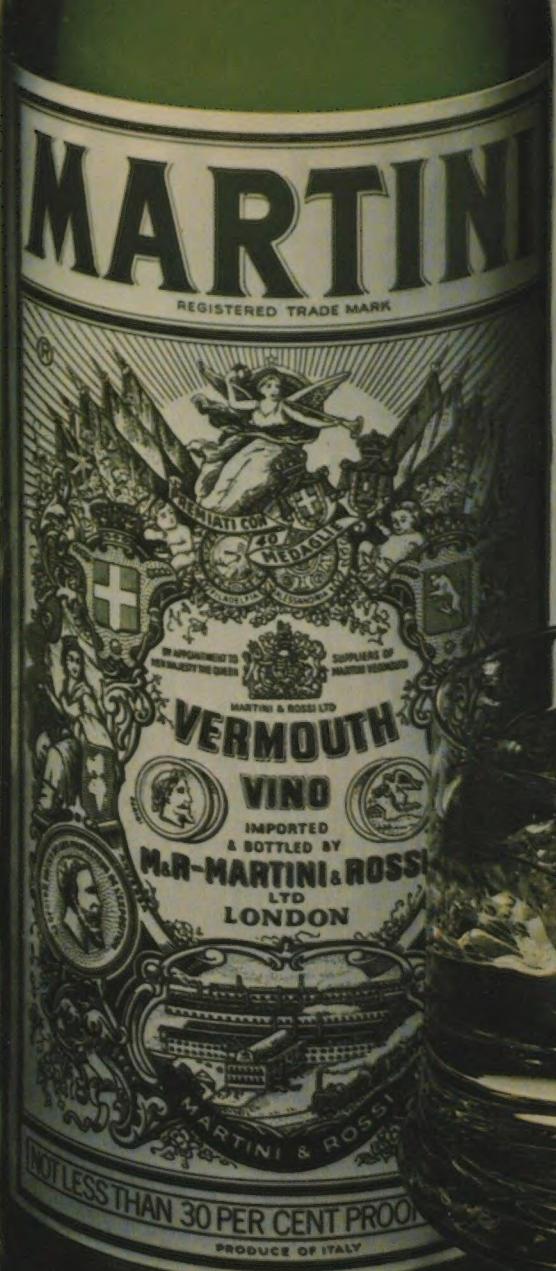




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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6983 Volume 268 June 1980

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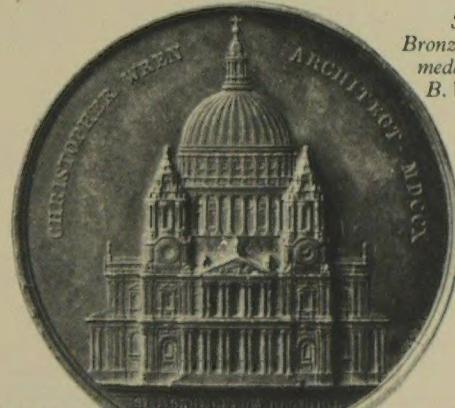
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Pictorial London

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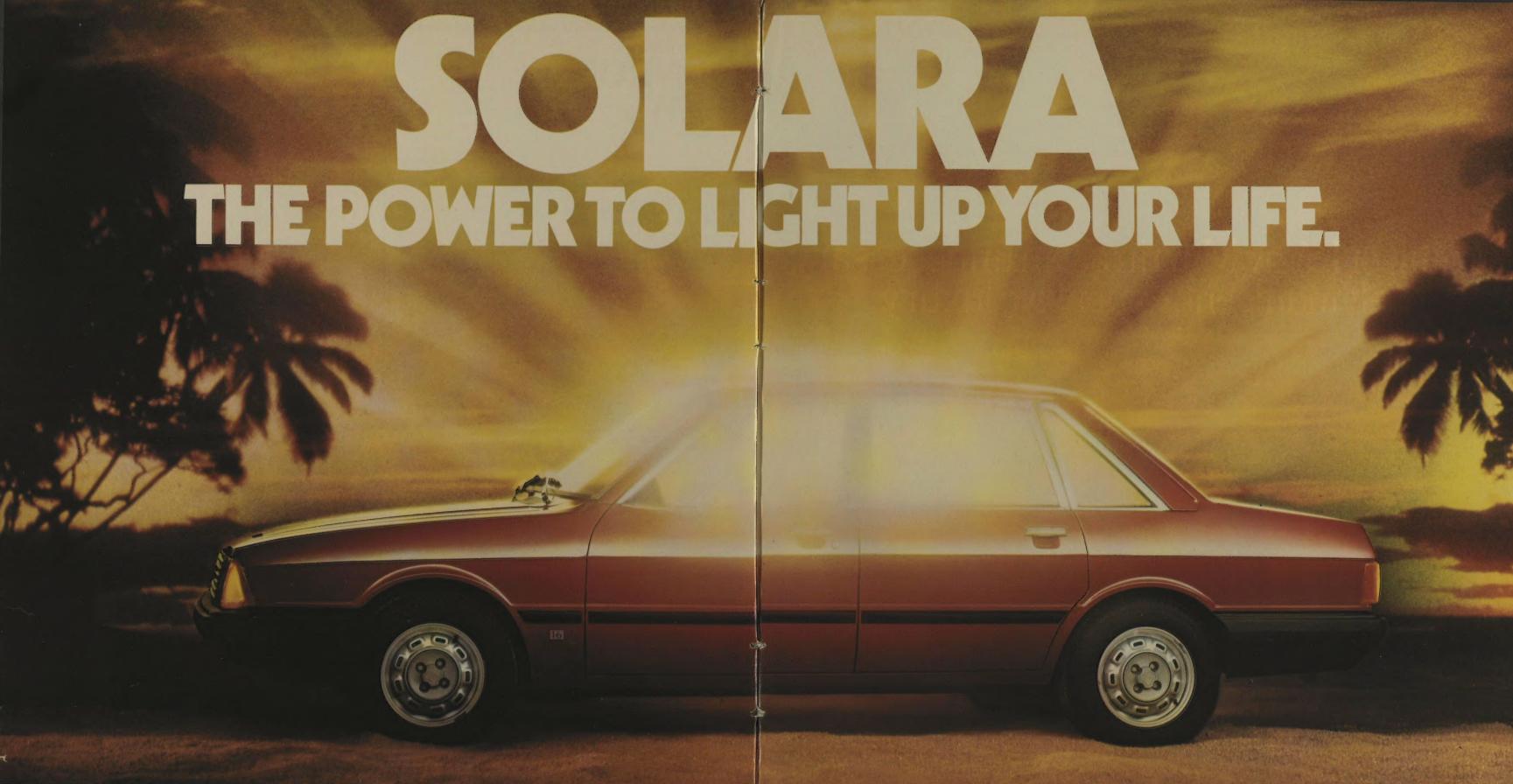
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ILN's GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Anna Christie. Last year's production from Stratford's The Other Place of Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Jonathan Lynn. With Fulton MacKay, Susan Tracy & Gareth Thomas. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, 41 Earlham St, WC2.* From June 4.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.*

Barnardo. Musical written, composed & directed by Ernest Maxin, based on the life of the founder of the children's homes. With James Smillie, Fiona Fullerton & John Arnatt. *Royalty, Portugal St, WC2.*

Before the Party. Rodney Ackland, away for too long, returns with a revival of his splendid adaptation & expansion of a Somerset Maugham story: one about a widowed daughter who shocks her conventional family, between the wars, by announcing that she murdered her husband. Understanding performances by Jane Asher & Michael Gough, in particular. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Browning Version/Harlequinade. Two plays by Terence Rattigan, directed by Michael Rudman. With Alec McCowen & Geraldine McEwan. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lyttelton.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklin as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty duologue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Dr Faustus. Marlowe's tragedy, played by a cast of eight, grows with the night though it is self-conscious at times. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

The Dresser. Ronald Harwood's play about the relationship between an ageing actor/manager & his dresser. The Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre's production is directed by Michael Elliott & stars Tom Courtenay & Freddie Jones. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Early Days. New play by David Storey, directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Ralph Richardson. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until June 21.

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Getting On. Comedy by Alan Bennett. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* May 28-June 14.

Hamlet. Directed by Richard Eyre. With Jonathan Pryce, Michael Elphick, Jill Bennett & Christopher Logue. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until June 14.

The Hothouse, written & directed by Harold Pinter, with Derek Newark & Angela Pleasance. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre,*

NW3.

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; directed by Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Until Aug 23.

John Bull's Other Island. Shaw's play about Anglo-Irish relationships, directed by Alan Strachan. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Until end June.

Julius Caesar. A new production of Shakespeare's play, directed by Peter Gill. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Until June 29.

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers-&-Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

The Last of Mrs Cheyney. Revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy opens the Chichester Festival Theatre season. Directed by Patrick Lau, with Joan Collins, Simon Williams, Christopher Gable & Benjamin Whitrow. *Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex.*

Last of the Red-Hot Lovers. In a New York apartment Neil Simon's middle-aged amoret seeks extra-marital exploits. He has three, none fortunate but cheerfully contrasted in the theatre. Brian Moorehead is the adventurer. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Livingstone & Sechle. By David Pownall deals with Dr Livingstone's early life as a missionary in Africa & his only successful religious convert. Directed by Peter Lichtenfels. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until June 14.

Macbeth. New production directed by George Murrell, with Mike Hayward & Sheila Ballantine. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.*

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.*

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Merchant of Venice. Revival of last season's production. *St George's.* From June 6.

Middle-Age Spread. An extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with such experts as Richard Briers & Paul Eddington to lead it. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* From June 16 with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews.

Motherdear. New play by Royce Ryton explores the relationship between Queen Alexandra & her daughter, Victoria, between 1888 & 1922. With Margaret Lockwood & Polly James. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martins, West St, WC2.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flowergirl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

On the Twentieth Century. The title refers to the once famous luxury train which ran between Chicago & New York. Among its passengers in a highly agreeable American musical—which manages to fit a show-business narrative into the journey—are Julia McKenzie, superbly in control, & Keith Michell. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman, directed now by Trevor Nunn. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.* Until Aug.

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Olivier.*

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Piccadilly.* Until Aug.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling

together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

Pygmalion. Revival of Shaw's play, directed by David William. With Paula Wilcox as Liza Doolittle. *Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1.* Until June 14.

Quantrill in Lawrence. New play by Bernard Pomerance, performed by Foco Novo. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Until June 14.

Romeo & Juliet. Directed by Ron Daniels. With Judy Buxton, Anton Lesser, Trevor Baxter & Brenda Bruce. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Rose. Glenda Jackson is entirely true & lucid as a harassed Midlands school-teacher in a taut, civilized play by Andrew Davies. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Seduced. New play by Sam Shepard, with Ian McDiarmid as America's wealthiest magnate reviewing his world of power, money & sex. Directed by Les Waters. *Royal Court Theatre, Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until June 7 or 14.

Shadow of a Gunman. by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Michael Pennington & Norman Rodway. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play: the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

Terra Nova. New play by Ted Tally based on Scott's expedition to the Antarctic. Directed by Peter Dews, with Hywel Bennett, Peter Birch & Christopher Neame. *Chichester Festival Theatre.*

When We Are Married. J. B. Priestley gets his knife and fork into the splendid high tea of this broad comedy of West Riding manners 70 years ago. Directed by Robin Lefevre, with performances of sustained relish by all concerned. *Lyttelton.* Until June 12.

The Wild Duck. One of Ibsen's more testing plays, with its lunge at blind idealism, this is closely directed by Christopher Morahan, with Stephen Moore, Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruickshank & Eva Griffith as, respectively, self-deceiver, meddling idealist, grandfather lost in fantasy & tragic girl. Christopher Hampton's translation is new. *Olivier.*

First nights

Heartbreak House by Bernhard Shaw. With Anthony Quayle, Honor Blackman, Barbara Murray, Paul Hardwick, Margaret Rawlings & Mel Martin. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* June 2-7.

Much Ado About Nothing. The New Shakespeare Company with Bernard Bresslaw, directed by David Cornville. *Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1.* June 2.

Sisterly Feelings. New comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Alan Ayckbourn & Christopher Morahan. With Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruickshank, Michael Gambon, Stephen Moore & Penelope Wilton. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* June 3.

A Flea in Her Ear. Georges Feydeau's farce translated by John Mortimer. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* June 3-21.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, by Oscar Wilde, adapted by Constance Cox. With Anthony Quayle, Honor Blackman, Barbara Murray, Margaret Rawlings, Mel Martin & Paul Hardwick. *Richmond.* June 9-14.

Travelling North, by David Williamson, directed by Michael Blakemore. *Lyric, King St, W6.* June 10-July 5.

Educating Rita. New play by Willy Russell, directed by Mike Ockrent. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* June 16.

The Life & Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. Stage adaptation by David Edgar of Dickens's comic novel, performed over two evenings. Directed by Trevor Nunn & John Caird, with Roger Rees, Ben Kingsley & Willoughby Goddard. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Part 1, June 17; Part 2, June 18.

The Fatted Calf. New play by Jeremy Sandford. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* June 23-July 6.

Snaps. Summer musical extravaganza, with music by Colin Sell. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* June 23-July 12.

The Arbor. Expanded version of Andrea Dunbar's play about events surrounding a 15-year-old's pregnancy, from the 1980 Young Writers' Festival, directed by Max Stafford-Clark. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* June 24-July 5.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The Bristol Old Vic Company in a production directed by Richard Cottrell. With Nickolas Grace, Clive Wood, Robert O'Mahoney & Meg Davies. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* June 24-July 19.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

American Gigolo. Thriller set in California with Richard Gere as a gigolo involved in a murder case. Written & directed by Paul Schrader.

... And Justice for All. "Let's kill all the lawyers," cried Shakespeare's Jack Cade. That's rather how one feels after this souped-up Norman Jewison melodrama in which justice is not even seen to be done. Al Pacino stars.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's near-masterpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of moral blackness.

Bad Timing. A complex, allusive account of an obsessive love affair set in modern Vienna. Nicolas Roeg directs & the result has the fascination of an animated mosaic.

Boardwalk. The story of an ageing couple remaining in a disintegrating community now threatened by street gangs. Directed by Stephen Verona, with Ruth Gordon & Lee Strasberg.

Cattle Annie & Little Britches. Directed by Lamont Johnson, with Amanda Plummer & Diane Lane, the film is based on a true story of two teenage girls who went West in 1893 to meet famous outlaws.

Dona Flor & Her Two Husbands. Brazilian sex comedy about a widow seduced by the ghost of her dead first husband. Directed by Bruno Barreto, with Sonia Braga, Mauro Mendonca & Jose Wilker.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford as a retired cowboy saves a famous racehorse from a heartless corporation aided, and even abetted, by Jane Fonda. Seductive.

The Empire Strikes Back. Sequel to "Star Wars", directed by Irvin Kershner. With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford & Carrie Fisher.

Les Enfants du Paradis. Recently acclaimed as the best French film ever made, this sumptuous re-creation of the Paris of Louis-Philippe is essential viewing, whether for the first or the fifth time.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs. Jokey, amusing French film about a husband who shares his wife with a stranger & then finds her falling for a 13-year-old boy. Bertrand Blier directs amiably & Carole Laure is stunning as the sulky wife.

Hurricane. Remake of the 1937 drama set in the South Pacific. Directed by Jan Troell, with Jason Robards & Mia Farrow.

The Jerk. Comedy about the rise & fall of the adopted son of a family of black American farm workers. Directed by Carl Reiner, with Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Catlin Adams & Mabel King.

Kramer vs Kramer. Heart-wrenching but in the end life-affirming study of what happens when parents split & father is left bringing up the child: Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep & Justin Henry are superb.

The Last Married Couple in America. Romantic comedy with George Segal, Natalie Wood & Richard Benjamin, directed by Gilbert Cates.

Mission Galactica—the Cylon Attack. Space adventure thriller directed by Vince Edwards & Christian Myby. With Richard Hatch & Dirk Benedict.

Murder by Decree. Sherlock Holmes investigates the mystery of Jack the Ripper. Directed by Bob Clark, with Christopher Plummer, James Mason, Donald Sutherland, Geneviève Bujold, David Hemmings, John Gielgud, Anthony Quayle & Frank Finlay.

My Brilliant Career. Interesting Australian movie about a woman's struggle to make it in a male-oriented, turn-of-the-century world. Not startling; but well directed by Gillian Armstrong.

1941. Comedy directed by Steven Spielberg dealing with 24 hours in December, 1941, where the Americans open fire on their own troops under the misapprehension that they are being attacked by the Japanese. With John Belushi, Lorraine Gary & Christopher Lee.

North Dallas Forty explores the world of American professional football. Directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Nick Nolte as a veteran player forced into a decision about his career & his life. *North Sea Hijack.* Will Roger Moore foil an

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attempt by dastardly villains to take over a British oil production platform? The answer (unsurprisingly) is Yes.

Rocky II. The successful boxer played by Sylvester Stallone is forced into retirement on health grounds & fritters his winnings away before being goaded into a return bout with the world champion. Written & directed by Stallone & co-starring Talia Shire & Burgess Meredith.

The Rose. The superbly talented Bette Midler redeems a hackneyed tale about the decline & fall of a late 60s, Joplin-esque superstar.

The Runner Stumbles. Stanley Kramer produces & directs this story of a priest accused of murder. With Dick Van Dyke, Kathleen Quinlan & Maureen Stapleton.

Saturn 3. Science-fiction thriller starring Farrah Fawcett & Kirk Douglas. Directed by Stanley Donen.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Alan Alda's story of a man whose ambition begins to destroy his marriage. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Alan Alda, Barbara Harris & Meryl Streep.

Silver Dream Racer. Love story set in the world of international motorcycle racing. Directed by David Wickes, with David Essex, Beau Bridges & Cristina Raines.

SOS Titanic. Film based on the events of the ship's disastrous maiden voyage. Directed by Billy Hale, with David Janssen, Cloris Leachman, Susan St James, David Warner, Ian Holm & Helen Mirren.

Starting Over. Alan Pakula's wryly romantic look at the problems of the divorced male with Jill Clayburgh in stunning form as a nervy nursery-school teacher.

Sweet William. A contemporary romance written by Beryl Bainbridge, directed by Claude Whatham. With Jenny Agutter & Sam Waterston.

10. Unfunny comedy about the male menopause in which Dudley Moore lumbers through some protracted sequences with Julie Andrews supplying the love-interest & Bo Derek the sexual diversion.

Tom Horn. Not many Westerns about these days but this elegiac one, directed by William Wyler, is both handsome & moving & stars Steve McQueen as an old hero facing a new era.

When Time Ran Out. A group of people visiting a Pacific island find their lives threatened by an erupting volcano. Directed by James Goldstone, with Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset & William Holden.

Wise Blood. Stark, fascinating John Huston movie about religious obsession in the American Bible belt: a work of unimpeachable integrity.

Premières

Nijinsky. Based on the life of the Russian ballet dancer, starring Alan Bates, Leslie Brown & George de la Perie. Directed by Herbert Ross. Royal charity première in the presence of Princess Margaret in aid of the Royal Festival Ballet. *Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2.* June 25.

BALLET

BEJART & his BALLET DU XXe SIECLE, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2: *Petrouchka/Firebird/Rite of Spring; Variations on Don Giovanni/Bolero/Gaieté Parisienne.* June 2-7.

DARPPANA, Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1: South Indian company presenting the traditional Bharata Natyam dance. June 2-14.

MAIN GIELGUD, Old Vic, The Cut, SE1: With Beroisova or Dolin or Helpmann, & Greyling, Kelly. New productions of Steps, Notes & Squeaks, rehearsing sequences from Swan Lake, Sleeping Beauty & Giselle. June 3-21.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2: Romeo & Juliet, Nureyev's version, with Nureyev. June 9-21.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour: Cinderella.

Theatre Royal, Brighton. June 2-7.

Fulcrum Planet, Slough. June 10-14.

Theatre Royal, Bath. June 16-21.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2: *Simon Boccanegra,* conductor C. Davis, new production and designs by Filippo Sanjust, with Sherrill Milnes as Simon Boccanegra, Kiri te

Kanawa as Amelia Boccanegra, Veriano Luchetti as Gabriele Adorno, Robert Lloyd as Jacopo Fiesco, John Tomlinson as Pietro. June 2, 5, 7, 11, 14, 17, 19.

Tristan und Isolde, conductor C. Davis, with Jon Vickers as Tristan, Berit Lindholm as Isolde, Yvonne Minton as Brangäne, Donald McIntyre as Kurwenal, Gwynne Howell as Marke. June 4, 9.

La Bohème, conductor Stapleton, with Mirella Freni as Mimì, Peter Dvorsky as Rodolfo, Carol Neblett as Musetta, Peter Glossop as Marcello, John Rawnsley as Schaunard, Gwynne Howell as Colline. June 10, 12, 18, 21, 24, 27.

Parsifal, conductor Solti, with Peter Hofmann as Parsifal, Kurt Moll as Gurnemanz, Gwynne Howell as Titurel, Norman Bailey as Amfortas, Franz Mazura as Klingsor, Yvonne Minton as Kundry. June 16, 20, 25, 28.

Norma, conductor Gardelli, with Sylvia Sass as Norma, Agnes Baltsa as Adalgisa, Charles Craig as Pollione, Robert Lloyd as Oroveso. June 23, 26, 30.

ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL:

A Midsummer Night's Dream, conductor Bedford, produced by Christopher Renshaw, designed by Robin Don, with Marie McLaughlin, Helen Walker, Eirian James, Nuala Willis, David James, Anthony Attwell, Neil Mackie, Adrian Thompson, Michael Bower, Harry Coghill, Glyn Davenport, Richard Jackson, Roderick Kennedy. *Snape Maltings.* June 7, 13, 19.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH on tour:

Rigoletto. *Opera House, Scarborough.* June 5. *Civic Theatre, Halifax.* June 7.

Civic Theatre, Barnsley. June 10.

Rigoletto, Count Ory, A Village Romeo and Juliet.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. June 17-21.

Rigoletto, Count Ory.

Theatre Royal, York. June 24-28.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex:

Falstaff, conductor A. Davis, with Renato Cacchetti as Falstaff, Ugo Trama as Pistol, Bernard Dickerson as Bardolph, Claire Powell as Mrs Page, Teresa Cahill as Mrs Ford, Nucci Condo as Mistress Quickly, Lucia Aliberti as Anne Ford, Max-René Cosotti as Fenton, Alberto Rinaldi as Ford. June 1, 3, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 29.

Die Entführung aus dem Serail, conductor Kuhn, new production by Peter Wood, designed by William Dudley, with Gösta Winbergh as Belmonte, Valerie Masterson as Constanza, James Hoback as Pedrillo, Lillian Watson as Blonde, Willard White as Osmin, Thomas Thomaschke as the Bassa Selim. June 2, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 28, 30.

Die Zauberflöte, conductor A. Davis, with Ryland Davies as Tamino, Stephen Dickson as Papageno, Norma Burrowes as Pamina, Rita Shane as the Queen of the Night, Francis Egerton as Monostatos, Willard White as the Speaker, Thomas Thomaschke as Sarastro, Meryl Drower as Papagena. June 14, 18, 22, 27.

LEIPZIG OPERA: *Xerxes, La Clemenza di Tito.*

New Theatre, Cardiff. June 3-7.

Hippodrome, Birmingham. June 10-14.

SCOTTISH OPERA:

Rigoletto, Madam Butterfly, Fiddler on the Roof. *Playhouse Theatre, Edinburgh.* June 6-14.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

Ernani, Eugene Onegin, The Jacobin, Madam Butterfly.

Astra Theatre, Llandudno. June 26-July 5.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7: *New Symphony Orchestra,* conductor Jaffe; Peter Aronsky, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. June 1, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductors Tjeknavorian & Early; Janos Solyom, piano. Music from the film "The Enchanted Orchestra", including extracts from Schubert, Symphony No 8; Beethoven, Symphony No 7; Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition; Strauss, Die Fledermaus; Early, Fantasy for piano & orchestra. June 4, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, Highgate Choral Society, conductor Wright; Helen Dixon, soprano; John Tomlinson, bass-baritone. Verdi, Four Sacred Pieces; Walton, Belshazzar's Feast. June 6, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Hopkins; Malcolm Binns, piano. Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Elgar, Nimrod from Enigma Variations; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). June 8, 7.30pm.

Philharmonic Orchestra of the City of Mexico, conductor Lozano; Joaquin Achucarro, piano. Chavez, Sinfonia India; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Ravel, Bolero. June 10, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor del Mar; Dame Janet Baker, contralto; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; Michael Rippin, bass. Elgar, The Dream of Gerontius. June 12, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Singer. Viennese evening. June 15, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Worcester Festival Choral Society, conductor Hunt; Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Anne Collins, mezzo-soprano; Neil Jenkins, tenor; John Noble, baritone; Christopher Keyte, bass-baritone; John Tomlinson, bass. Elgar, The Apostles. June 16, 7.30pm.

CHRIST CHURCH, Spitalfields, Commercial St, E1:

Spitalfields Chamber Orchestra, conductor Whiffield; Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Mahler, Mozart, R. Strauss. June 3, 7.30pm. In aid of Jacqueline du Pré Research Project.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL, SE19:

Band of the Royal Marines School of Music, director Lt-Col Mason. Royal Marines Gala with marching band, dancers, searchlights & firework display. June 29, 8pm. (Tickets from GLC, County Hall, SE1.)

HOLLAND PARK COURT THEATRE, Holland House, off Kensington High St, W8:

English Sinfonia, John Glickman, director & violin. Handel, Albinoni, Mozart, Vivaldi. June 29, 7.30pm.

KENWOOD HOUSE, Hampstead Lane, NW3: In the Orangery:

Music Group of London, Hugh Bean, violin; Eileen Croxford, cello; David Parkhouse, piano. Haydn, Gypsy Rondo; Dvorak, Dumka Trio; Schubert, Trio in E flat. June 1, 7.30pm.

Kenwood Lakeside:

National Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Serebrier. Beethoven, Symphony No 8; R. Strauss, Symphonic Poem, Don Juan; Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture (with cannon effects). June 7, 8pm.

London Mozart Orchestra, conductor Blech; James Watson, trumpet. Haydn, Trumpet Concerto in E flat; Dvorak, Slavonic Dances 1, 3, 8; Brahms, Symphony No 2. June 14, 8pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell. Kodaly, Dances of Galanta; Verdi, Sicilian Vespers; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). June 21, 8pm.

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conductor Hurst; Richard Thomas, horn. Brahms, Variations on a Theme of Haydn; R. Strauss, Horn Concerto No 1; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 2. June 28, 8pm.

(Tickets from GLC, County Hall, SE1.)

RANGER'S HOUSE, Chesterfield Walk, SE10: **Bernard Roberts,** piano. Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy, Chopin. June 1, 7.30pm.

Myrril Consort, director Hill; Richard Coulson, harpsichord & chamber organ; John Jacob, narrator. The Gentle Mind: madrigals, songs & masque music. June 8, 7.30pm.

Alexander Baillie, cello; Julian Dawson-Lyell, piano. Bach, Schumann, Schubert, Fauré, R. Strauss. June 15, 7.30pm.

Dolmetsch Ensemble; Richard Deakin, violin. Early music played on instruments of the period. June 22, 7.30pm.

Evelyn Barbirolli, oboe; Valda Aveling, harpsichord. Besozzi, Haydn, Telemann, Tessarini, Scarlatti, Clementi. June 29, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Peter Frankl, piano; Gyorgy Pauk, violin; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. Debussy, Cello Sonata in D minor, Violin Sonata in G minor; Ravel, Sonata for violin & cello. June 2, 1pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; Maurice Bourgue, oboe. R. Strauss, Metamorphoses, Oboe Concerto in D, Sextet from Capriccio, Suite, Bourgeois Gentilhomme. June 4, 7.30pm.

Ilana Vered, piano. Beethoven, 32 Variations in C minor; Mendelssohn, Fantasy in F sharp minor; Brahms, Variations on a theme of Paganini. June 9, 1pm.

Mayumi Fujikawa, violin; Michael Roll, piano. Schubert, Sonatina in D D384; Brahms, Scherzo in C minor; Fauré, Sonata in A. June 16, 1pm.

Gemini, conductor Weigold; Jane Manning, soprano. Stravinsky, Tango, Piano Rag Music; Birtwistle, La Plage; Bainbridge, People of the Dawn; Weigold, And he showed me a pure river of water of life. June 17, 7.30pm.

Bournemouth Sinfonietta, director Thomas; Peter Frankl, piano. Schubert, Symphony No 3; Mozart, Piano Concerto No 11 in F K413; Handel, Suite No 1 Water Music. June 19, 7.30pm.

Exultate Singers, director O'Brien. King Georges' Glorious Days 1714-1830 & 1910-52. Bridge, 5 part-songs; Vaughan Williams, 5 English folk songs; Finzi, 7 Bridges part-songs. Moeran, Songs of Springtime; Arne, Croft, Eccles, Greene, Purcell, Rusell, Songs. June 22, 7.30pm.

Zvi Zeitlin, violin; Ian Brown, piano. Schubert, Fantasy in C D934; Schönberg, Phantasy; Ravel, Tzigane. June 23, 1pm.

Salomon Orchestra, conductor Braithwaite; Howard Shelley, piano. Martinu, The Frescoes of Piero della Francesca; Hindemith, Symphonic Metamorphoses on themes by Carl Maria von Weber; Brahms, Piano Concerto No 2 in B flat. June 24, 8pm.

Courtney Kenny, piano. Let Me See You Smile! Victorian and other songs. June 26, 1.15pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet, Kenneth Essex, viola. Crosse, Quartet; Beethoven, Quintet in C. June 30, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Groves; Peter Pears, tenor. Handel/Mackerras, Music from the Royal Fireworks suite; Britten, Nocturne; Elgar, Symphony No 1. June 1, 7.30pm. FH.

Murray Perahia, piano. Beethoven, Schubert, Bartók, Chopin. June 1, 3pm. EH.

Mark Lubotsky, violin; Atar Arad, viola; Karoly Botvay, cello. Beethoven, Trio in C minor; Dohnányi, Serenade; Mozart, Divertimento in E flat K563. June 1, 7.15pm. EH.

Songmakers' Almanac; Felicity Lott, Yvonne Kenny, sopranos; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Philip Langridge, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, Roger Vignoles, pianos. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe: a portrait in song. June 1, 2.45pm & 7pm. PR.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Böhm. Beethoven, Symphony No 4; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). June 2, 8pm. FH.

Roger Woodward, piano. Beethoven, Piano Sonatas cycle. June 2, 5, 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; Murray Perahia, piano. Rossini, Sonata No 4; Mozart, Piano Concerto in D minor K466; Bruckner, Symphony No 6. June 3, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Bedford; Peter Pears, tenor; William Bennett, flute; Osian Ellis, harp. Sir Peter Pears 70th birthday concert: Mozart, Concerto in C for flute & harp K299; Britten, Les Illuminations, Lute Song; Holloway, New work; Haydn, Symphony No 43. June 4, 7.45pm. EH.

Koenig Ensemble, conductor Latham-Koenig. Mozart, Serenade in B flat K361; Strauss, Symphony for wind instruments. June 4, 7.30pm. PR.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Ambrosian Singers, conductor Muti; Helen Donath, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano. Pergolesi, Stabat Mater; Cherubini, Requiem in C minor. June 5, 8pm. FH. Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; Anna Ford, narrator. Ravel, Le Tombeau de Couperin, Mother Goose; Prokofiev, Peter & the Wolf; Fauré, Pavane. June 6, 7.45pm. EH.

BBC International Festival of Light Music: Stars of Friday Night is Music Night, June 7; Melodies for You, Music from the Movies, June 14; BBC Radio Big Band, Syd Lawrence & his Orchestra, June 21; A Tribute to Arthur Fiedler, June 28; 7.30pm. FH.

Jupiter Orchestra, Alexandra Choir, Southwark Boys' Choir, conductor Hill; Prudence Lloyd, soprano; Elizabeth Stokes, mezzo-soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; Graham Titus, baritone. Purcell/Britten, Chaconne in G minor; Bach, Magnificat; Britten, St Nicholas. June 7, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Muti; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; Helen Donath, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor. Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto in E minor, Symphony No 2 (Hymn of Praise). June 8, 7.30pm. FH.

Scottish Chamber Orchestra, James Galway,



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director & flute. Vivaldi, Six Concertos for flute. June 9, 8pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Previn; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. Brahms, Violin Concerto; Ravel, *Daphnis & Chloë*. June 10, 8pm. *FH*.

Thames Chamber Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Wilcocks; Wendy Bathorne, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Neil Mackie, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass. Bach, *Mass in B minor*. June 11, 8pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Nathaniel Rosen, cello. Britten, *Sinfonia da Requiem*; Walton, *Cello Concerto*; Tchaikovsky, *Symphony No 4*. June 12, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Liverpool Philharmonic Choir, conductor Weller; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Don Garrard, bass. Beethoven, *Symphony No 8*, *Symphony No 9*. June 13, 8pm. *FH*.

New Mozart Orchestra, conductor Fairbairn; Peter Wallisch, piano. Pokorny, *Symphony No 91*; Mozart, *Piano Concerto in E flat K482*, *Symphony No 40*. June 13, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Bach Orchestra, City of London Choir, conductor Cashmore; Helen Walker, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; Michael Goldthorpe, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, baritone. Mendelssohn, *Elijah*. June 14, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Christian Altenburger, violin. Britten, *Sinfonia da Requiem*; Mozart, *Violin Concerto in G K216*; Tchaikovsky, *Symphony No 4*. June 15, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Jochum; Helen Donath, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Mozart, *Symphony No 38* (Prague), *Requiem K626*. June 15, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Claudio Arrau, piano. Beethoven, Chopin. June 16, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Foster; Peter Frankl, piano. Beethoven, *Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor)*, *Symphony No 7*. June 17, 8pm. *FH*.

Gothenberg Symphony Orchestra, conductor Jansons; Elisabeth Söderström, soprano. Alfén, *Midsummer Virgil*; Grieg, *Fra Monte Pincio*; Strauss, *Four Last Songs*; Sibelius, *Symphony No 2*. June 18, 8pm. *FH*.

Thames Chamber Orchestra, Robert Tear, conductor & tenor; James Tyler, Ian White, mandolins. Bach, Handel, Vivaldi, Mozart. June 18, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Koenig Ensemble, director Latham-Koenig. Tippett, *Sonata for four horns*; Henze, *Viola Sonata*; Messiaen, *Quartet for the End of Time*. June 18, 7.30pm. *PR*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Radu Lupu, piano. Haydn, *Symphony No 101 (Clock)*; Beethoven, *Piano Concerto No 1*; Strauss, *Also sprach Zarathustra*. June 19, 8pm. *FH*.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; H. K. Gruber, baritone; Ernst Kovacic, violin. Milhaud, *La Création du Monde*, *L'Homme et son Désir*; Gruber, *Violin Concerto*, *Frankenstein*. June 20, 7.45pm. *FH*.

English Baroque Orchestra, London Oriana Choir, conductor Lovett; Janet Price, Gillian Flinter, sopranos; Keith Davies, counter-tenor; Laurence Dale, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass. Purcell, Holloway, Handel. June 21, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Peter Lloyd, flute; Radu Lupu, piano. Williams, *Flute Concerto*; Beethoven, *Piano Concerto No 1*; Strauss, *Also sprach Zarathustra*. June 22, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel; Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor. Mahler, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, *Das Lied von der Erde*. June 22, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Rattle; Laverne Williams, soprano; Ameral Gunson, contralto; John Hutchinson, tenor; Jonathan Summers, bass; Boy soprano from Westminster Cathedral. Fauré, *Requiem*; Janacek, *Glagolitic Mass*. June 23, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, University of Maryland Chorus, conductor Dorati; Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Wolfgang Brendel, baritone. Brahms, *Song of Destiny*, *A German Requiem*. June 24, 8pm. *FH*.

Nash Ensemble, conductor Friend; Dorothy Dorow, soprano. Barber, Ives, Osborne, Crumb. June 24, 7.45pm. *FH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Diana Kacso, piano; Ifor James, horn. Beethoven, *Piano Concerto No 3*; Haydn, *Horn Concerto No 1*;

Mozart, *Symphony No 39*. June 25, 8pm. *FH*. **Wren Orchestra**, conductor Snell; Janis Vakarelis, piano. Mozart, *Symphony No 36*, *Piano Concerto in G K453*; Beethoven, *Symphony No 2*. June 25, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel; Earl Wild, piano. Gershwin, *Piano Concerto in F*; Mussorgsky/Ravel, *Pictures from an Exhibition*. June 26, 8pm. *FH*.

Fine Arts Chamber Orchestra, Jack Rothstein, conductor & violin. Handel, *Concerto Grossi in A Op 6 No 11*; Bach, *Violin Concerto in E BWV1042*; Vivaldi, *The Four Seasons*. June 27, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists, conductor Gardiner. Bach, D. Scarlatti, A. Scarlatti. June 28, 7.45pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel; Carole Farley, soprano; Thomas Stewart, baritone. Harris, *Symphony No 3*; Gershwin, *Excerpts from Porgy & Bess*, *An American in Paris*. June 29, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Bruno-Leonardo Gelber, piano. Brahms, *Piano Concerto No 1*, *Symphony No 1*. June 29, 7.30pm. *FH*.

WARWICK SQUARE, 33 Warwick Sq, SW1: Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Roger Vignoles, piano. Haydn, Schumann, Britten, Gershwin, Songs. June 3, 7.30pm.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

London Music Players, Martin Cole, director & lute; Evelyn Tubb, soprano; Timothy Penrose, alto; Andrew King, tenor; Michael George, bass; Richard Boothby, viol. Ayres, madrigals, lute songs & music from the English Renaissance including works by Dowland, Morley & Weelkes. June 1, 7.30pm.

Craig Sheppard, piano. Bach, *Die Klavierübung*: Partita No 4, Partita No 3, Overture in French style, June 3; Partita No 5, Partita No 2, Partita No 1, Partita No 6, June 20; Italian Concerto, 4 duets, Goldberg Variations, June 25; 7.30pm.

Jennifer Smith, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Eastwood, Caratacena: 5 liricas brasileiras; Wolf, 6 songs from the Spanish Lieder Book, *In der Frühe*, *Elfensiedl*; Fauré, *Soir*, *Clair de lune*; Debussy, *Colloque sentimental*, *Fantoches*; Brahms, *Sommerabend*, *Mondenschein*; Strauss, *Wiegendienst*, *Ständchen*. June 4, 7.30pm.

Chillingian String Quartet, Beethoven programme: Quartet in C minor, Quartet in F, Quartet in E minor (Rasumovsky), June 6; Quartet in A, Quartet in F minor, Quartet in C sharp minor, June 14; Simon Rowland-Jones, viola. Quartet in B flat, Quintet in C minor, Quintet in C, June 17; 7.30pm.

Ilse Wolf, Marilyn Minns, sopranos; Ian Kennedy, tenor; Andrew Knight, baritone; Graham Barber, Geoffrey Osborn, pianos. A concert to celebrate the 170th anniversary of Schumann's birth. June 8, 3.30pm.

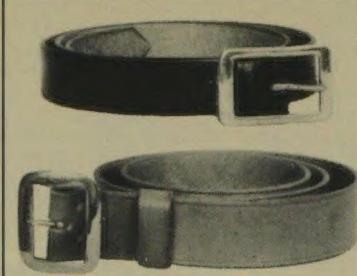
Beaux Arts Trio, Beethoven, *Piano Trio in E flat*; *Piano Trio in D*, *Piano Trio in B flat*. June 10, 7.30pm.

Counterpoint; Philip Vernon, Christopher Royal, counter-tenors; John Tudhope, Granville Walker, tenors; Anthony Edwards, baritone; Christopher Dean, bass. Renaissance & modern songs. June 11, 7.30pm.

L'Ecole d'Orphée; Stephen Preston, flute; John Holloway, violin; Susan Sheppard, violincello; Mark Caudle, viola da gamba; Robert Wooley, harpsichord. Boismortier, J. C. Bach, Telemann, Rameau, Quantz. June 12, 7.30pm.

Daniel Adini, piano. Beethoven, *Sonata Op 81a*; Liszt, *Sonata in B minor*, *Hungarian Rhapsody No 12*; Da-Oz, *Capriccio*; Chopin, *Nocturne Op 48 No 1*, *Waltzes Op 34 No 2*, *Op posth in E minor*, *Ballade No 3 Op 47*. June 18, 7.30pm.

Renato Bruson, baritone; **Craig Sheppard**, piano. Gluck, *O del mio dolce ardor*; Donizetti, Verdi, Tosti, Respighi, Scarlatti, Martini, Piccinni, songs. June 27, 7.30pm.



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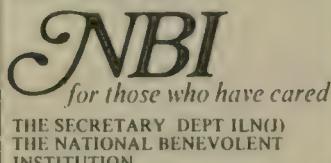


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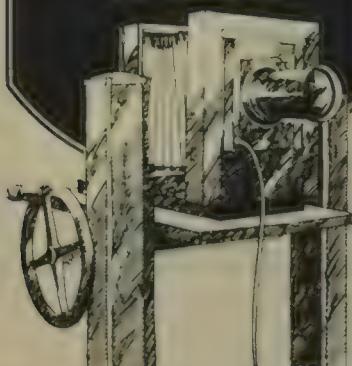


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Thistle Hotels

Greenwich Festival, SE10. June 14-29.

Portsmouth Festival, Hants. June 14-21.

Cheltenham CBSO Proms, Glos. June 16-20.

Hallé Festival of Music, Harrogate, N Yorks. June 16-21.

St Magnus Festival, Orkney. June 20-25.

Chester Festival '80, Cheshire. June 21-July 6.

Ludlow Summer Festival, Salop. June 21-July 6.

Birmingham CBSO Proms. June 25-July 12.

Cheltenham International Festival of Music, Glos. June 29-July 13.

in connexion with the Greenwich Festival. Woodlands Gallery. June 14-July 15.

Honneur et Patrie, the work of the French Resistance during the Second World War. Imperial War Museum. Until June 30.

Polly Hope. "Sculptures for wearing", ten exotic garments. National Theatre foyer, South Bank, SE1. June 9-July 20, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

Images of Ourselves, printmakers & figurative themes including works by Cézanne, Hamilton, Tilson & Warhol. Tate Gallery. Until July 27, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Issues of the private posts of the USA, the collection of Dr J. Strong. Stanley Gibbons Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2. June 2-30, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm.

Japan Style, design & craft in Japan today. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until July 20. £1.35.

Japanese posters, from Hokusai & Utagawa to contemporary work. Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. Until June 15, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. Non-members 30p.

David Lloyd-Jones, recent work. Craftsmen Potters' Association, Marshall St, W1. June 24-25, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-5pm.

Ian McKeever. Exploration of the relationship between making art & natural patterns of land & seascape. Institute of Contemporary Arts. Until June 29.

John Makepeace. Wood furniture by this craftsman & his students from Parnham House. National Theatre foyer. June 9-26.

Many Happy Returns. Photographs of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother from childhood to the present. Westminster Abbey, Norman Undercroft, Broad Sanctuary, SW1. June 3-Sept 1980, Mon-Fri 9.15am-4.30pm, Sat, Sun until 5pm.

Jack Milroy. Papier déchiré—three-dimensional paper works. Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arblay St, W1. June 3-27, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Neo-classical architectural drawings of the 18th & 19th centuries. Heinz Gallery, 21 Portman Sq, W1. Until June 7, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Netsuke & other Japanese works of art, including netsuke from the Willard collection & recent work by Michael Webb. Eskenazi Gallery, 166 Piccadilly, W1. May 27-June 6, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

Patterns of diversity, exhibition in connexion with the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society featuring the Society's 1977-78 expedition to Sarawak. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until end Sept, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Pier & Ocean, construction in the 70s. An international exhibition selected by Gerhard von Graevenitz. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. Until June 22, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. 80p (half-price Mon & Tues-Thurs 6-8pm).

David Pye, carved bowls & turned boxes. Liberty's, Regent St, W1. June 5-26, Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat from 9.30am.

The Queen Mother: a celebration. Paintings & photographs. National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2. June 27-Sept 28, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Arnulf Rainer. Paintings, drawings & drawings on photographs by Austrian artist. Whitechapel Gallery. June 4-July 21.

Raku & salt-glaze by several ceramists. British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlam St, WC2. Until June 28, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. The work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1. June 27-Dec 31, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Sea, sky & sun, a group of 16 oil sketches by Turner found in the early 1960s. Tate Gallery. Until July 6.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1. Until Oct, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p.

David Smith, retrospective of drawings by the American sculptor. Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2. Until June 8, daily 10am-7pm.

Society of Architect-Artists, exhibition of members' works. Royal Exchange, 14 Royal Exchange, EC3. June 4-18, Mon-Fri 10am-4pm, Sat until noon.

Southwark & the Thames, the development of riverside industries & a look at the area's future.

Livesey Museum, 682 Old Kent Road, SE1. Until July 19, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Summer Exhibition. Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1. May 31-Aug 24, daily 10am-6pm. £1.50 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Traditional textiles from India & Pakistan. Coexistence, 2 Conduit Buildings, Floral St, WC2. Until June 26, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Floris van den Broecke, new designs for seating. Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1. June 11-July 5, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

The Vikings. A major exhibition reflecting our growing knowledge of the Viking people. British Museum. Until July 20. £1.40.

Raymond Watson, paintings, "Birds of the Highlands & Islands". Moorland Gallery, 23 Cork St, W1. Until June 4, Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm.

Andrew Wyeth. The first major exhibition in Europe of this American Realist's paintings. Royal Academy. June 7-Aug 31, £1 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Antiques fairs

Fine Art & Antiques Fair. Olympia, Hamersmith Rd, W14. June 5-14.

Antiquarian Book Fair. Europa Hotel, Grosvenor Sq, W1. June 10-12.

SALEROOMS

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Wines. June 3, 11am.

Arms & armour, militaria & sporting guns. June 3, 11am.

European oil paintings. June 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am. English & Continental furniture. June 5, 12, 19, 26, 2.30pm.

Porcelain & works of art. June 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am.

Textiles, embroideries, costumes & accessories. June 6, 11am.

Silver & plate. June 10, 24, 11am.

Printed books. June 11, 2pm.

Eskimo sale. June 12, 2.30pm.

Watercolours & drawings. June 18, 11am.

Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments. June 27, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings & Goss. June 3, 2pm.

Textile archives & pattern books. June 3, 2pm.

Mechanical music. June 4, 2pm.

Charity sale in aid of Parkinson's Disease Society: Couture clothes, 20th-century costume, millinery & costume jewelry. June 5, evening.

Natural history & sporting trophies. June 7, 2pm.

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. June 13, 10.30am.

Dolls. June 13, 27, 2pm.

Cameras & photographic equipment. June 19, 2pm.

Cigarette cards, postcards, Stevengraphs, Baxter prints & ephemera. June 20, 2pm.

Motoring, aeronautical & railway art & literature. June 24, 2pm.

19th- & 20th-century photographs. June 26, 10.30am & 2pm.

Charity sale on behalf of the Salford Archives: 20th-century photographs. June 26, evening.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:

Icons. June 2, 2.30pm.

Rawlins Collection of autograph MSS. June 2, 3, 4, 11am.

English pottery & porcelain. June 3, 11am.

Old Master pictures. June 4, 11, 11am.

Japanese prints. June 4, 11am & 2pm.

Japanese lacquer & ceramics. June 5, 10.30am.

Silver. June 5, 12, 26, 11am.

Printed books. June 9, 11am.

Chinese ceramics & snuff-bottles. June 16, 11am.

Wine. June 11, 25, 10.30am.

Coins. June 11, 10.30am & 2pm.

Clocks & watches. June 13, 11am.

English furniture. June 13, 20, 27, 11am.

Benin art & primitive antiquities. June 16, 11am & 2.30pm.

Science & miscellaneous books. June 16, 17, 11am.

Enamels. June 17, 11am.

Arms & armour. June 17, 11am.

Continental pictures. June 18, 11am.

Jewels. June 19, 10.30am.

Continental watercolours. June 19, 2pm.

Rugs & carpets. June 20, 27, 10am.

Tibetan & Nepalese antiquities. June 23, 2.30pm.

Miscellaneous books. June 23, 11am.

Western MSS. June 24, 11am.

Oriental ceramics. June 24, 11am & 2.30pm.

Old Master & modern prints. June 26, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Musical instruments. June 26, 10.30am.

Miniatures. June 30, 11am.

Atlases & miscellaneous books. June 30, 11am.

Continental & English glass. June 30, 2.30pm.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:

Pictures. June 3, 17, 24, 11am.

Carpets. June 4, 11am.

Porcelain. June 5, 12, 26, 11am.

Gramophones, phonographs, musical boxes & juke boxes. June 6, 11am.

Postcards, cigarette cards, biscuit tins, posters & ephemera. June 13, 11am.

Furniture. June 18, 11am.

Collectors'. June 20, 11am.

Sculpture. June 25, 11am.

Photographic. June 27, 11am & 2.30pm.

LECTURES

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2:

The building of the Bethnal Green Museum, P. Glenn. June 21, 3pm.

Silk weaving visit to the Castle Hedingham handloom weavers in Essex. June 28, meet at Bethnal Green Museum 12.45pm, return 4.15pm. Tickets £3.50 in advance from the Secretary, Friends of Christ Church Spitalfields, 45 Chalcot Rd, NW1.

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Geology in Trafalgar Square (meet on steps of the National Gallery), R. Roberts. June 5, 2.30pm.

Identifying rocks, R. Roberts. June 12, 2.30pm.

Geology around the Tower of London (meet at Tower Hill underground station), R. Roberts. June 19, 2.30pm.

Geology & scenery in the Lake District, R. Roberts. June 21, 2.30pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:

A time and a place: Versailles 1685, splendours of the court of Louis XIV at its highest peak, A. Tyndall, June 4; *London 1769, art, empire & the Royal Academy*, P. Spencer-Longhurst, June 11;

Paris 1789, painting & the Revolution, P. Spencer-Longhurst, June 18; *Madrid 1812, triumphal entry of Wellington & the mature Goya*, A. Tyndall, June 25; 1pm.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, Kensington Gore, SW7:

Our habitable planet—a geographical appraisal: Geography, education & research, Dr D. Stoddart. June 10, 6.30pm. Non-members 50p.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1:

Orchids in Papua, New Guinea, A. Morrison. June 17, 2.30pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:

Control & freedom in independent broadcasting, Sir B. Young. June 4, 6pm.

A chemist among plants, L. Fowden. June 11, 6pm.

Introduction to the Society's history & its house, D. Allan. June 23, 6pm.

Tickets free in advance from the Secretary.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Heat & temperature, A. Wilson. June 3, 1pm.

Railways, A. Tulley. June 5, 1pm.

Air pollution, A. Tulley. June 7, 3pm.

Studying the earth, A. Wilson. June 10, 1pm.

Motive power, A. Tulley. June 12, 1pm.

Exploring the universe, A. Wilson. June 14, 3pm.

X-rays, J. Stevenson. June 17, 1pm.

Textile machinery, A. Wilson. June 19, 1pm.

Intriguing illusions, J. Stevenson. June 21, 3pm.

Electric power, J. Stevenson. June 24, 1pm.

Aeronautics, A. Tulley. June 26, 1pm.

Floating on air, A. Tulley. June 28, 3pm.

Films:

Gemini, an end & a beginning, June 4, 6, 7, 1pm.

Power for people, June 11, 13, 14, 1pm.

A load of old rubbish, June 18, 20, 21, 1pm.

Taming the tide (Thames barrage), June 25, 27, 28, 1pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:

Posters—the Benson Collection, J. Hawkins. June 1, 3.30pm.

Into the eighties: Changing attitudes to print making, S. Lambert. June 3; *Zandra looks to the 80s*, Z. Rhodes. June 10; *The new jewelry movement*, S. Bury. June 17; *Into the 90s—designing for children*, I. Stewart. June 24; 1.15pm.

The Englishman's castle: The age of chivalry, June 4; *Towers & turrets*, June 11; *Fantasies &*

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follies, June 18; An Indian summer, June 25; S. Bowles, 1.15pm.
Music at Versailles, C. Patey, June 8, 3.30pm.
Chado: the Japanese way of tea, M. Birch, June 11, 2.45pm & 3.45pm.
Lecture in connexion with the Andrew Wyeth exhibition at the Royal Academy: American book & magazine illustrators 1880-1940, R. Elzea, June 12, 6.30pm.
Elizabethan embroidery, T. Beck, June 15, 3.30pm.
From Alexander Pope to Aubrey Beardsley: The Rape of the Lock & its illustrators, R. Halsband, June 19, 6.30pm.
The Great Exhibition of 1851, G. Opie, June 22, 3.30pm.
John Constable, R. Parkinson, June 29, 3.30pm.
WATERLOO ROOM, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:
Janacek's Glagolitic Mass, A. Tucapsky, June 23, 5.55pm. 70p. This work will be performed later the same evening.
WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:
An introduction to Apsley House, F. Taylor, June 12, 1.15pm.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Schoolboys' international: England v Scotland, Wembley Stadium, Middx. June 7.

ATHLETICS

Welsh WAAA Championships, Cwmbran, Gwent, June 7.

UK Championships & final Olympic trials, Crystal Palace, SE19, June 14, 15.

UK Championships & final Olympic trials, Meadowbank, Edinburgh, June 20, 21.

Scottish AAA & WAAA championships, Meadowbank, June 20, 21.

Southern Counties Rotary Watches international, Crystal Palace, June 27.

CRICKET

(SC)=Schweppes Cup, (JP)=John Player League.

England v West Indies, First Cornhill Test Match, Trent Bridge, June 5-10; Second Cornhill Test Match, Lord's, June 19-24.

Oxford University v Cambridge University, Lord's, June 28.

Benson & Hedges Cup quarter-finals, June 11. Benson & Hedges Cup semi-finals, June 25.

The Oval: Surrey v Notts (JP), June 1; v Essex (SC), June 7; v Middx (SC), June 14; v Sussex (JP), June 22.

Lord's: Middx v Surrey (SC), June 4; v Yorks (SC), June 7; v Yorks (JP), June 8; v Surrey (JP), June 15.

CROQUET

Challenge & Gilbey Cups, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, June 9-14.

Men's & women's Championships, Cheltenham, Glos, June 16-21.

Northern Championships, Bowdon, Cheshire, June 23-28.

Scotland v Croquet Association, Edinburgh, June 28, 29.

CYCLING

Milk Race Tour of Britain, Start Southend, May 25; finish Blackpool, June 7.

National amateur road race championships, Isle of Man, June 16.

National professional road race championships, Redditch, Worcs, June 22.

National veterans' road race championships, Harrogate, N Yorks, June 24.

Tour de France, France, June 26-July 20.

EQUESTRIANISM

Bramham horse trials, Wetherby, W Yorks, May 29-June 1.

South of England Agricultural Show, Ardingly, W Sussex, June 5-7.

Royal Cornwall Show, Wadebridge, Cornwall, June 5-7.

Leicester County Show, Leicester, June 7, 8.

Three Counties Agricultural Show, Malvern, Worcs, June 10-12.

Essex County Show, Chelmsford, June 13, 14.

Benson & Hedges showjumping championships, Cardiff Castle, Cardiff, June 13-15.

Royal Highland Agricultural Show, Edinburgh, June 16-19.

Royal Norfolk Show, Norwich, June 25, 26.

Royal Agricultural Show, Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, June 30-July 3.

FENCING

At the Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14: Epée team championship, June 10, 11.

Sabre team championship, June 14, 15.

GOLF

Curtis Cup match, St Pierre, Chepstow, Gwent, June 6-7.

Amateur Championship, Royal Porthcawl, Mid Glamorgan, June 9-14.

Ladies' British Open Amateur Championship, Woodhall Spa, Lincs, June 17-21.

Berkshire Trophy, The Berkshire, Ascot, June 21, 22.

GYMNASTICS

Daily Mirror USSR Scholarship finals, Crystal Palace, SE19, June 7.

HORSE RACING

Derby Stakes, Epsom, June 4.

Coronation Cup, Epsom, June 5.

Oaks Stakes, Epsom, June 7.

Coronation Stakes, Ascot, June 18.

Royal Hunt Cup, Ascot, June 18.

Queen Mary Stakes, Ascot, June 18.

Gold Cup, Ascot, June 19.

MOTOR CYCLING

TT Races, Isle of Man, May 31-June 6.

250cc British Motocross Grand Prix, Hawkstone Park, Shrewsbury, Salop, June 22.

SAILING

Royal Western/Observer Singlehanded Transatlantic Race, Start Plymouth, Devon, June 7.

Morgan Cup, Gosport, Hants, June 27-29.

TENNIS

Volvo Grand Prix (men), Queen's Club, Palliser Rd, W14, June 9-15.

Volvo Grand Prix (men), Surbiton LTC, Surrey, June 16-21.

BMW Championships (women), Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, E Sussex, June 16-21.

The Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, SW19, June 23-July 5.

ROYAL EVENTS

The Queen attends a garden party to mark the Golden Jubilee of the Youth Hostels Association, Holland House Hostel, Holland Park, W8, June 5.

The Queen presents a new Guidon to The Queen's Own Mercian Yeomanry, Shugborough Hall, Nr Stafford, June 6.

The Queen visits Lichfield & Tamworth, Staffs, June 6.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Reception to mark the 150th Anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society, Kensington Gore, SW7, June 9.

The Prince of Wales opens the Shipbuilding Industry Training Board's new Boatbuilding Centre, Woolston, Southampton, June 11.

The Queen Mother attends the Festival Service of the Friends of St Paul's, St Paul's Cathedral, EC4, June 11.

The Queen opens the new Medical Education/Clinical Building, St Bartholomew's Hospital, EC1, June 13.

The Queen takes the salute at the Queen's Birthday Parade, Horse Guards' Parade, SW1, June 14.

The Queen takes the Salute at a fly-past of Royal Air Force aircraft from the balcony, Buckingham Palace, SW1, June 14.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Service for the Order of the Garter, St George's Chapel, Windsor, Berks, June 16.

The Queen Mother takes the Salute at the Dunkirk Veterans' Association Parade, Ramsgate, Kent, June 22.

The Queen Mother attends a Garden Party given by the National Trust, Knole, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent, June 23.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Reception to mark the 450th Anniversary of the playing of Real Tennis at Hampton Court, Hampton Court, Middx, June 24.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Reception to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry St, WC2, June 26.

The Queen Mother, Chancellor of the University of London, attends the Commemoration Day celebrations, Wye College, Ashford, Kent, June 26.

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	Acceleration 0-60mph	Top Speed mph	Constant 50mph (90kph)		Constant 75mph (120kph)	
			mpg	litres/ 100km	mpg	litres/ 100km
2300	10.8 secs	114	36.8	7.7	31.0	9.1
2600	9.0 secs	118	38.2	7.4	30.2	9.4
3500	8.9 secs	122	36.3	7.9	27.9	10.1

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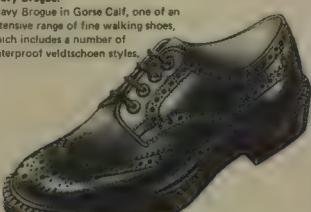
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7.30pm. Poetry Society, 21 Earl's Court Sq, SW5.

Blackpool Air Pageant, Squires Gate Airport, Blackpool, Lancs. June 8.

Appleby Horse Fair, Appleby, Cumbria. June 8-11.

Conference: Greater London in the 1980s. RIBA, 66 Portland Pl, W1. June 12. Tickets in advance from RIBA.

Charles Causley reads a selection of his poetry. Crypt of St John's, Smith Sq, SW1. June 12, 1.15pm.

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards' Parade, SW1. June 14.

RHS Early Summer Show, RHS New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1. June 17, 18.

Aldershot Army Display, Rushmoor Arena, Aldershot, Hants. June 27-29.

Flying Day, Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. June 29.

GARDENS

BERKSHIRE

Allanbay Park (Maj J. L. Wills), Binfield. June 22, 2-7pm.

Folly Farm (The Hon H. W. Astor), Sulhamstead, Nr Reading. June 29, 2-6pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Boswells (Sir Thomas & Lady Barlow), Nr Wenvoe, SE of Aylesbury. June 15, 29, 2-6.30pm.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

The Crossing House (Mr & Mrs D. Fuller), Shepreth, Nr Cambridge. June 8, 2-7pm.

Egerton House (Maj Sir Reginald & The Hon Lady Macdonald-Buchanan), Nr Newmarket. June 15, 2-6pm.

CHESHIRE

Bell Cottage (Mr J. W. Ellis & Mr G. K. Armitstead), Vale Royal Abbey, Whitedgate. June 21, 2-7pm; June 22, 6-8pm.

Manley Knoll (Mr D. G. Fildes), Manley, Nr Chester. June 1, 2-6.30pm.

Tiresford (Mr & Mrs R. J. Posnett), Nr Tarporley. June 1, 2-7pm.

DYFED

Winnard's Perch (Mr & Mrs A. J. Davies), Burton Ferry, Nr Milford Haven. June 1, 2-7pm.

ESSEX

Brizes Park (The Hon S. Rodney), Kelvedon Hatch, Nr Brentwood. June 22, 2-7pm.

Glazengowd (Mr & Mrs D. A. H. Baer), Bradwell, Nr Braintree. June 1, 2-6pm.

Waltons (Mr E. H. Vestey), Ashton, Nr Saffron Walden. June 15, 2-6pm.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Southam Gardens: Byways (Mr & Mrs G. Robinson); Old Gable House (Mr & Mrs M. L. Shinn); Old School House (Mrs I. G. Robinson); Orchard Lea (Mr & Mrs A. L. Jones), Nr Cheltenham. June 1, 2, 2-6pm.

Stanway House (Trustees of the Lord Wemyss Trust), Winchcombe, Nr Stow-on-the-Wold. June 8, 2-6pm.

GWENT

Brynderwen (Mr & Mrs A. Bull), Bettws Newydd, Nr Usk. June 22, 2-7pm.

The Chain Garden (Mr & Mrs C. F. R. Price), Nr Abergavenny. June 1, 2-7pm.

HAMPSHIRE

Hollington Herb Nurseries (Hollington Nurseries Ltd; J. & S. Hopkinson), Woolton Hill, Nr Newbury. June 29, 11am-5pm.

Rotherfield Park (Sir James & Lady Scott), East Tisted, Nr Alton. June 15, 2-6pm.

Spinners (Mr & Mrs P. G. G. Chappell), Boldre, Nr Lymington. Daily, except Mon, 2-6.30pm.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Mackerye End (Mr & Mrs D. Cory-Wright), Nr Harpenden. June 22, 2-7pm.

Northchurch Farm (Mr & Mrs J. R. Fonnereau), Nr Berkhamsted. June 8, 2-7pm.

KENT

Goodnestone Park (The Lady Fitzwalter), Nr Wingham, Canterbury. June 8, 15, 22, 2-7pm.

Marie Place (Mr & Mrs G. Williams), Brenchley, Nr Tonbridge. June 1, 2-7pm.

Mount Ephraim (Mr & Mrs C. A. W. Dawes), Hernhill, Nr Faversham. June 29, 30, 2-7pm.

Hush Heath Manor (Dr & Mrs S. Balfour-Lynn), Nr Goudhurst. June 22, 2-7pm.

Mere House (Mr J. J. Wells MP), Mereworth, Nr Maidstone. June 15, 2-7pm.

The Old Parsonage (Dr & Mrs R. Perks), Sutton Valence, Nr Maidstone. June 22, 29, 2-6pm.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Belvoir Lodge (The Dowager Duchess of Rutland), Belvoir Castle, Nr Grantham. June 22, 2-7pm.

Exton Park (The Rt Hon Earl of Gainsborough), Nr Oakham. June 1, 2-6pm.

LONDON

4 Holland Villas Rd (The Marquis & Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava), W14. June 4, 2-7pm.

Kensington Gardens: 7 St Albans Grove (Mrs E. Norman-Butler); Wyckwood (Mrs E. Streator); 13 Cottesmore Gardens (Mrs D. McCosh); Christ Church Garden, Gloucester Rd, SW7 into Victoria Grove, to St Albans Grove. June 14, 2.30-6pm.

21 Selwood Terrace (Mr & Mrs J. E. MacSwiney), S Kensington, SW7. June 8, 22, 2-7pm.

NORFOLK

Erpingham Lodge (Mr & Mrs D. Clarke), Ingworth, Nr Aylsham. June 1, 2-6pm.

Hanworth Hall (Mr H. M. Barclay), Nr Cromer. June 8, 2-6pm.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Cottesbrooke Hall (Maj Sir Reginald & The Hon Lady Macdonald-Buchanan), Creton, Nr Northampton. June 1, 2-6pm.

Edgecote (Mr E. Courage), Nr Banbury. June 15, 2-6pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Geddington Gardens: 7 New Rd (Mr & Mrs R. Woodcock); 15 New Rd (Mr & Mrs C. R. Hough); 19 New Rd (Mr & Mrs G. Hopkins); 17 Queen St (Rev & Mrs W. N. C. Murray); 30 West St (Mr & Mrs J. Palmer); 40 West St (Mr & Mrs P. Spence), Nr Kettering. June 29, 2-6pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

7 Barratt Lane (Mr & Mrs D. J. Lucking), Attenborough, Nr Nottingham. June 7, 8, 2-7pm.

Brook House (Mrs P. Pearson), Lowdham, Nr Nottingham. June 29, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Epwell Mill (Mrs F. Couse), Nr Banbury. June 1, 2-7pm.

The Grange (Dr & Mrs R. Scott Russell), East Hanney, Nr Wantage. June 29, 2-7pm.

Nuffield Place (Nuffield College), Nuffield, Nr Henley. June 8, 2-6pm.

SHROPSHIRE

Burwarton House (The Viscount Boyne), Burwarton, Nr Bridgnorth. June 1, 2-6pm.

The Dairy House (Miss N. E. Wood), Ludstone, Nr Wolverhampton. June 5, 21, 2-5.30pm.

SOMERSET

Bratton Farm House (Mr & Mrs A. J. Brock), Bratton Seymour, Nr Wincanton. June 29, 2-7pm.

Milton Lodge (Mr D. C. Tudway Quilter), Nr Wells. June 1, 15, 2-7pm.

Weatherham (Mr & Mrs T. Sutcliffe), Brompton Regis, Nr Dulverton. Tues, Thur, Sun, 2-5.30pm.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Chillington Hall (Mr P. R. de L. Gifford), Nr Wolverhampton. Thur, 2.30-5.30pm.

SUFFOLK

Gable House (Mr & Mrs J. Foster), Redisham, Nr Beccles. June 15, 2-6pm.

North Cove Hall (Mr & Mrs B. Blower), Nr Beccles. June 8, 2.30-5.30pm.

SURREY

Chilworth Manor (Sir Lionel & Lady Heald), Nr Guildford. June 21-25, from 12.30pm. Also by appointment.

Dunsborough Park (Mr C. F. Hughesdon), Ripley. June 29, 2-7pm.

Grayswood Hill (Mr & Mrs J. W. Sutherland-Hawes), Nr Haslemere. June 8, 2-6pm.

Ramster (Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke), Chiddingsfold. June 1, 8, 2-7pm.

South Park (Mr U. Lambert), Nr Betchingley, South Godstone. June 1, 2-7pm.

1 Yew Tree Cottage (Mr & Mrs G. A. Sinfield), Esher. June 1, 22, 11am-7pm. Also by appointment.

SUSSEX

Coke's Cottage (Mr & Mrs N. Azis), West Burton, Nr Pulborough. June 8, 9, 22, 23, 2-7pm. Also by appointment.

Dennmans (Mrs J. H. Robinson), Fontwell. Sat, Sun, 2-6pm.

Houghton Farm House (Mr & Mrs M. Lock), Nr Arundel. June 29, 2-6pm.

WARWICKSHIRE

Badgers Cottage (Dr & Mrs G. P. Williams), Idlicote, Nr Shipston-on-Stour. June 28, 29, 2-7pm.

Hermitage (Mrs M. Watson), Priors Marston, Nr Southam. June 1, 2-6pm.

Loxley Hall (Col & Mrs G. Hood), Nr Stratford-upon-Avon. June 8, 20, 2-7pm.

WILTSHIRE

Heale House (Maj & Mrs D. Rasch), Woodford, Nr Salisbury. June 15, 10am-5pm.

Lushill (Capt & Mrs F. Barker), Hannington, Nr Swindon. June 29, 2-6pm.

WILTSHIRE

Heale House (Maj & Mrs D. Rasch), Woodford, Nr Salisbury. June 15, 10am-5pm.

Lushill (Capt & Mrs F. Barker), Hannington, Nr Swindon. June 29, 2-6pm.

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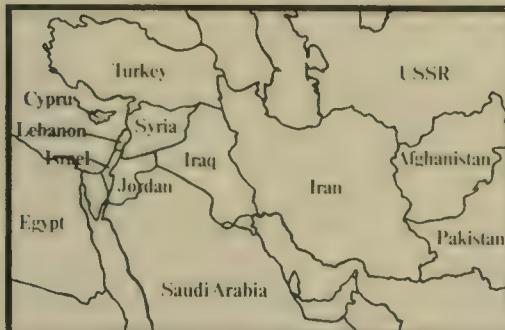
Confusion in the West

There is every reason to be concerned about the present state of the Atlantic alliance. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan at the end of last year, and the Iranian seizure of American hostages in the US Embassy in Teheran a few weeks earlier, should have cemented the unity of Nato and the West, for both acts were threatening to world order and thus plainly unacceptable. But instead of speaking with one voice in condemnation, and of agreeing on a firm response, the United States and the European nations have been bickering with each other over the details of what should be done.

It is of course not unusual for there to be differences of opinion among allies about policy and other matters of fundamental significance to one or more of them, or to all. This has happened ever since the North Atlantic Treaty came into effect after the Second World War. There was never complete agreement about America's involvement in Vietnam, for example, nor over the response to the conflicts between Israel and the Arab nations that surround it in the Middle East. Perhaps the present disarray is no more alarming than such earlier examples, but there can be no doubting the opportunities it presents to those whom the West must regard as enemies.

In the past US governments have often lamented that there was a lack of a strong European view to act as a second pillar to the alliance. Now that Europe has fashioned a strong cohesive attitude towards international affairs (although still greatly divided on many internal matters), there is irritation in Washington that the European view fails to coincide with the American. In the past European governments were wont to complain that Washington was too dominant in the alliance, too often acting without consultation and too ready to assume that European support would automatically be forthcoming. Now the complaint in Europe tends to be that Washington is too weak and vacillating, and that the decisions, when finally made, usually come too late and are often wrong.

There is some substance in the present European concern. For many months it has been obvious that official Washington has been divided on some fundamental issues of foreign policy, and these came to a head over the response to the seizure of the American Embassy in Teheran. The Secretary of State, Mr Cyrus Vance, argued against making an attempt to rescue the American hostages by force, and he resigned when the President did not accept his advice and decided instead to launch the rescue mission, which proved



abortive. That failure has emphasized the risk of using force to try to resolve this situation, and though most Europeans, as most Americans, would clearly sympathize with the President and understand the reasons that prompted him to attempt the rescue, there would be less support for any further adventures of this kind. Iran, though at present implacably anti-American, still continues to practise a kind of non-alignment. But it is a precarious, wobbly tight-rope of non-alignment, and any dramatic action on the part of the Americans or the West could push Iran into the embrace of the Soviet Union.

European leaders were not consulted about the rescue attempt, and were no doubt relieved not to have had to give advice. They are, however, under pressure from Washington now to impose economic sanctions on Iran, and they have agreed, with evident reluctance and embarrassment, to do so. In Britain the Government's Bill to impose economic sanctions was introduced to the House of Commons by Mr Douglas Hurd, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, who said it was not a Bill that his Government wished to have, but it was necessary for the good health of the alliance. He argued that by agreeing to sanctions Britain and the EEC would have greater influence over the course of American policy on Iran.

The reluctance of the UK and other countries of the EEC to go along with the sanctions policy was based on their assessment of the possible results that such action may have on the unstable Iranian Government. It must be one of the West's fundamental present objectives to try to maintain Iran's non-alignment. The Middle East, with its oilfields, is of vital strategic importance to the West. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is perhaps not a direct threat to that area, though it brings Soviet power and influence significantly nearer. Iran is an integral part of the Middle East, but though the collapse of the Shah's régime took the country out of effective alliance with the West it is still not directly in the Soviet orbit. The European governments

fear that sanctions will push Iran into closer relationship with the Soviet Union, and argue that experience shows that economic sanctions seldom achieve the desired result. Further antagonism between Iran and the United States, they believe, can only cause greater upheavals in the area and give the Soviet Union more opportunity to exploit the situation.

There is thus a serious difference of view between the United States and its European allies about the best way to proceed. Europe basically believes that the West should strive, in spite of the obvious difficulties, to cultivate some sort of relationship with the government of Iran, and that this will be the best way of protecting oil supplies as well as, in the end, securing the release of the hostages. The US government, more concerned about securing the immediate release of the hostages, favours stronger action, designed to bring as much pressure to bear on the Iranian government as possible.

The diplomatic difficulties have no doubt been exacerbated by President Carter's political troubles at home. He is fighting to retain the Democratic Party nomination for this year's presidential election, and if he secures that he faces a hard struggle with Mr Ronald Reagan or any candidate the Republican Party cares to nominate. Such electoral considerations tend to promote populist solutions which may not be in the best long-term interests of the West.

It is therefore essential for there to be continuing communication, and more effective consultation, between the western allies. Though the United States is the only superpower comparable to the Soviet Union, and must therefore bear the major burden for the defence of the West, there is no need to assume that all wisdom lies, or that all decisions must be made, in Washington. This may have been so immediately after the war, when Europe had brought itself to ruins and was faced with the menace of communist expansion. Today the world has become more complex. The interests of the western allies are not necessarily identical, except in the ultimate defence, but are usually close enough for a reasonable policy to be agreed provided there is a free-flowing exchange of views and discussion about it. And there is now a Third World which has considerable influence as well as understandable reasons for not wishing to get itself entangled too closely with either of the giant powers. The West cannot afford to falter in its relationship with this world, any more than it can afford to weaken its defences, diplomatic as well as military, against the other world ruled by communism.

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, April 14

The Clegg Commission recommended pay increases averaging 18.2 per cent for school and further education teachers in England, Scotland and Wales. On April 18 the Burnham Committee agreed to accept the recommendations to teachers in England and Wales.

The Government announced the go-ahead for two advanced gas-cooled nuclear reactors to be built at Heysham in Lancashire and Torness in Scotland at a cost of £2,850 million.

Menachem Begin, Prime Minister of Israel, arrived in Washington for two days of talks with President Carter on Palestinian autonomy. At the end of the talks President Carter announced that Israel and Egypt had agreed to immediate, intensified negotiations to try to resolve the problem by the end of May.

Tuesday, April 15

Three hotels in Northern Ireland — in Strabane, Lisburn and Armagh — were severely damaged in bomb attacks by the Provisional IRA. The attacks were in protest at the talks taking place in Dublin between the Foreign Ministers of Britain and the Irish Republic which ended with no important agreements being reached.

The Government announced that £75 million of aid would be given to Zimbabwe over the next three years for the reconstruction of the country following its independence.

Cannabis resin worth an estimated £1.5 million was seized by police and Customs officers as it was being brought ashore from a yacht in Llanddwyn Bay, Anglesey. Six people were arrested and 20 others were held for questioning after police raids in other parts of the country.

Sir William Barlow, chairman of the Post Office, resigned to return to work in private industry.

Sir Alec Guinness was awarded a special Academy Award in Hollywood for his life-time's contribution to films.

Jean-Paul Sartre, the French philosopher and writer, died in hospital in Paris aged 75.

Wednesday, April 16

A verdict of death by misadventure was returned at the inquest into the death of James Kelly from Liverpool who died in police custody in 1979.



The Resurrection, a painting by a 15th-century Flemish artist, Dieric Bouts, was sold at Sotheby's for £1.7 million — the second highest price ever paid for a work of art at auction. It was bought by the Norton Simon Museum in California.

Thursday, April 17

Southern Rhodesia became the independent state of Zimbabwe. The celebrations in Salisbury were attended by the Prince of Wales.

President Carter announced more economic sanctions against Iran in an attempt to secure the release of the American hostages held in the US embassy in Teheran since November.

1979. These included a ban on Iranian imports to the US, on financial transfers to Iran and on travel by Americans to Iran.

Friday, April 18

Two Irish soldiers of the UN peace-keeping force were murdered in Southern Lebanon.

Governors of the BBC endorsed a plan to save the Corporation £130 million over the next two years. This included proposals to disband five BBC orchestras, including the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra.

Inflation in Britain rose in March to an annual rate of 19.8 per cent.

Saturday, April 19

Lord Soames, the last British Governor of Southern Rhodesia, returned to London from Salisbury following the independence celebrations in Zimbabwe. He was welcomed at Heathrow airport by the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the Queen's representative, Lord Charteris.

Sunday, April 20

Four people were injured and over 50 people were arrested in Lewisham, south London, when skirmishes broke out between the police and Anti-Nazi League supporters who had come to demonstrate against a National Front meeting.

Monday, April 21

A strike by 18,000 British Leyland workers against the company's imposed pay and working practices deal ended when more than 14,000 men from eight factories voted to return to work following the recommendation of the Transport and General Workers' Union. On April 29 Jaguar workers voted to return to work.

An amnesty to mark Zimbabwe's independence was announced leading to the release of about 9,000 prisoners, including all those convicted of stock theft.

Abdul Fattah Ismail, President of South Yemen, the Marxist Arab state, resigned and was succeeded by Ali Nasir Muhammad, the Prime Minister.

Tuesday, April 22

EEC governments agreed at a meeting in Luxembourg to back the United States' economic boycott of Iran if no progress was made for the release of the American hostages in Teheran by May 17. In the meantime they agreed to reduce the scale of their embassies in Teheran, to cut the number of Iranian diplomats in Europe and to enforce a complete arms embargo.

The number of unemployed in the UK in April rose to 1,522,900 — the highest April figure since the Second World War and the highest monthly total since August, 1978.

13 members of Liberia's former administration were executed by firing squad. They included Frank Tolbert, the elder brother of the assassinated President Tolbert, and the Foreign Minister Cecil Dennis.

Wednesday, April 23

Saudi Arabia ordered the expulsion of the British ambassador in retaliation for Independent Television's showing of a dramatized documentary, *Death of a Princess*, about the execution of a Saudi princess and her lover for adultery.

David Cowper, 32, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, sailed into Plymouth to become the fastest man to sail around the world single-handed in a monohull yacht. He beat Sir Francis Chichester's record of 226 days at sea by one day.

Sir John Methven, Director-General of the Confederation of British Industry since June 1976,

died in hospital. He was 54.

Thursday, April 24

An American commando mission to rescue the hostages from the US embassy in Teheran ended in failure when technical faults put three of the eight helicopters involved out of action. Eight Americans were killed after the operation had been abandoned when a helicopter collided with one of the six transport aircraft as they prepared to withdraw from a remote desert airstrip some 200 miles south-east of Teheran.

US Congressman John Anderson of Illinois announced the abandonment of his campaign to seek the Republican presidential nomination, but said he would stand as an Independent candidate.

China announced its intention to boycott the Olympic Games in Moscow unless the Soviet Union withdrew from Afghanistan.

Friday, April 25

146 people on board a British Dan Air Boeing 727 aircraft on a flight from Manchester to the Canary Islands were killed when the plane crashed into a mountain near Los Rodeos airport in Tenerife.

A Libyan lawyer, Mahmoud Abbu Nata, was shot dead at his office in Kensington, London. Two men were arrested and held for questioning by Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist squad. On April 27 Colonel Gaddafi warned all ex-patriates to return to Libya or face death.

The 50 American hostages held in their embassy in Teheran since November, 1979, were separated and moved to cities throughout Iran because of the attempt by the US to rescue them.

Saturday, April 26

Lady Ward, formerly Dame Irene Ward, a Conservative MP for 40 years, died aged 85.

Dame Cicely Courtneidge, the comedy actress, died aged 87.

Sunday, April 27

Left-wing guerrillas of the M19 group who seized over 50 hostages in the Dominican Republic's embassy in Bogota, Colombia, on February 27 released five more hostages and then flew to Cuba with the remaining hostages, including the US ambassador and the Vatican's envoy.

Monday, April 28

The EEC summit meeting in Luxembourg failed to reach agreement on the dispute over Britain's contribution to the EEC budget. Mrs Thatcher, the Prime Minister, rejected an offer to cut Britain's contribution from £1,100 million to £328 million based on a one-year agreement.



Cyrus Vance, US Secretary of State, resigned because he had not agreed with the President's decision to go ahead with the attempt to rescue the American hostages in Teheran on April 24. He was succeeded by Senator Edmund Muskie.

No morning provincial newspapers were published in England, Wales and Northern Ireland because of a dispute with the National Graphical Association in support of a claim for an £80 a week basic rate for a 37½-hour week. On May 11 the dispute was ended when the Newspaper Society agreed to the wage

claim with the reduced working week to be introduced by November, 1981.

Tuesday, April 29

The Armed Forces were awarded pay increases averaging 17 per cent following the recommendations of the Independent Review Body on Armed Forces Pay.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Berne at the start of a four-day state visit to Switzerland — the first by a British monarch.

Sir Donald Maitland, Deputy Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, was appointed Permanent Secretary at the Department of Energy.



Sir Alfred Hitchcock, the film director, died at his home in Los Angeles, California, aged 80.

Wednesday, April 30

26 people, including a policeman and two BBC employees, were taken hostage at the Iranian embassy in Kensington, London, by six Iranian gunmen who demanded the release of 91 political prisoners in Iran's south-western province of Khuzestan. Five of the hostages were released during the next few days, but on May 5 two hostages were killed and members of the Special Air Service Regiment then attacked the embassy. Five terrorists were killed and one was captured unharmed. 19 hostages were released.

Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands was formally installed as sovereign in succession to her mother Queen Juliana who abdicated after a reign of almost 32 years.

Thursday, May 1

Ian MacGregor, an American, was appointed chairman of the British Steel Corporation to succeed Sir Charles Villiers in July.

In Britain's district council elections Labour gained control of nearly 75 per cent of the country's biggest cities. Labour gained 509 and lost 33, the Conservatives gained 43 and lost 436 and the Liberals gained 102 and lost 27.

Friday, May 2

The Pope began his first visit to Africa when he arrived in Kinshasa, Zaire, where he was welcomed by President Mobuto.

A plain-clothes soldier was shot dead in Belfast by Provisional IRA gunmen who had been setting up an ambush in a house. The gunmen later surrendered when they discovered they had been surrounded.

A former KGB officer, Ilya Grigorievich Dzhirkvelov, was granted political asylum in Britain. He had worked for the World Health Organization in Geneva before disappearing on March 21.

Six people died and over 20 were injured by an Arab terrorist attack on Jewish worshippers in Hebron on the West Bank. On the following day Israel expelled to Lebanon the two Arab mayors of Hebron and Halhoul and blew up the four houses which had been used in the attack.

Saturday, May 3

Liverpool became Football League

champions for the second successive year when they beat Aston Villa by four goals to nil.

Sunday, May 4

President Tito of Yugoslavia died in hospital in Ljubljana. He was 87.

Monday, May 5

Constantine Karamanlis resigned as Prime Minister of Greece following his election as President in succession to Constantine Tsatsos. On May 8 George Rallis, the Foreign Minister, was elected leader of the ruling New Democracy Party.

Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, met President Carter and other American officials in Washington for discussions on the economic sanctions against Iran.

Tuesday, May 6

Florida was declared a disaster area by President Carter, thus allowing Federal funds to be made available to help the Cuban refugees who were living in temporary accommodation there and were so far estimated to number about 15,000.

Wednesday, May 7

The High Court ruled that four newspaper unions had acted illegally in organizing support for the TUC's day of action on May 14.

Rev Ian Paisley, MP for Antrim North, and two fellow Democratic Unionist MPs were arrested outside St Patrick's Cathedral in Armagh where they protested at the presence of Charles Haughey, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, at the enthronement ceremony of the Primate of Ireland.

The introduction of a Citizens' Band radio — Open Channel — by which members of the public could communicate with each other, was supported by William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary.

Lord Killanin, President of the International Olympic Committee, met President Brezhnev of the Soviet Union in Moscow where he outlined proposals to cut out much of the nationalism attached to the opening ceremony of the Olympic Games due to take place in Moscow in July.

Thursday, May 8

Mrs Farrokhroo Pasha, Iran's former Education Minister during the Shah's régime, was executed by firing squad in Teheran.



Friday, May 9

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in Africa to inaugurate a new diocese in Zaire, met the Pope for the first time in Kumasi, Ghana.

At least 30 people were killed when a ship ran into a bridge spanning Tampa Bay in Florida causing a bus to plunge 150 feet into the sea.

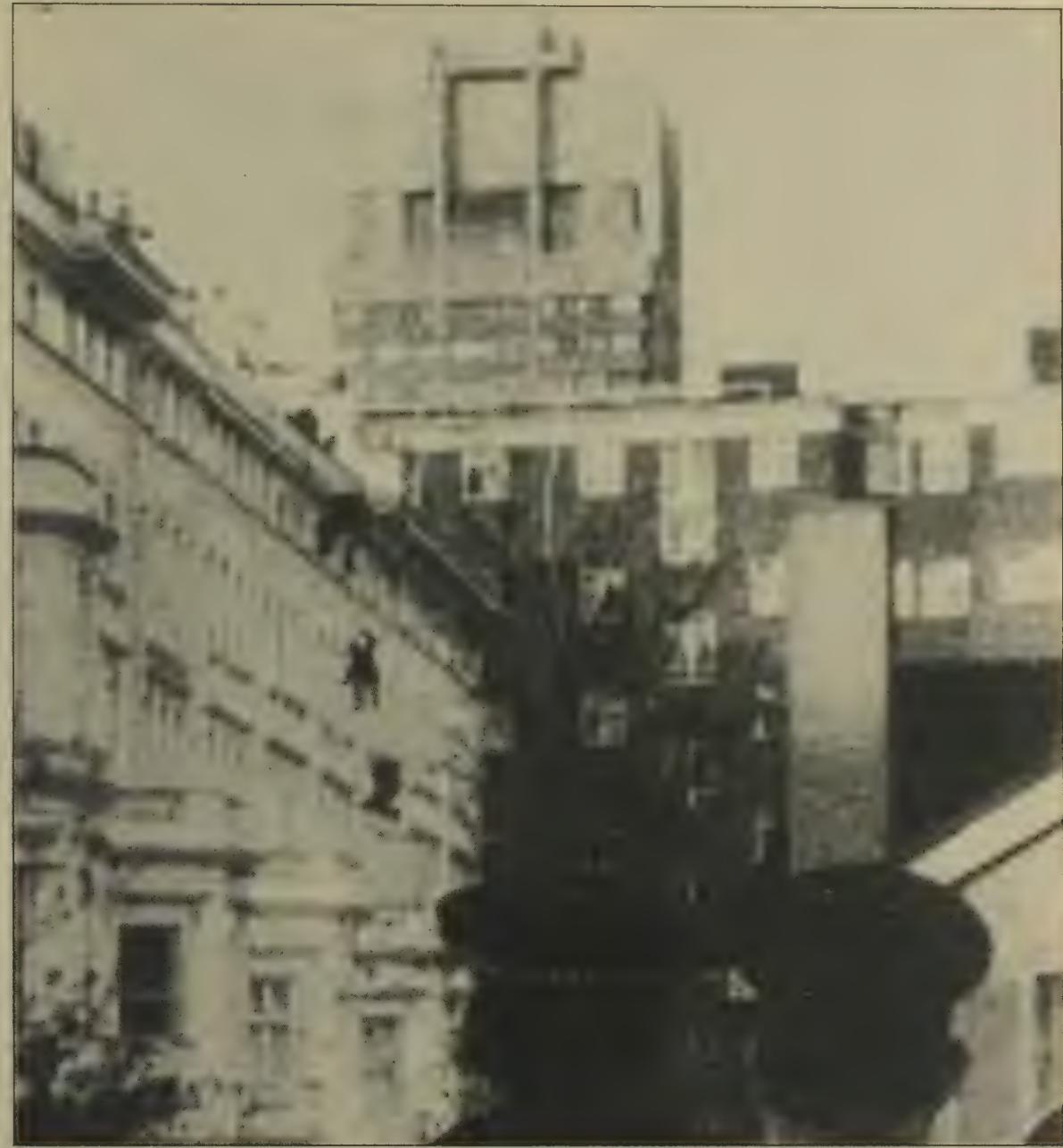
Saturday, May 10

West Ham won the FA Cup final at Wembley, beating Arsenal by one goal to nil.

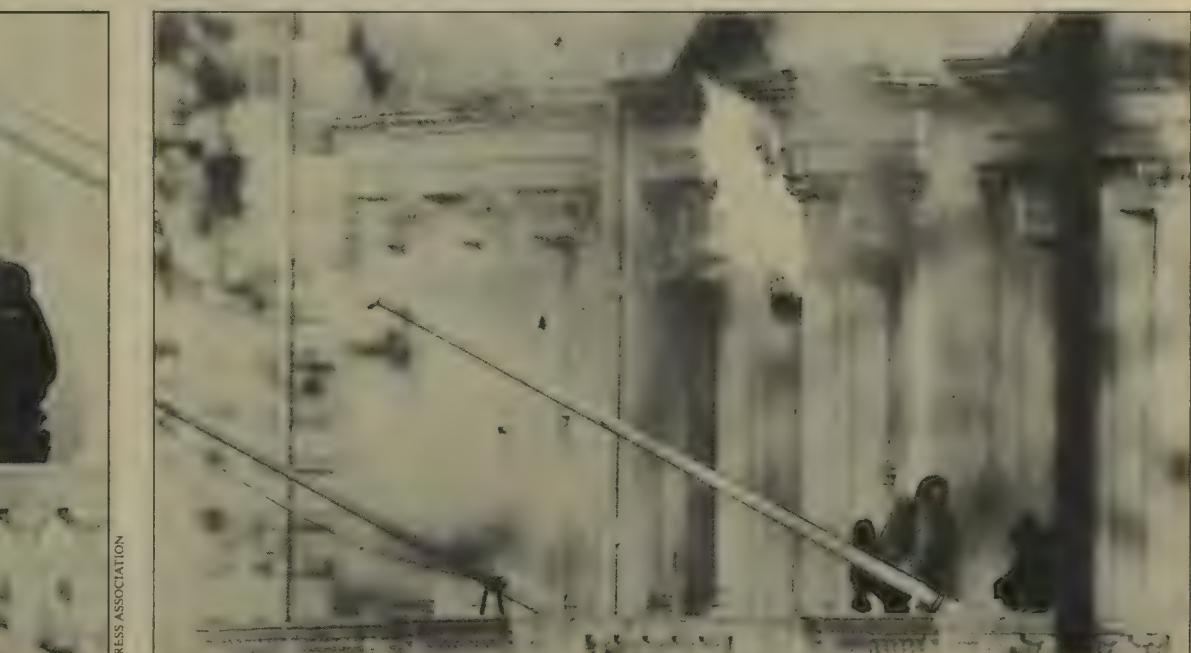
Sunday, May 11

Union strikes and lock-outs by industrialists which had brought production and communications in Sweden to a standstill ended when employers agreed to pay a 6.8 per cent wage award recommended by the government mediation board.

Siege at the Iranian Embassy: A combined police and Special Air Service Regiment operation to rescue hostages taken by members of a south Iranian dissident group ended a six-day siege at the embassy in Kensington on May 5. The terrorists had forced their way into the embassy at gunpoint taking 26 hostages, including four Britons, and demanded the release of 91 compatriots imprisoned under the Khomeini régime. The area was sealed off and armed police surrounded the building, employing "wait and see" tactics in the hope of ending the siege peacefully by negotiation. This approach seemed to be succeeding and five hostages were released at different times. But on the sixth day, after the terrorists had murdered one hostage (whose body was pushed out of the embassy) and threatened to kill the rest at half-hourly intervals, the embassy was stormed by SAS troops. During the attack the building caught fire and three gunmen were killed. A fourth was dead on arrival at hospital and a fifth has been charged with murder. The bodies of a sixth gunman and a second murdered hostage were found in the debris of the gutted building.



As the SAS attack against the terrorists was launched at the rear of the embassy by soldiers descending ropes from the roof to a second-floor window, two other members of the rescue squad were at the front of the building in Prince's Gate preparing to fire tear gas inside it.



More SAS men appeared on a first-floor balcony at the front of the embassy soon after explosions and gunfire were heard from the rear. Sim Harris, a BBC sound recordist who had been applying for a visa when taken hostage, made his escape from the burning building over a balcony helped by an SAS soldier.



Fire broke out in the upper floors after a series of explosions took place inside the embassy building, which was eventually gutted.



One of the injured being taken away after the joint attack by police and SAS troops.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

PRESS ASSOCIATION



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Supporters of the Ayatollah Khomeini at prayer in Kensington Gore near the embassy.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

PC Trevor Lock of the Diplomatic Protection Group, centre, at a window of the embassy acting as a negotiator and, above, with his wife on his release.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Aftermath of failed US rescue mission in Iran: The charred body of an American crewman lies in front of the burnt-out wreckage of a helicopter and a Hercules transport plane; in the background Iranian soldiers pick their way through the debris. The two aircraft, taking part in a mission to rescue the American hostages held since last November in the US embassy in Teheran, collided on the ground

and burst into flames as they prepared to take off from an improvised landing strip in the desert about 200 miles from Teheran. The accident occurred after orders had been received to call off the rescue attempt as three of the eight helicopters involved had developed mechanical faults. The bodies of the crewmen, after being displayed in Teheran, were returned to the US.



LARRY PRICE/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Executions in Liberia: Officials of the former government of Liberia, on the north-west coast of Africa, are shot by firing squad on the beach at Monrovia, the capital. The government was overthrown in a coup led by 27-year-old Master

Sergeant Samuel Doe, the new head of state, in which President William Tolbert was killed. Many such executions have taken place, the prisoners having been tried by a civilian tribunal and the military People's Redemption Council.



World pays its last respects to President Tito: Heads of State, Prime Ministers and other representatives of 127 countries attended the funeral in Belgrade of President Tito of Yugoslavia who died at the age of 87 having maintained his country's independence from Soviet influence for 32 years. The country's new leadership added to its tributes a pledge to maintain Yugoslavia's "non-aligned position, unity and independence". World leaders pictured above listening to the

eulogies included Soviet President Brezhnev and China's Chairman Hua; but US President Carter attracted considerable criticism by his decision not to attend. Vice-President Mondale represented the US. Britain's representatives were led by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prime Minister, Mrs Thatcher. Hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs joined in four hours of final tributes to one of the world's most respected elder statesmen.



Zimbabwe achieves its independence: Rhodesia, the last British colony in Africa, achieved its independence and became Zimbabwe at midnight on May 17. Earlier in the day the Prince of Wales, representing the Queen, and the retiring Governor, Lord Soames, above, watched the Union Jack lowered for the last time at Government House. The new Prime Minister, Mr Robert Mugabe, called on white and black Rhodesians to unite in looking to the future, not the past.



The Queen in Switzerland: The Queen became the first British sovereign to undertake an official state visit to Switzerland and was warmly received throughout a four-day stay. In addition to formal occasions, including a ceremonial banquet at Berne Town Hall, the Queen visited Lausanne, Basle and Lucerne and took the opportunity for some of her popular "walkabouts", one of them, above, among the children of the British "colony" in Geneva.



Accession in The Netherlands: Queen Beatrix was formally installed as the new Dutch Queen on April 30, the 72nd birthday of her mother, the former Queen Juliana, who now reverts to the title Princess. The ceremony in the Nieuwe Kerk (New Church) in Dam Square, Amsterdam, was attended by many foreign dignitaries including the Prince of Wales. Several hours earlier ex-Queen Juliana, whose reign lasted almost 32 years, signed an instrument of abdication in a ceremony at the royal palace. After the inauguration mother and daughter, with Queen Beatrix's husband Prince Claus, appeared on the palace balcony where a crowd of tens of thousands demonstrated the popularity of the House of Orange by singing "Oranje Boven" (Orange on Top), the pro-monarchy song. Elsewhere in Amsterdam there were clashes between police and hundreds of anti-monarchy left-wingers in which water cannon and tear gas were used.

Who goes home for tea?

by Enoch Powell

Quite often, when a major and controversial change occurs, the consequences which turn out to be most important are not foreseen or brought into the debate.

It was so, for example, with the great measures of nationalization in the 1945 parliament. Nobody at the time noticed the inflationary consequences. Nobody pointed out that large quantities of new government paper, which would in due course have to be redeemed or rolled forward, were being created. Nobody drew attention to the now obvious fact that in future the new capital required by those industries would, in default of massive profits, have to be raised on government credit. Yet these turned out to be the most extensive and damaging of the consequences.

Something similar has happened with the reforms inaugurated in the House of Commons this session, following the recommendations of the Williams Committee on procedure in the last parliament. Their centre-piece is a whole range of "subject committees", select committees each assigned to investigate and report on one or more departments, with power to take evidence from ministers, Civil Servants and others. It was in a way the culmination of a long evolution whereby sub-committees of the old Estimates and later Public Expenditure Committees had given themselves an ever widening brief *vis-à-vis* the respective ministries.

There has always been a school of thought, to which Michael Foot and I belonged, which looked askance at multiplication of committees, believing that such a move towards the essentially different American system would detract from the importance of the floor of the House itself and thus in the long run weaken the power of Parliament, which ultimately depends on open debate.

This anxiety should have been, and I think was, increased by a recent development — that of throwing open to the public the sittings of select committees, which, unlike the standing committees on Bills, had previously been almost invariably held in private. An incidental consequence of this change was in effect to destroy the old and important rule that until a committee had reported to the House, no one, Member or not, might disclose or refer to its proceedings or evidence upon pain of the penalties of contempt; and many were the journalists who were called to book for publishing information that had leaked prema-

tarily from select committees. Obviously public sitting makes nonsense of this; and the old rule is now got round by deeming committees to have reported to the House at the end of each public sitting.

There turns out, however, to have been a critical factor that nobody thought of or foresaw. Parliamentary reports — for labour and other reasons — now "go to bed" earlier and earlier, so that the term itself has become anachronistic and might well be replaced by the cry, "Home for tea!" Once questions and statements are over, by between 4 and 4.30 pm, and the two opening speeches of the day's debate have run to about 6 pm, it is time for the parliamentary gallery to file its stories, and a scanty harvest the sitting thus far will often have yielded. The debate itself has still four hours or more to run, during which the true mood of the House and the parties will have time to disclose itself. On many evenings there are other items to follow later, which are frequently more piquant and important than the *entrée* of the day. All this, however, is out of time for the newspapers, though sound extracts up to 10 or even 11 o'clock may still find a place on radio.

Into the news vacuum thus created there has suddenly rushed a flood of new material, provided during the daylight hours and requiring much less skill and patience to evaluate and process than a debate on the floor. The reporter who goes along at 10 am is now presented with a plentiful and appetizing bill of fare. In the mornings from 10.30 and in the afternoons at hours which are still manageable there will be sitting a range of six to ten select committees, billed to cross-examine ministers, officials and experts, not on the tedious minutiae of expenditure and administration but on red-hot departmental policy matter connected with current news stories.

Moving from one committee room to another, he — and his editors — will be unlucky indeed if long before the day's deadline they cannot gather prime political material more succulent, varied and plentiful than almost any day spent assiduously in the gallery of the House would have furnished.

It seems we were looking in the wrong direction. The danger turns out not to have been that Members would desert the Chamber so much as those who report them. It is a simple combination of the clock and the printing unions that is beginning to threaten government by debate — otherwise known as parliamentary democracy.

Enoch Powell is Official Ulster Unionist MP for Down, South.

Glamour of the status quo

by Sam Smith

Over the left shoulder of the TV local anchorman was one of those badly drawn slides that substitute for film coverage in low-budget news operations. It was labelled "Interest Rates". A pudgy arrow pointed upwards. Inside the arrow's tip were the numbers "14 per cent?" and "16 per cent?", but the announcer was reporting that the prime interest rate had hit 19 per cent.

These are days when even television cannot keep up with things. The anachronistic news slide was yet another symptom of something that has been unsettling the US for some months now. It is not that things are changing; it is that the rate of change seems to be accelerating violently.

Change itself is nothing new; many Americans became almost blasé about it following the chaos of the 1960s. But this is different. We are now forced to consider not only the inflation rate, a traditional measure of change for which we have a name, but the *rate of change* in the inflation rate — for which we have no name. Linear forces have turned suddenly centrifugal as if American society were being whirled like a lasso over the head of history, to be released in some unknown direction at some unknown time.

Take a moment of fairly recent vintage, say last fall, and consider what has happened since:

- The inflation rate rose from 12.9 per cent in 1979 to 18.1 per cent for the first three months of 1980. That is inflation in the rate of 40 per cent.
- Interest rates rose by about 50 per cent during the same period to record levels which were previously charged only by loan sharks.

- A President proud of not losing a single American in combat began preparing the nation for war — urging resumption of the draft and threatening military action in Iran.

- Within a four-month period popular support for the President's position in Iran (as measured by a *New York Times/CBS* poll) dropped from nearly 80 per cent to below 40 per cent.
- Edward Kennedy's apparent pre-primary lead over Carter dwindled to desperately low levels, but his chances were revived by surprise victories in New York and Connecticut.

- After weeks of tortuous attention to an interminable series of state primaries in which it seemed that every typical voter in the union had been interviewed, a national poll found that 55 per cent of the voters were unhappy with their apparent choices in both parties.

- A Republican candidate for President, John Anderson, announced he was running as an Independent — not as a radical alternative

but as the voice of the centre. America has had right-wing splinter candidates and left-wing splinter candidates but this time, extraordinarily, it was the dead middle that was thinking of bolting the two-party system.

- The era of détente vanished overnight in the wake of the invasion of Afghanistan and America found itself back in the Cold War.

- The price of silver rose so fast and so high that police noted a dramatic increase in silver burglaries and homeowners rushed out to have their ordinary knives and forks appraised, only to find out a few weeks later that the price had dropped precipitously.

- One of the giants of American industry, the Chrysler Corporation, had to beg a huge loan from the federal government to avoid bankruptcy.

- The era of popular attention to urban ills came to a crashing halt as one mayor after another went before the public to reveal multi-million dollar budget deficits. In cities across the country facilities and programmes started in the financially friendly days of the "Great Society" were abruptly closed down. Even the well of President Nixon's "war on crime" dried up as big city mayors bit the bullet and laid off politically potent police officers. And for black politicians the message that social progress was now considered a luxury came in brutal silence as presidential candidates stayed away from their convention.

- Even the ghosts of America were agitated. The dormant saga of Watergate took a still more sordid turn with Gordon Liddy, one of the participants, blithely describing various assassination plots and the former vice-president Spiro Agnew claiming that he left office in fear of his life.

Such times militate against the application of some of the preventive medicine that democracies tend to take for granted, such as lengthy debate, reflection, compromise, leisurely development of a rational consensus, opportunity to promote alternative policies and time to organize coalitions against stupidity and disaster. Such times also provide lush soil for the demagogue and the Machiavelli, the painful miscalculation and the grievous error. Power shifts to the brash and reckless, from (as we have seen in Iran) dull diplomacy to high-risk adventurism.

A few weeks ago a Princeton University professor proposed the thesis that Dwight Eisenhower was not the affable bumbler that many of us had supposed but, rather, a crafty and forceful politician. It was a somewhat startling thesis yet, in fact, admirably suited for the times. For these are days when even the most run-of-the-mill *status quo* seems extraordinarily glamorous and many Americans would willingly settle for a taste of it.

After Tito

by Norman Moss

Marshal Tito's soul goes marching on through Eastern Europe, as surely as John Brown's soul went marching on through the battlefields of the American Civil War. Tito led the way in loosening the bricks of the communist bloc monolith and liberalizing a communist régime; questions of how loose and how liberal hang over Eastern Europe still.

It is difficult for us today even to recall the strict orthodoxy that was imposed on the communist bloc in Joseph Stalin's day, in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Devotion to Soviet policies and to the régime and personality of Stalin was required. A Soviet general was Poland's Minister of Defence, Stalin's birthday was celebrated with elaborate expressions of homage everywhere east of the Elbe, and international proletariat solidarity was defined officially as first and foremost loyalty to the Soviet Union as the bastion of socialism.

Tito committed the outrage of claiming Yugoslavia's right to independence as a communist country. Stalin huffed and puffed, with charges that Tito was a Western hireling, and made threatening troop movements. But that house did not fall down.

When Nikita Khrushchev, reversing some of Stalin's policies abroad as well as at home, visited Yugoslavia and acknowledged its right to go its own way this had something of the flavour of a journey of repentance to Canossa, and marked a climb-down by the Soviet Union with consequences that are continuing still.

As Yugoslavia's rift with the Soviet Union became wider, its régime became less like the Soviet régime internally; less totalitarian, it came to have a more relaxed atmosphere than any other communist country. This was demonstrated to me on the first day of my first visit to Yugoslavia, a good many years ago. I was dispatched to Belgrade at short notice to report on an international conference. The invitations and Press accreditations had been issued long in advance. The conference was to open with a reception at which Tito would meet the delegates and accredited correspondents. I wanted to go to it.

I went to the woman in charge of arrangements and explained that I was in Belgrade to cover the conference and that I had cherished all my life an ambition to meet Marshal Tito, who was admired the world over. Could I somehow get to the reception? Her patriotism aroused, she responded imaginatively. She said: "I have two invitations which have not been collected. One is for a Japanese delegate and the other for a Mexican. Would you rather be a Mexican or a Japanese?" We decided that I would be slightly more plausible as a Mexican, so I shook hands with

President Tito in the name of Señor Lopez, as I recall. In any other communist country, such a switch would lead to a jail sentence for impersonation and probably espionage as well.

This casual attitude is seen in other areas of life. Political conversation is more relaxed and less predictable than in any other communist country.

Once, a middle-rank official was explaining to me the system of workers' management councils in industry, which was just being developed. I questioned him, as tactfully as I could, about the way the officials of these councils were elected. After a few questions, he suddenly said with embarrassing bluntness: "Oh, I see what you're getting at. You want to know whether these elections are genuine, is that it?"

"Well, er, something like that."

"Half the time they're not. They're fixed. People aren't used to really free elections in this country, and we're finding it difficult to get the idea across."

I was astounded. All this is not to suggest that Yugoslavia is a democracy. It is a one-party dictatorship. Published dissent is punishable by imprisonment. There are arguments in the Press occasionally, even about important matters such as the economy and the role of provincial governments, but no challenge to the system is allowed.

A number of Britons saw at first hand the heroic struggle of Tito's partisans against the Nazi occupation, and wrote about it. These accounts obscured from Western eyes the ruthlessness with which Tito suppressed non-communists at the same time. One of the most startling revelations of the new book about the partisan war by Milovan Djilas, Tito's old comrade-in-arms who is now a dissident, was that Tito at one time considered offering to co-operate with the Germans in resisting an Allied landing in Yugoslavia because he thought that the Allies might try to set up a non-communist régime.

Tito was ruthless with other communists also when Yugoslavia's national interests were at stake. When Russia was trying to impose an economic blockade and he was dependent on American help to survive he repaid the United States by closing his border with Greece to communist guerrillas, sealing the fate of the communist side in the Greek Civil War.

It was assumed for a long time that there would be a new threat to Yugoslavia after Tito's death, with the Russians trying to take advantage of internal instability. There is no immediate threat; Tito's successors have had plenty of time to prepare for this situation, and they are giving a high priority to continuity and stability.

However, troubled times lie ahead for Yugoslavia. Its economy is in the same kind of bad shape as those of other Eastern European countries, and for that matter Western European nations.

Nationalistic rivalries among the republics have never died out. There are Slovenians who complain that Serbs get all the top jobs, Serbs who say that Croats do not work and wax rich on tourism, and Macedonians who claim that their province should really be a part of Albania. Some Yugoslav communists feel that the role of the party has been downgraded too far, and liberalizing tendencies have weakened socialism. The non-aligned movement, in which Yugoslavia played a leading role, is falling apart. In a time of turmoil, Soviet diplomats might find an audience for the suggestion that Yugoslavia would be better served, if not by the direct intervention of Soviet troops, then by the country's realignment with the Warsaw Pact nations.

There are signs now that Russia is tightening the screws in Eastern Europe. Soviet newspapers are calling for support among Russia's allies and printing assurances from them, and Soviet ministers have visited Eastern European capitals. The meeting of communist parties from Eastern and Western Europe in Paris seems to have resulted from a decision by the Soviet Union that its loyal friends should stand up and be counted (though if the Soviet leaders had known how many communist parties would stay away, they might not have gone ahead with it).

Nonetheless, even in these times, membership of the Warsaw Pact does not mean adhering rigidly to a narrow orthodoxy, as it once did. Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968 showed that there are severe limits to the heterodoxy that Russia will allow, but there are divergences. In Poland, the government has twice given in to pressure from below to change its economic policies. Hungary allows freedom to its citizens unknown in other communist bloc countries; it allows freedom to communicate with the West and to travel abroad. Rumania takes an independent line in foreign policy, sometimes abstaining from voting on Soviet resolutions in the UN and refusing to allow Soviet troops on or through its territory.

But freedom of action is still circumscribed. Rumania may act independently in foreign affairs, but at home the government maintains a tight dictatorial grip, and allows no trace of free political discussion. Furthermore Rumania has no common frontier with the West, so that it cannot present a threat to the Soviet Union strategically. The Hungarian government, on the other hand, while it allows its citizens a relatively large amount of freedom, follows the Soviet line on foreign policy unswervingly—Hungarian troops took part in the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Furthermore, the Hungarian leader, Janos Kadar, does not need to convince the Russians that whatever liberalizing measures he takes, he will maintain the party's rule; he is the man who invited

Soviet troops into his country in 1956 to suppress the uprising rather than see communist rule swept away.

These examples and Yugoslavia's survival give a clue to what Russia will tolerate. It will allow deviation from the Soviet model in internal policy, and even a limited deviation in foreign policy. It would rather send in the army than see any danger of a ruling communist party being driven from office, or allow an ally to leave the Warsaw Pact. The Brezhnev doctrine asserts boldly Russia's readiness to intervene on the ground that a communist country has obligations to the whole of the "socialist camp", and that every member of the camp has the responsibility for seeing that the government stays in power in every other. (This doctrine did not give rise to the invasion of Czechoslovakia; rather, it was promulgated three months after the event as *ex post facto* rationalization.)

But there are limits also to Soviet freedom of action. Russia must weigh up the risks in any action it takes in Eastern Europe. The element of risk must have been a factor in deterring Stalin from invading Yugoslavia in 1949. Certainly it played a part in Yugoslav strategy; this was to take to the mountains and wage protracted guerrilla warfare against the Russian invaders, hoping that in a long-running war they could draw in the Nato countries. We do not know whether Russia intended to follow its invasion of Czechoslovakia with a similar invasion of Rumania, that other dissident country, in 1968. But if the gathering of Soviet troops near the Rumanian border meant that they did, the stern United States warning that such a move would have dangerous consequences must have deterred it. The present international tension provides added security for Yugoslavia against any predatory Soviet moves, or at any rate that is the way it is seen in Eastern Europe.

Deviation in Eastern Europe does not alarm the Russians so long as the party's rule is not threatened, which they term "counter-revolution" or "attempting to reverse the results of the Second World War", and so long as it does not present any strategic threat. They would intervene to put down a mutiny in the ship, but not interfere because the captain steers a slightly deviant course, so long as he remains firmly in control. For one thing, in such a situation, direct intervention would be likely to meet with united resistance, as it would have in Yugoslavia. But even a deviation by a strong communist government can present a threat in time, as the example of China shows clearly. And if you wanted to write scenarios for such a situation in Eastern Europe in the years ahead with a strong communist government differing from Soviet policy, the one with the most profound and far-reaching effects would involve East Germany.

Reconciliation in Zimbabwe

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Looking through some family papers during the week in which the formal independence of Zimbabwe was celebrated, I came across a cutting from the *Matabele Times* of April 6, 1896, referring to an uncle of mine who, on Tuesday, March 24, of that spring had been riding with a friend named Grenfell into the little pioneer settlement of Bulawayo when they were stopped "a mile and a half from Lea's store by a horseman, who turned out to be Mr Lea himself, galloping up to inform them that two men had just ridden in from Lusiza with news that the natives had risen and killed Maddocks and another". On the following day, according to the same cutting, my uncle, an Oxford blue who had left England for Mashonaland on the day after taking his degree at Oxford, rode out with Grenfell to bring Mrs Selous, wife of the great tracker and hunter, into Bulawayo for safety. "But about three miles out they were much relieved to meet Selous escorting the lady in, all riding. Selous had returned to his place Tuesday night, having heard of the rising. He thinks a demonstration ought to be made at once and asks if G. will follow him with as many good men as can be mustered."

These homely details record the start of the Matabele Rising to which I referred on this page last month, when Cecil Rhodes, hurrying ahead of a relief force to the newly founded colony which bore his name, took his life in his hands that summer by doing the only thing possible to restore peace to Rhodesia. For so long as the native warriors were in arms there was no chance of civilized life or cultivation in the colony, and in those vast, wild hills there was no hope of reducing them by military operations alone. Unarmed, therefore, Rhodes—who at the time was one of the richest and most powerful men in the world and, until a few months before, had been Prime Minister of South Africa—camped in the hills far out of reach of any military aid in order to win the trust of the Matabele tribesmen. Having made it known that he had come alone and undefended to hear their grievances, he was invited to meet the assembled chieftains in the heart of their armed forces. He accepted the invitation without hesitation and, by doing so, won their trust by the fearlessness in which he placed his life in their hands. At the end of a long *indaba* at which mutual concessions were made, Rhodes asked, "For the future is it peace or is it war?", to which the chiefs, symbolically laying down their sticks of office, replied, "We give you one word; it is peace". By this means Rhodes assured the peaceful future of the infant nation he had founded and, with peace, the means of expanding civilization in what was still then called

"darkest Africa".

I could not help recalling this when listening on the radio to the moving account of the independence celebrations which brought peace to the former Rhodesia after a tragic civil war. Because of my uncle's early association with the country—he distinguished himself by his courage during the rising, but did not remain in Africa, owing partly to ill health and partly to his love for a girl in Ireland whom he married, making his home in that country—I have always had a warm feeling for this beautiful, faraway land of great hills and pure air, though I have never visited it. But from my uncle, with whom I used to sail in my 'teens on the Connemara coast before he lost his life in the Irish troubles, I learnt about Selous and Cecil Rhodes, whose official biography I was many years later asked to write for the Rhodes Trust—a task which, to my regret, owing to prior commitments, I have never been able to complete.

But to me Rhodes remains one of the great men of history, not least because of his readiness to risk his own life, at the height of his wealth and power, to ensure the survival and future of the embryo of a then obscure nation in central Africa which he had dreamed of and founded. And I have always felt intense sympathy for the men and women of my own race who, by their hard work, courage and enterprise, helped to create a peaceful and thriving civilization in what had been a savage wilderness, and to whose descendants Rhodesia had become their only home.

Yet the ideal which Rhodes had envisaged was never that of a racist

hegemony over a subject native people. His ideal, in his own words, was a country of "equal rights for all civilised men, irrespective of races, south of the Zambezi". And were he living today he would, I think, have rejoiced in the statesmanship and magnanimity which have brought an end to the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia civil war and laid a new foundation of peace and trust for what one can only hope will prove to be a great multi-racial African nation, based on the three principles which Rhodes always maintained were the enduring pillars of our historical evolution—peace, justice and liberty. For it is those ideals which have triumphed over the bitterness of a cruel civil war and brought it to an end. Whatever the future may bring, few acts of statesmanship in our own annals and those of emergent Africa have surpassed those of Margaret Thatcher and Robert Mugabe in the hour of their respective electoral victories. Nor has that shown by Peter Carrington and Christopher Soames been substantially less than theirs.

At the bitterest moment of the South African inter-racial war of 80 years ago, when a British victory had become certain and the foolish were talking of revenge, Cecil Rhodes, not long before his death at the age of 51, addressed the South African League at Cape Town. "You think," he said, "you have beaten the Dutch! But it is not so. The Dutch are not beaten; what is beaten is Krugerism, a corrupt and evil government, no more Dutch in essence than English. No! The Dutch are as vigorous and unconquered today as they have

ever been; the country is still as much theirs as it is yours, and you will have to live and work with them hereafter as in the past. Remember that when you go back to your homes in the towns or in the up-country farms and villages. Let there be no vaunting words, no vulgar triumph over your Dutch neighbours; make them feel that bitterness is past and that the need for co-operation is greater than ever. Teach your children to remember when they go to their village school that the little Dutch boys and girls they find sitting on the same benches with them are as much a part of the South African nation as they are themselves, and that as they learn the same lessons together now, so hereafter they must work together as comrades for a common object—the good of South Africa."

It was the spirit of that speech, interpreted by liberal-minded British statesmen in the years following the Boer War, that was to cause a great Afrikaner statesman, who himself had played a distinguished part in that tragic war, to address in the hour of England's need in 1940 these words to his countrymen: "The time has come to choose our friends for the future. I choose the country under which we suffered 40 years ago, but who, when we were at their mercy, treated us as a Christian people." There lies the enduring lesson of Christian civilization—that lesson which the greatest of all English kings, Alfred, taught his still savage countrymen and their still more savage enemies in the hour of his victory over the Danes more than 1,000 years ago. ●

100 years ago



A swimming race from London Bridge to Woolwich between Richard Smith of Sheerness and *Now Then*, a six-year-old retriever who had won renown by saving several people from drowning, ended in a victory for the dog, records the *ILN* of June 12, 1880. Thousands of spectators cheered as the two set off. Mr Smith gave up at Limehouse after swimming 4 miles in 47 minutes by which time the dog was half a mile ahead; *Now Then* was allowed to finish at Deptford, having been in the water for an hour. Her owner was awarded the £25 stake.

Cocktails and clichés

The headquarters in Portland Place of the Royal Institute of British Architects are imposing rather than exciting, the building reflecting the conservative nature of such professional bodies (and also, some would say, of British architecture). Be that as it may, there was the nearest that architects could achieve to an enthusiastic rush from the canapés and cocktails to the conference hall when the RIBA recently launched the first of what it hopes will be a series of annual debates between leading private architects and members of the Greater London Council on "Architecture in London between 1980 and the year 2000". Would there, we wondered, be a fearsome clash between frustrated architects and discontented councillors over planning restraints or unsatisfactory and expensive buildings? Or would elected representatives articulating the aspirations of the people and professionals proclaiming their creative ideals create together a common vision of a more beautiful and exciting city in the year 2000 and

beyond? There was hope in the air as the debate got under way.

We should have known better.

The opening contributions set the tone. Cliché followed platitude. The issues were not even defined, let alone tackled, though we were assured by a number of speakers that London was "still the greatest city in the world" (it may be but no one explained why). Not even the radical Richard Rogers, architect of the Pompidou Centre in Paris, whose comment that "a building, whether small or large, is a public performance not a private container" set the odd alarm bell ringing in the mind, could stem the tide of back-slapping and flowery rhetoric. Then, when all seemed lost, a little-known GLC councillor for Hendon North, Mr Bryan Cassidy, rose to his feet. Mr Cassidy, who is a Conservative, has a building on his Grahame Park estate which has won architecture prizes but about which he receives only complaints from those who live there. "The architectural profession in Britain is held in low public

esteem, and rightly so," he began. There was a rustle in the room as dozing architects moved gear smoothly from apathy to anger. Mr Cassidy continued:

"The commercial quarters of our cities have been turned into wind-swept caverns of swirling dust and waste-paper. The residential quarters, especially those where public housing predominates, have been turned into expensively created slums on green field sites. These new slums, unlike the old city centre ones they have displaced, are disfigured by graffiti and totally lacking in the sense of community of the old so-called slums of the East End. Adolf Hitler never succeeded in breaking the spirit of the people in the East End—the architectural profession in alliance with local authorities have succeeded where he failed." (Murmurs of "Shame" and one man walked out.)

Mr Cassidy had not finished: "The extraordinary thing is that the architectural profession is so incestuously proud of itself. They pat each other on the back and hand out awards

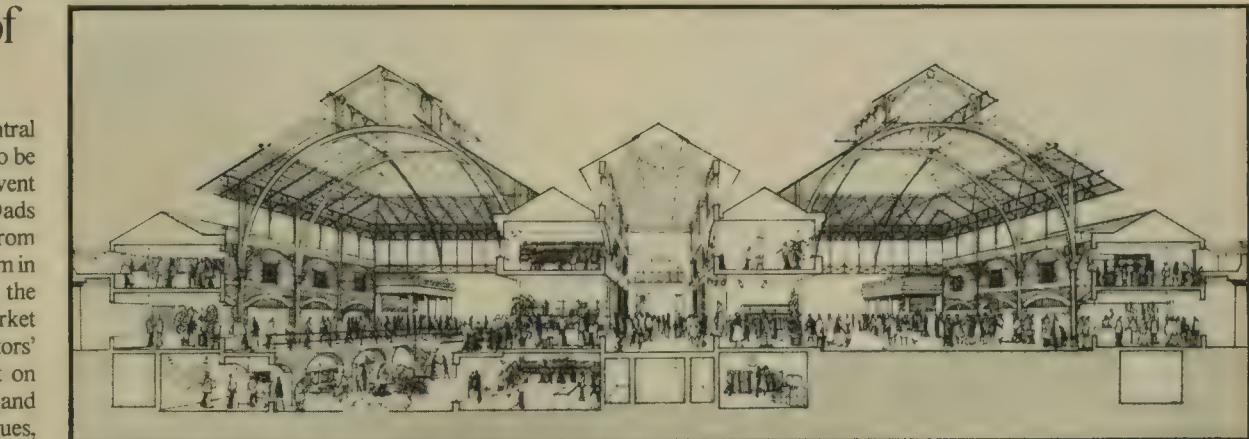
to each other as if they were actually providing a service to the community. I would like to suggest that architectural awards should be given by non-architects. That awards for housing should be given by the people who live in houses, and for offices by those who work in offices. I would like to suggest that no architect should be commissioned for public housing unless he has himself lived on a council estate. These simple changes would go a long way towards making the architectural profession more responsive to consumer needs."

When he sat down there was complete silence.

The debate ended a few minutes later with everyone agreeing that apart from the above intervention it was a jolly good show and that, now started, the tradition must be kept up. Architects and councillors went their separate ways. We still don't know what London will look like in 2000. But we have to admit to a more than sneaking admiration for Mr Cassidy.

The renaissance of Covent Garden

On a summer's evening in central London there are few better places to be than in the Piazza in the heart of Covent Garden. By six the Mums and Dads have hustled their children home from the newly-located Transport Museum in the south-west corner, and the exhibitors in the nearby Jubilee Market (flea market on Mondays, collectors' corner on Tuesdays, crafts market on Saturdays) have packed their bits and pieces and departed. The boutiques, publishers' offices, and art, design and dance studios that have sprung up in neighbouring streets are spilling their generally youthful clientele into the Piazza from all four corners, some heading for the pavement tables outside Tuttons restaurant-wine bar on the west side, some to grab a quick hamburger at the Rock Garden on the north, and others to gather on a plot of land which has been made into a real rock garden to which customers from a nearby pub come, pints in hand, to take the evening air. On the east of the Piazza tourists pause to read the plaque on St Paul's Church stating that "near this spot Punch's puppet show was first performed in England witnessed by Samuel Pepys" and to wonder why the impressive portico of the church leads to a blank doorway (apparently it is because the altar was originally intended to be at this end of the church). On the fringe of the Piazza, Russell Street, they are working into the evening at No 8 preparing to open shortly Boswell's Coffee House, so named because, it is said, at about seven o'clock on the evening of May 16, 1763, Dr Johnson there met for the first time his faithful



Covent Garden Market as it was, engraved by W. and F. J. Havell, and as an artist imagines it will be after transformation, top.

friend and recorder James Boswell.

Covent Garden, that battered old lady of the town, is flowering anew and when on June 19 the Greater London Council strips away the protective hoarding to unveil the Piazza's central feature, the restored Covent Garden Market, its renaissance will be nearly complete.

The restored Covent Garden Market will have cost over £2 million (it was built in 1831 for £70,000, less than 4 per cent of the cost of modernizing it 150 years later) and it is hoped that its impact will give further momentum to the revitalization of the whole district. Robert Thorne of the GLC's Historic Buildings Division enthuses that "the building's architectural qualities, overlaid and obscured for more than a lifetime by additions and temporary structures, have now been revealed with such dramatic effect that it is almost as if London has gained a completely new architectural ornament". But, as he also says, the gain is more than a visual one because the building is not intended to be a monument but a lively, bustling market place filled with activity and paying its way commercially.

It will be open from 10 am to 8 pm and its eating and drinking places much later. There were over 1,000 applications for the 50 shop sites and the tenants have been carefully chosen to complement each other and add to the market's appeal and atmosphere. It will also contain in its main avenue 40 Victorian cast-iron trading stands used in the old Covent Garden flower market for over 100 years and now available for hire by the day to craftsmen wishing to sell their own hand-made products or to gardeners wishing to sell their own fruit and flowers. There will be a crêperie, an English-style brasserie, a restaurant, a coffee house, a pub and a wine bar.

The neighbouring Russell and Bedford Streets are named after men to whom we are indebted for Covent Garden, for the land was given by the Crown to John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, in the mid 1500s, and successive Earls of Bedford have developed the area. It was the fourth earl who recruited the architect Inigo Jones who in 1630 conceived the Piazza. Jones also built St Paul's Church (rebuilt in 1798 after a fire). In 1670 Charles II signed a charter allowing the fifth earl to hold a market in Covent Garden and there has been one in the Piazza ever since.

Robert Thorne, who has written a book on Covent Garden Market to be published by the Architectural Press coincidentally with the opening this month, recalls the problems that came with the jumble of carts, baskets, huts and awnings: "The stink and noise of the market did nothing to preserve the fashionable reputation of the area; rather, it conveniently covered for the growth of associated activities of the kind sure to drive the last of the good tenants away—coffee houses, brothels, gaming rooms and night cellars. Exploiting the fag-ends of leases that no one else

would take, these users slipped into old properties. 'One would imagine,' wrote one reporter in 1776, 'that all the prostitutes in the kingdom had pitched upon this blessed neighbourhood for a place of rendezvous. For here are lewd women in sufficient numbers to people a mighty colony.' The atmosphere of democratic conviviality in the coffee houses, about which it is very easy to be sentimental, was off-set by the dangers and the brutalities of the streets around."

So it was that the sixth earl commissioned one Charles Fowler to design a market that would enable a greater element of control and yet encompass all

those who wished to trade in Covent Garden. It is his building, uncovered and restored, which we shall see once more this month, still in the form of three parallel buildings connected by colonnades, with its own staircases and passageways, under the cast-iron roofs added in 1875 and 1888. In the restoration a big rectangular pit has been scooped out of the basement to form two linked courtyards with staircases and thus create a further public level within the building. Of this Thorne says: "Brutal though it sounds, it was the best way to change the function of the building while doing least damage to its

original fabric. It is impossible to pretend the hole isn't there but equally it does not detract from the overall impact of Fowler's design."

Sixteen years have passed since the decision was taken to move the fruit, flower and vegetable markets from Covent Garden to Nine Elms and six years since the central market building was boarded up. Now it emerges once more, still a market building, still fundamentally the conception of Charles Fowler, and perhaps guaranteeing Covent Garden its unique place in the affection of Londoners for another 150 years.

Norwegian nightmare

The maiden voyage of the world's newest, largest, longest and, it seemed at the time, emptiest passenger liner was an unfortunate mixture of sand in the sanitary system, plumbers among the passengers and sad smiles among the superlatives. As the SS *Norway* left Southampton for the first—and probably the last—time in that guise, there were even, we found on a voyage of discovery below decks, showgirls' feathered and sequinned costumes hanging on racks in the ship's interdenominational chapel. The altar was occupied by wigs and a bottle of ecumenical *Advocaat*. "A maiden voyage is always something special but the SS *Norway*'s maiden voyage is something exceptional," said the soundtrack in deadpan Norwegian style accompanying the slide show given in the North Cape Lounge before departure for New York.

Any fare-paying passenger, looking around, would probably have agreed. For a start he would have found himself outnumbered by crew members and by a 200-strong troupe of travelling technicians brought along to complete the refit which has transformed the transatlantic liner *France* into a beautiful new cruise ship. The Atlantic racer, tightly closed up against the northern weather, had, according to Knut Kloster, its new Norwegian owner, been unfolded like a flower for its new role as a Miami-based Caribbean cruiser. And that transformation—the biggest conversion of a passenger ship in history (what else?)—had been so total that

Norway was able to claim a maiden voyage in her own right.

A lot of people would have liked to have gone on the voyage, notably 115 passengers who booked to join the ship at Southampton. They were disappointed and so were journalists who had been offered the chance to join the new liner to cruise from Oslo to Southampton on the first leg of the inaugural trip. Our outing ended at the point where many people's holidays begin: Luton Airport. Passengers were sadly turned away.

The *Norway* had a problem with its plumbing. Cabins on two of its 12 decks had to be closed. It was a difficulty, Mr Kloster explained, associated with the intake of too much salt water and sand during the massive refurbishment. It had invaded the sanitary system. Not a disaster, but a problem. And there was another with the air conditioning. Finally only 600 fare-paying passengers made the Atlantic crossing, attended by a crew of 800. Mr Kloster's Norwegian Caribbean Lines had originally reckoned on taking some 1,100 passengers and the liner's full capacity is almost double that with a total of 2,000 berths, all of one class. Electricians and painters moved in to take up some of the spare space. Ladders and paint pots appeared everywhere.

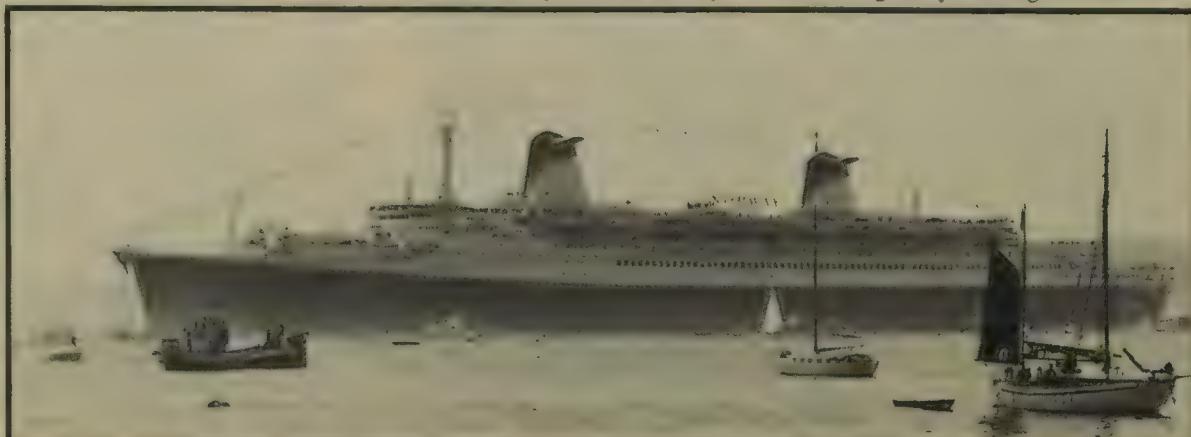
Happily, after that start the liner's future can only be comparatively plain sailing. The achievement of carrying out the entire refit to create the *Norway* in a mere 32 weeks is almost beyond the normal run of superlatives anyway. It was carried out by Hapag-Lloyd Werft, Bremerhaven.

Anthony Redmile, the London designer, was responsible for many of the

ship's accessories in public rooms, including eight silver palms in the cabaret room. The *France*, former pride of the French mercantile fleet, was always a beauty—sleek, chic, and said to be best seen, like Brigitte Bardot, from a three-quarter rear view. She was launched by Madame de Gaulle on a flood tide of French glory to begin her transatlantic career in February, 1962. And she was finally withdrawn on a more miserable ebb of economy in 1974. The *France* was left to languish in mothballs in Le Havre for five years, written off as too expensive to serve.

The superlatives linger on. The Norwegians have, after their alterations, got on their hands a ship which has a gross tonnage of 69,500 (compared with *QE2*'s 67,107) and a length of 1,035 feet (the *QE2* is 963 feet). So she is big as well as beautiful. There are 65,000 square feet of open deck space, acres of them on the Sun Deck, covered in carpeting like vivid grass and lined with plant pots containing (in Southampton's chilly conditions) plastic palms.

She sailed into Southampton in a glorious blue, white and turquoise livery, looking every inch the ocean queen. Even the dredger *Sand Lark* moored in the neighbouring berth seemed to bathe for an afternoon in reflected glory. There were flags and music provided by a Royal Marines band. The liner has 35 musicians of her own, rehearsed and ready to appear one moment as a big band at the captain's cocktail party and the next as a calypso group in Caribbean style. An American woman, understandably confused, looked over the rail at the marines and said to her husband: "If that's the same group from last night they've changed their hats."



The Sangster style of racing

by Ivor Herbert

Large-scale owner-breeders in the horse-racing world were a thing of the past – until the arrival on the scene in the 1970s of Robert Sangster. His shrewd attitude towards racing and breeding as a business has, as the author reports, paid handsome dividends.

A vacuum existed in the horse-racing world after the eclipse of old-time patrons such as the Earls of Derby and Rosebery and the Dukes of Norfolk as forces of any consequence. Apart from the Queen, no large-scale owner-breeders of this kind remains on the British turf. The old pattern was of rich owners of private studs raising yearlings, sending them to trainers and then retaining the best of their blood to return to their studs. They had almost a monopoly of quality: what they sold was generally what they did not want. For nearly two centuries outsiders found it very hard to break in.

For the Old Guard, racing was a sport. But they treated it, subconsciously though quite correctly, as an industry. Their best colts and fillies became, when returned to stud, the capital plant which in a few years would produce more in their mould in a steady stream. These owner-breeders dominated racing as British manufacturers once dominated the markets of the Empire. But it was not until the 1970s that a bright, rich, young man called Robert Sangster, now 43 and the heir to Liverpool's Vernon's Pools, realized that this attitude was the secret of turf fortunes, and that it could be applied, with new methods, to racing today.

The old Aga Khan had sent his best stallions to the Americas just before the Second World War. His shrewd successor now keeps his great racing establishment in France. There, as in the USA and almost every other country, bookmakers are prohibited. Much more money is therefore kept in racing to enhance prize money. Very few English owners can ever hope to make ends meet on our low prizes, a fact also realized by Sangster. He saw a much more lucrative alternative.

When that great character the Hon Dorothy Paget, who kept a band of brood mares and stallions, died, her entire racing interests were bought by two industrialist newcomers to British racing: Sir Michael Sobell, with his fortune in the radio and TV industries, and his son-in-law Sir Arnold Weinstock, now head of the General Electric Company, the first British millionaires to buy up a complete racing empire. Very slowly they began to reap rewards and 20 years after their purchase their *Troy* won the 1979 Epsom Derby.

David Robinson, Cambridge philanthropist and businessman, tried to fill the vacuum left by the cessation of the inherited studs system. He attempted a different approach by buying yearlings to produce an army of horses in train-



JERRY MASON

ing. At one stage he owned more than 120 horses and had three private trainers operating under a cabinet of racing experts. The venture was run as a business operation and many races were won. But Robinson had not considered the real value of successful racehorses: their vast potential at stud. When his horses had finished racing he sold them; his empire was therefore transient. It declined and is now finished. Unlike the young Sangster, Robinson had failed to grasp the basic economic truth that a good racehorse is infinitely more valuable as a stallion, after racing, than as a race-winner.

One good horse sold by Robinson

was *Green God*; the purchaser was Robert Sangster. *Green God* was the first stallion Sangster bought and he quickly followed this purchase with an outlay of £400,000 for *Deep Diver*, also to stand as a stallion. Even by his present, million-dollar standards those first purchases were expensive—but they were necessary as sires for his swelling band of brood mares.

It was these two purchases that caused Sangster to rethink his racing philosophy. He evolved something unique and so simple it is astonishing that no one since the departure of the old aristocratic owner-breeders had thought of it. Sangster planned to go into racing,

not just for the sport and the prize money but also to make stallions. His idea changed the whole drift of the bloodstock business in the mid 1970s, not only in Britain and Ireland but also in the United States and Australia. He now owns studs in all these countries and attempted imitations of the Sangster method are to be found throughout the world.

Sangster bases his operations in an extraordinary mansion called The Nunnery (it used to be one), outside Douglas on the Isle of Man. Its former inhabitants would be surprised by the new luxury—rich furnishings, lavish entertainment and glittering company.

From this tax-haven base, out of which he jets about the world in private aircraft, Sangster has become the most powerful figure in international racing. He has got there not just through the finances of his pools and mail-order businesses, but by applying to the old-fashioned turf two new concepts: first, the formation of small syndicates with rich colleagues to buy the world's best and most expensive yearlings; second, the overriding pursuit of one objective—that as many as possible of his purchases should make stallions of world renown and thus of immense earnings capacity.

The recent example of the Sangster syndicate's great horse *Alleged* shows the power of these calculations. *Alleged* was the winner two years running (in 1977 and 1978) of Europe's greatest race, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. He was trained by the most important member of Sangster's turf partnership, Vincent O'Brien, the gently spoken genius from Tipperary. As a two-year-old in California *Alleged* was well bought by Sangster for a mere \$120,000. Because of his subsequent international triumphs it was possible to syndicate him to stand as a stallion in Kentucky for the sum of \$14 million.

This staggering valuation has a simple economic explanation. A fertile stallion covers a minimum of 40 mares every year. A horse like *Alleged* can in 1980 command for every service the sum of \$80,000. The owners of mares trying to obtain his services hope that their mares will produce *Alleged* offspring which in their turn could be worth his \$14 million or, with inflation, even more. So they "bet" \$80,000, hoping for \$14 million. Top-quality brood mares require top-quality mating; a queue waits vainly for *Alleged's* quick services. Those 40 mares who are mated this spring will bring *Alleged's* earnings up to \$3,200,000 for six months' work. The business basis of stallion evaluation is four years' purchase of his likely earnings.

Sangster and Vincent O'Brien continue to hold some of the 40 shares in their stallions, such as *Alleged*. They can use their shares for their own mares, or sell them to other mare-owners. If *Alleged's* first offspring run with high promise his stud fee may easily rise to \$100,000 or beyond; his earnings will thus soar to \$4 million a year. He might continue to cover mares successfully until well into his 20s. He thus has the capability of earning, in today's money, some \$80 million in his lifetime. He covered his first mares in 1979 and his first foals appeared this spring.

In 1977, the year of *Alleged's* first Arc de Triomphe victory, *The Minstrel* (who cost \$200,000) won the Epsom Derby and *Artaius* won Sandown's Eclipse Stakes in record time. The three together were syndicated for a total of \$25 million.

That was a bumper year. But Robert Sangster and his colleagues laid out \$9 million in 1978 buying yearlings at just

two of the major American bloodstock sales, Keeneland in Kentucky in July, and Saratoga in the north of New York state in August. A few years of poor buying could wipe out even these immense profits. Racing and the breeding and buying of bloodstock are inexact exercises; for most people they are expensive lotteries. To minimize the risk Sangster needed someone whose genius could usually foresee the future; that is why he went in with Vincent O'Brien.

Expensive yearlings can be bought only to fail on the course because they develop illness or lameness or are just slow. In the league of the million-dollar yearling the horse may win, but not enough or in sufficiently high-class races to value him at 50 per cent of his cost. In the unique strategy of Robert Sangster the yearling may do all the right things yet turn out, three years later when he starts at stud, to have breeding which, though popular when he was bought, has gone out of fashion by the time he comes to be syndicated. The extra hazards which Sangster's operation faces are the whims of international breeders, who may reject one new stallion because of the failure at stud, in physique or temperament, of one of his close relatives.

Yet the Sangster method proved profitable from the start. He says, "We thought it would take probably three years before we came up with a good horse. But in our first year, of the ten horses we bought as yearlings, we came up with eight potential stallions, including *The Minstrel* and *Artaius*. Only one horse did not win, but he was second twice and we sold him for exactly what we paid for him."

Sangster's use of the word "we" is not caused by politeness or false modesty. He knows that his gigantic business operation could not succeed without one man; he says simply, "It is 90 per cent, even 99 per cent, Vincent O'Brien. Without him I wouldn't have invested one tenth of what I have in the market. He is a genius."

Sangster has been involved in racing since the early 60s, owning with his first wife, Christine, several successful flat-race horses and jumpers. None amounted to the top class, let alone classic ability. In 1968 Sangster set up a stud at Swettenham Hall, their home in Cheshire, principally to breed foals for sale. The 200-acre establishment has already bred one Irish classic winner, the filly *Dibdale*, and in 1972 it averaged £10,000 for seven foals sold at Newmarket.

But Sangster was restless to break into the biggest money. One day he lunched with Lord Derby and sought the advice of an older man whose family had once owned one of the finest studs and strings of racehorses in the world. Lord Derby said, "If you're really interested in going in, find the best trainer, the best advice and be prepared to spend about £1 million."

Sangster says, "I went home and thought about it. I knew the man had to

be Vincent O'Brien, if I could get in with him." Lord Derby, recalling that meeting years later, said ruefully, "I rather wish I'd followed my advice and Robert's example!"

Sangster's other connexion with O'Brien was John Magnier, a brilliant, young Irish bloodstock expert and the owner or co-owner of three famous Irish studs, *Coolmore*, *Grange*, *Castle Hyde*. He is also married to Sue, Vincent O'Brien's daughter.

Magnier and Sangster were associated through the latter's developing band of brood mares. Both men were being frustrated by the battle to find good stallions like their first, David Robinson's *Green God*. "We were always in competition with other breeders. We lost many private bidding battles," says Sangster.

Robert Sangster, with John Magnier, resolved to go to O'Brien and "put a proposal to him—that he should combine his stud with ours at Castle Hyde; that we should go about making our own stallions as a partnership; that Vincent should train them".

O'Brien accepted the proposal. He appreciated Sangster's inspiration, the stallion syndrome. It fitted into his own commercial philosophy that, as he says, he "should now always have a piece of the action". This meant that Vincent would receive a proper reward for his skill in picking horses. He now takes 20 per cent or 25 per cent of each yearling on purchase. He shares in the equity, and therefore in any capital appreciation.

Sangster's policy expanded into the richer realms of owning part of internationally desirable stallions. O'Brien would provide the expertise; Sangster would provide the largest proportion of the huge working capital needed; Magnier would contribute that other essential—an immense knowledge of blood-lines and future breeding trends. The trio began to form a regular team.

They evolved long-term plans for their raids on America. Now, early in the spring each year, advance copies of the sales catalogues are flown across the Atlantic for early assessment by Sangster, O'Brien and Magnier. Short-lists are drawn up; then Tom Cooper of the British Bloodstock Agency (Ireland), a brilliant judge of horses, starts his long tour of American stud farms, weeding out yearlings as he goes. He is supported, when it comes to sales time, by veterinarian Bob Griffin, from the Curragh, who will examine medically all "possibles". The team is completed by one of the Sangster group's Irish stud managers, Tommy Stack, Vincent's wife Jacqueline, their daughter Sue and Vincent's brother Phonsie. All have their part to play in the run-up to the sales and during them, when one slip of a second can cost Sangster and his colleagues half a million dollars.

Sangster knows that all depends on O'Brien's judgment. It is O'Brien who finds the crocks of gold. "He has such a fantastic feel for a horse," says Sangster. "When he's looking at yearlings he is

visualizing them at Epsom as three-year-olds. It is intuitive. He is the man who makes the decisions; if he says, 'Yes, go ahead,' we buy."

The success of the Sangster operation has led to a waiting-list of would-be investors in the syndicate. Sangster's share usually averages 40 per cent across the board; 35 per cent is split between Vincent O'Brien (20 per cent to 25 per cent) and John Magnier (10 per cent to 15 per cent). This leaves 25 per cent for outside investors who regard their participation as minor stockholders in a large corporation.

Sangster's multi-million pound business has rocked the Americans on their home ground. The Sangster purchasing power has shot up the level of sale prices; not even the wealthiest single American buyer can match the bids of Sangster's consortium. As a result the Americans have now been forced to follow his lead and form their own syndicates to buy yearlings. "Ted" Bassett is president of Keeneland Sales where Sangster's group spent \$9 million on yearlings last July. He says, "Robert Sangster and Vincent O'Brien brought a new dimension to the yearling market. They have created a strong foreign interest to add to our domestic interest in the top yearlings with stallion potential."

Sangster believes that American yearlings, because of their toughness and speed (springing from blood originally imported from Europe), "though the most expensive, are definitely the best value". In addition to the top colts to make stallions Sangster is now buying fillies of the highest class, setting a record for Keeneland's July sales in 1979 by paying \$750,000 for a filly. As Ted Bassett says, "It looks like their interest is not only in sire potential now; they're also looking to the future with some great brood mares." Sangster comments, "We are just repatriating a lot of the good female blood which went to America just after the war; I've now got the half-sisters of the last four Kentucky Derby winners. The Americans will be coming over to buy back from us. We're a good dollar-earner for the country; maybe we'll get a Queen's Award for industry soon!"

It would not be so surprising; Sangster's impact on the horse scene has created a multi-million-pound industry. Not many British-based companies regularly spend £4,500,000 in two days on buying their raw material and sell the products two years later at a profit of the order of £12,500,000.

But success here is not measured in cold figures over 12 months of regular production. It is seen when a yearling the team has valued at \$1 million is bought by them, using secret bidders, for \$750,000; and it is seen when one of their products wins not just the Derby and £150,000 in stakes, but also instantly values himself at stud for £5 million or £7 million. To the thrills of a sport and the aesthetics of beautiful horses has been added the new Sangster dimension of big business.

The European MPs

by Adam Ferguson, MEP

The European Parliament has affirmed its authority in recent months by speaking out on major international issues, but the lack of a permanent home and acute language problems are impeding its progress.

You might have been forgiven last spring for supposing that the Hundred Years War was having one of its periodic outbreaks. Feeling between London and Paris was running higher than for two decades. The governments, though technically on speaking terms, were not minded to say anything nice to or about one another. At popular level in Britain and France the old antipathies were abloom again. And in Strasbourg, in a spectacular Anglophobic demonstration, the *jacquerie* in their thousands were at the gates of the European Parliament.

Not even the burning of the Union Flag on that occasion persuaded the 410 members of the directly-elected Parliament to fix a higher price for surplus agricultural products and so invite the collapse of the European Economic Community budget. Indeed, the event was significant in only one respect: the French farming interests, spurred on by others outside, now regarded the Parliament as an appropriate body to confront with such a protest.

The Treaty of Rome gave to the European Parliament, the democratic base on which alone the Community can move forward, only two significant powers, both so enormous, it was thought, that they could never be used. They were the power to dismiss the entire European Commission (but not individual commissioners) and the power to reject the entire budget (but not parts of it). In theory, therefore, the Parliament has democratic control over both the executive and the "government"—for the Council of Ministers of the Nine, which is the other arm of the "budgetary authority", is as close to being a common government as the Community enjoys.

Last December to everyone's surprise, and almost to its own, the Parliament used the first of these ultimate weapons and threw out the Budget, thereby taking a decision against excessive agricultural spending which the Council of Ministers had shrunk from taking. It had dared to use its deterrent and, again to everyone's surprise, found its authority had grown prodigiously as a result. As one British newspaper put it, the little fellow was beginning to grow up. This year, afflicted as much as the Commission's programmes are by the consequent obligation to carry on at last year's levels of expenditure, the Parliament again found itself taking decisions—to condemn the Afghanistan invasion and to call for an Olympic boycott—which the Foreign Ministers of the Nine fumbled and failed to take.

Reactions to these resolutions were not without interest: they were duly welcomed, for example, by the European refugee organizations who



PRESS ASSOCIATION

The Palais de l'Europe in Strasbourg, built at a cost of £30 million, is one of the European Parliament's two official seats.

understand the effect on the Soviet Union of such expression of the popular European will. On the other hand, they were pretty well ignored by the governments of the Nine, not least that of Britain, who realize that every recognition they give to the authority of the European Parliament to speak for the European electorate diminishes their own.

These are early days. But such episodes clearly indicate the constitutional tensions shaping the Community's political development. Naturally there are those in Europe who resist every encroachment on national sovereignty, and those who see a European federation, a "United States of Europe", as the logical and proper goal. These extremes are duly reflected in the composition of the Parliament elected last June.

From the inside of that Parliament, it does not appear as though that institution is likely to conform to the model hopes or fears expressed for its future. Certainly the members collectively are in search of power—but power principally through influence: the power of inquisition and exposure is by no means negligible.

Any parliament, it is true, is a power-seeking body. Of the European Parliament it can justly be said that it does not at present seek to usurp the power of the constituent nations, but desires to be able to speak and initiate change for the Community as a whole; the most anti-Community MEP (normally of far left or right, or French) is extraordinarily ready to exercise that right when a pet subject arises.

Apart from a number of venerable Continental politicians, many of them former prime ministers, whom their parties have sent there to graze, the

members are on the whole a young lot who have not joined the Parliament to waste their time. Given that, the institution is unlikely to remain static in constitutional terms. And if the Council were to try to hamstring the Parliament, or were simply to ignore the opinions which it imagines itself to express in the name of all the people, then the Parliament, like the English Parliament in the 14th or 17th centuries, would be more likely to assert itself forcefully than lose heart and go home.

What sort of animal the Parliament will turn into—the Parliament that has no government and opposition, no leader apart from a constitutional president, no powers to initiate legislation apart from that concerned with its own election—is anybody's guess. And the same goes for Europe; perhaps one day there will be a United States of Europe with a common currency, a common exchequer, common defence, foreign, economic and energy policies, a common president and legislative council, and with many other shared institutions. But there is no reason to suppose that it will be easily comparable with the United States of America, or acquire the same national cohesion. It is being shaped, after all, not by the pressure of events but by the laborious identification of mutual interests and the logic of co-operative effort.

A year has gone by that has seen, by contrast, the laborious exploration of mutual difficulties, with Franco-British relations almost plumbing ancient depths. The old, nominated European Parliament seldom hit the headlines. The new one, with a mind of its own and often distrusted by the parties who have lost their powers of appointment, has repeatedly claimed public attention—especially in France, where the public

and the Civil Servants often for the first time have been receiving the full blast of non-French Community opinion. Perhaps that is one reason why France has been hitting back so hard.

But the point is that as it has settled down, and as friendships and understandings have developed both among each nation's representatives and between the political groups, the Parliament has increasingly been expounding the different interests of Europe (with, again, the obvious exception of the Gaullists who vie with their countrymen to protect the French interest) from an expressly Community point of view; it is an essential part of any national case in this assembly to present it as being *communautaire* before it is anything else. Yet that does not mean that a European "patriotism" is obviously developing. At best it suggests that frontiers are breaking down. And it has to be faced that the business of building Europe founders again and again on the dual problems of language and national pride, of which the former is the more formidable.

The rock of national pride manifests itself most clearly in the problem of the Parliament's seat. Officially it has two seats, Luxembourg and Strasbourg. Both the Luxembourgeois and the Strasbourgais are seeking for all their worth to establish their claim. Luxembourg has now completed a 560-seat parliamentary "hemicycle" big enough to accommodate the present membership plus MEPs from Greece, Spain and Portugal who are expected to join the Community in the near future. In Strasbourg, where the equivalent hemicycle is near to bursting point already, they are building offices next door for every member.

Both the French and the Germans regard Strasbourg as a natural European capital symbolizing the eternal friendship of the two nations, and are correspondingly pleased that the Parliament decided, despite the completion of the Luxembourg project, to hold all this year's sittings in the Rhenish town. The staff of the Parliament, who have their offices and homes in Luxembourg and are obliged to cart all the parliamentary documents along with them each time they go to Strasbourg, were naturally dismayed. But in the meantime the Commission is firmly established in Brussels, which is where practically all the parliamentary committees meet in non-session weeks. The imbecility of these mutually dependent institutions moving continuously between three different centres has in consequence persuaded most Belgian, Dutch, British and other members that the only sensible seat for the Parliament would be Brussels.





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The European MPs

How long will it be before this mess is resolved? MEPs can have no permanent office, or flat, or secretary, or typewriter, or telephone number anywhere outside their home states, for they can be nowhere long enough to make it practicable. Furthermore, a Parliament that has no permanent resting place can never quite command the respect or feel the dignity of the stationary variety: nor can the newspapers and television services be expected to turn up to report the goings on except on an *ad hoc* basis—as when they are expecting a flag to be set on fire.

But a fixed working place would not solve the other problem. Consider that today there are six official languages—English, French, German, Italian, Dutch and Danish—to serve the Nine. This means that each of the parliamentary chamber's six interpreters' boxes (one per language) has to be able to provide five simultaneous translations at any one time. Most of the Parliament's five dozen permanent interpreting staff and fluctuating supply of freelance interpreters are expected to have at least two languages as well as their own—but the standards demanded are so high that translation into one's own language only is the preferred practice.

However, when three new countries—Greece, Spain and Portugal—join, the problems will be compounded enormously. Each of nine boxes will have to be capable of eight separate translations. Spanish is a common enough language; yet the difficulties of finding staff to translate technical speeches by Danes into Greek or by Portuguese into Dutch are likely to be recurrent. The device of secondary translation (a Greek interpreter, for instance, translating an English rendering of a Dane's speech) is unsatisfactory.

The interpreting staff is under constant pressure, always in demand. The chamber's needs apart, the dozen and a half committees and quasi-committees of the Parliament each requires exactly the same services when they meet, which in turn puts fearsome strains on the organization. It has somehow to accommodate 20 or 30 two-day or three-day meetings a month over and above the plenary sessions, not to speak of innumerable meetings by subcommittees, parliamentary bureaux, political group meetings, and other *ad hoc* gatherings during sessions themselves.

And that is less than half of it. Every document that comes before the Parliament or a committee—and dozens of other communications that go to all members—has to be translated into all the other languages and circulated in the right envelopes to the right people. That equally multi-national body, the Commission, has long endured the same problem; and a letter in, say, Danish, sent to a French commissioner, may well have to go through the whole translation process if a number of people have to study it.

The consumption of time alone boggles the mind. As for the money—well, more than half the Parliament's own budget of £120 million is devoted to making the interpretation machine work. And it does work, just. That it works at all may well be thought miraculous. But the Parliament is concerned about the problem that the enlarged Community will face: and voices may be heard pleading that sooner or later we shall have to cut down the official languages in use (the 12-nation Council of Europe, after all, gets by perfectly well with French and English—and those are what are used in committees naturally enough when the audio equipment breaks down). The Esperanto promotion people circulate members regularly. The Danish anti-EEC party will not allow things to get easier so far as Danish is concerned. So why should anyone else?

Language remains the barrier to progress, to integration, and to getting things done quickly enough. The members do not sit in their national contingents but in their political groups. That is all very well for the British Conservatives, 60 strong, who with three Danes and an Ulster Unionist form the European Democratic group. We all have neighbours to whom we chat in our own tongue. Otherwise every political group sits in its own wedge of the hemicycle ranged from far left (the Communists) to the far right (to their annoyance, the Liberals); and within their groups, with their group leaders at the front, members sit in alphabetical order, with the Zs at the back. In theory, then, no two speakers of the same language need be sitting side by side, a condition that may encourage linguistic study, but in practice often reduces communication to zero.

There are always problems with speeches. The interpreters usually welcome the challenge of turning an idiom of one language into the corresponding one of another. One member was struck by the speed with which a story he told in English was translated in curiously few words into Danish and still received the expected laughter. Questioned later, the Danish interpreter admitted he had not understood the point, could not have translated it if he had, and over the earphones had informed the Danish listeners that the Englishman had just made a joke which it would be appropriate to acknowledge.

It is easy to criticize a remarkable departure in European history. It was a philosophic dream that the nations of Europe should choose their common Parliament in a common election. "The lion shall lie down with the lamb," goes the tag, "but the lamb won't get much sleep." However, the lamb so far, so long as it is not a British export, is doing pretty well. Far as the Parliament has travelled in the past year, it has a long way to go. What no one should doubt is the extraordinary human dynamic that the European nations have vested in their common assembly, wherever it may sit, and whatever attempts may now be made to hold it down.

From the House of **BELL'S**



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Enjoy Scotland's Number
One Scotch Whisky and
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The Migratory behaviour of European birds.

Harm Swallow
Summer: Europe, except extreme north
Winter: Africa south of 10° north latitude.



Greater Whitethroat
Summer: Sun-warmed scrub thickets all over Europe.
Winter: Chiefly bush regions of the Sahel zone.



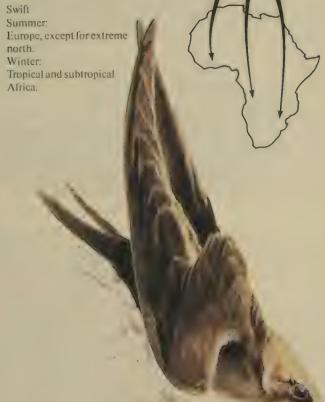
Oriole
Summer: Central and southern Europe.
Winter: In the forested regions of Africa south of the Sahara.



Redstart
Summer: Breeds all over Europe up to the tree-line.
Winter: In the savannas and bush steppes between Sahara and equator.



Swift
Summer: Europe, except for extreme north.
Winter: Tropical and subtropical Africa.



Cuckoo
Summer: All over Europe.
Winter: Savannas and forested regions of Africa.



Red-backed Shrike
Summer: Central Europe.
Winter: Between tropical Africa and the Cape.



Marsh Warbler
Summer: Chiefly eastern Europe.
Winter: Bush and grass country of East Africa.



Winchat
Summer: Europe, in not too dry natural meadows.
Winter: Savannas of West to East Africa.



Swissair McDonnell Douglas DC-10-30
Summer and winter: Central Europe (Switzerland) and Africa. Flies regardless of season, fifty-four times a week from Switzerland to nineteen African cities (Casablanca, twice to Oran, six times to Algiers, twice to Tunis, four times to Tripoli, five times to Cairo, twice to Khartoum, twice to Nairobi, twice to Dar es Salaam, three times to Johannesburg, twice to Kinshasa, once to Libreville, once to Douala, four times to Lagos, three times to Accra, twice to Abidjan, twice to Monrovia, and three times to Dakar). Research has shown that this bird appears in Africa with striking regularity at exactly the same hours, and flies back to Central Europe (Switzerland). Markings: White cross on red tail.



We are grateful to the Swiss Ornithological Station, Sempach, for their scientific counsel and information. All these birds are so called "long-range migrants", who—except for those

that hunt in flight (the swifts and swallows)—migrate at night, covering as much as 400 to 800 km in a single hop by exploiting tail winds. Studies have shown that they can cross

the Mediterranean and the Sahara non-stop; they fix their position by the stars and the earth's magnetic fields.

Further information on flight movements of

the DC-10-30 and its related species, the DC-8 and DC-9, can be obtained from your travel agent or Swissair.

swissair

Flying with the new Red Arrows

by Michael Scarlett

The RAF's Red Arrows aerobatic display team, which became world famous flying Gnat fighters, has been re-equipped with Hawk advanced trainers. The author, who has flown in both aircraft, reports from the team's base at RAF Kemble on the changeover.

Photographs by Richard Cooke (special equipment by Alan Voyle).

The way they dress you for a flight is not entirely reassuring. Underneath the flying overalls I am already wearing a zip-up green khaki pneumatic corset which is my g-suit. It tightens automatically around the belly and legs when the aircraft turns hard and fast in any direction, restricting the flow of blood away from the head in order to prevent vision temporarily blacking out. They have crammed on to my head a crash helmet, which takes crumplingly little notice of my ears. They hang a fairly heavy life-jacket over my shoulders, explaining how it is equipped with an automatic search-and-rescue radio beacon. They show me one of the many straps or cables now hanging from my person; this one plugs into a small red rubber dinghy. There are directions on how to cut up my parachute to form recognition signals, or make it into insulating bedding for a night out. There is a knife in the overalls and a heliograph for signalling.

They lead me to the glistening, red Hawk outside, having explained that the Martin Baker Mk 10 bang seat—ejection seat—has a rocket which will not only shoot you clear of a suddenly lethal aircraft if it catches fire, say, when standing stationary, but can also be used even when flying upside down, provided there are not less than 300 feet between you and the ground. Thoughtfully realizing that to act as it does when the right way up would shoot you neatly into mother earth, having kicked you out of the cockpit, its rocketry does a quick U-turn to send you upwards and provide time and height for your parachute to open. The cockpit canopy has what looks like a heavy zig-zag example of the electric rear window heater found in most cars nowadays. Actually it is a miniature detonation cord which, when you pull the ejection seat triggering handle between your legs, will shatter the canopy just before you are shot through.

The pilot instructs me what to do if he calls "Eject, eject". "Having left the aircraft, your parachute will open automatically. You separate yourself from the seat by turning this. Don't

forget that when I call 'eject' you pull the handle immediately; do not wait for me."

They close the canopy around me. I pull out two key-like objects with red handles and stow them; this renders the various explosive safety aids (seat and canopy) live. The oxygen mask over my mouth smells rubbery. Obeying the pilot's voice in my helmet, I fumble for the unseen microphone switch at the proboscis of a face which, with trunk-like oxygen pipe and mask, has turned elephantine. The engine is running. The other eight red Hawks in the shining row to our left have moved forward and turned left, one by one. Ours, number nine, does likewise, the pilot reciting his checklist like a mechanical litany.

We join the others on the runway, in three "Vs" of three. Engines whine higher, the bubbly-looking Hawks straining against brakes. "Rolling, go" calls the leader in number one. The nine move forward, our aircraft accelerating hard, shoving me back into the seat. Very smoothly the Hawk rises, and then, having gained what seems to be only a height, banks right sharply, pressing us into the seat pan, wheeling round in pursuit of the rest of the team, the ones on the inside of the bank with lower wingtips too close to the ground.

We close up with the others, the throttle lever on my left moving back as the pilot decelerates then forward again as we settle into position. It is the position which is the thing—there are Hawks above, below, beside us, at distances which in airline parlance would rate as considerably worse than a near-miss. They are astonishingly close and moving about amazingly in the turbulent air of this windy day; moving not just forwards, at around 300 mph, but bodily sideways, up and down, bobbing like huge red trout in a millrace, with the ground only 250 feet below.

The leader tersely calls "Pulling up" and the red shoal swerves upwards, the horizon which had been



Top, the Red Arrows in one of their various formations, the Diamond, and right, making a low pass over the runway. Overleaf, the team reaches the top of an Apollo loop.



WE MAKE A WORTHY COMPANION FOR PRINCES, CHURCHWARDENS AND ZULUS.

Now and then our customers' letters include cries for help.

These appeals follow Father's Day, Christmas and birthdays when, it seems, otherwise intelligent

and nicely brought up wives and children take leave of their senses.

They buy pipes for their menfolk.

Princes, Billiards, Pots, Apples; even Churchwardens, Zulus, Bulldogs, Large Dublins, Stand-up Pokers, Lovat Frazers and Flat Bottom Bents.

Consider for a moment, what would you do with these unwelcome tokens of

your family's affection?

Your instinctive reaction may be to hurl that Zulu to the back of the garden shed where it can rub shoulders with the Christmas after-shave.

You may feel like pointing out, somewhat tartly, that in the year 1980 the Churchwarden is

hardly de rigueur in the boardroom.

Please, as we urged 'Troubled of Tring' and 'Downcast of Upminster,' resist these temptations.

With patience and practice you may come to regard your new pipe with the same chumminess you reserve for your old pipe.

The Prince, for instance. At first sight, insubstantial, even puckish. But on closer acquaintance you might be pleasantly surprised by the small light bowl and tapered

stem which reduce the weight in your mouth; useful if you have a weak chin, weak teeth or, come to that, weak lips.

If you prefer a heavier bowl, you won't object to a cut-away or saddle mouthpiece, possibly on a Bulldog or a Pot. Something here for the teeth to get a grip on.

(This may account for the number of pneumatic drill operators and snaggle-toothed acrobats who have a penchant for this kind of mouthpiece.)

Fact is, once over the initial shock, you should find yourself warming fairly quickly to most pipes.

One little gripe. Liberal though our attitudes are, we suggest you draw the line at jazzy colours.

Churchwarden

Americans, you may have noticed, often favour vivid yellow pipes. But as they also button down their shirt collars one really can't take their views seriously. And anyway, how can a gentleman hope to remain a gentleman with a canary protruding from his mouth?

In opening your mind to these possibilities, we must confess to an ulterior motive. A man who's prepared to see virtues in a new pipe might be willing to look at a different tobacco' has been the general drift of our thinking.

And so to the commercial.

Mellow Virginia will travel the long stem of the Reading Pipe or Churchwarden as consistently and happily as it negotiates the ins and outs of the Waistcoat pipe.

And although it is very popular with the experienced smoker, we also recommend it to the novice.

It isn't mild. It isn't strong. It's mellow and slow-burning.

Thank you for your kind attention.

Gentlemen, you may smoke.



Mellow Virginia

Flake & Ready Rubbed

Flying with the new Red Arrows

comfortably ahead abruptly sinking out of sight, the view becoming all sky from my perched-up seat behind the pilot's head, g-suit corset clamping me tight as the acceleration of the translation from 340 knots forward to (at first) 330 upwards rams me down again and pulls the skin about my mouth.

The "g" effect dies away as we climb, to be replaced by a relaxed, comfortable pressure on the back, itself replaced by an entirely easy feeling that all is well with the world, in spite of the fact that the horizon has reappeared the wrong way round, at the top of our vision instead of the bottom. My brain tells me that we are at the top of the Red Arrows' arrival loop, and the airspeed indicator says 130 knots, although it does not feel that we are moving much.

But the horizon has swept down our view and disappeared, and we are looking at the ground again, seven tons of sharply pointed aeroplane falling straight down together with the others. Ungentle reality returns as the Hawks pull painfully towards the horizontal again, the "g" building up inexorably, the corset gripping hard; the g-meter tells you that in effect your weight on the seat is five-and-a-quarter times normal. You also realize from the movement around you that while looping the team has changed formation, from Big 9—a simple "v"—to Diamond. There are various formations, described by names of other aircraft (Concorde and Viggen), a rocket (Apollo) and ordinary objects (Wineglass and Feathered Arrow, usually abbreviated to Fred).

Cynics about such wonderfully graceful, extremely skilled, precision group aerobatics—any critics that exist are mostly limited to a few of those who have never watched the Red Arrows perform—may ask what such flying by nine very expensively trained professional pilots is all for. Naturally, there is about the team a marked element of deliberate exhibitionism and international competitiveness—all our Nato allies have air force aerobatic teams—which serves the Royal Air Force well in several ways. Showing the flag is important; this year the team displays in Germany, Italy, Switzerland and the Middle East, and in their 15-year history they have also performed in Canada and the United States. Their virtually unrivalled blend of skill, grace, accuracy and reasoned daring—they have been described as the standard setters for every other display team—is a magnificent advertisement for the RAF and has a practical effect, encouraging enlistment into a service which needs to recruit up to 11,000 men, including 1,000 officers, each year.

Besides the wider benefits, the team are useful within the RAF. Remembering that their proper name is the Royal Air Force Aerobatic Team, the Red Arrows are effectively a squadron within the RAF Central Flying School (CFS) which itself trains all RAF pilot

instructors as well as many from foreign air forces. Red Arrows pilots are not "special", although the specialized techniques of team aerobatics which they learn are a valuable addition to any team member's skills and flying experience. They are drawn as volunteers (there is an understandably large supply of these) from within the RAF's stock of experienced flying crew and form a representative cross-section of the service rather than an élite breed.

By flying standards they are not especially young men. The average age of this year's team is just over 31, with the team leader, Squadron Leader Brian Hoskins, and team manager, Squadron Leader Ray Thilthorpe, both 36, and the newest member, Flight Lieutenant Tim Watts, who joined the team this year, representing the other end of the scale at 27. Even he has over 1,000 flight hours of Harrier vertical take-off jump-jet experience, while Brian Hoskins is a 4,000 hours man who came back to lead the team last year.

The accent on flying skill which is such a prime feature of the team is typical of the RAF in general and of the Central Flying School in particular. For all the advances in electronics, pilotless missiles and rocketry the Royal Air Force, like some other air forces, adheres firmly to the belief in the vital importance for air defence of pure flying ability. The Red Arrows are very much an embodiment of that belief. Team work is understandably another RAF watchword which the Arrows CFS detachment typifies and fosters, both among the nine pilots which the spectators see, and in the back-up team which they do not see. This team comprises 27 groundcrew, two engineering officers, 50 technicians and a handful of management staff who are based at the team's home, RAF Kemble, Cirencester.

The Red Arrows have made their name flying the Folland (later Hawker Siddeley) Gnat fighter in two-seat advanced trainer form, but last year was the final season for this extraordinarily neat and beautiful little aeroplane which has been phased out of service with the coming of the British Aerospace Hawk.

By the standards of normal jet fighter trainers the Gnat was revolutionary in its day, its original designer, W. E. W. Petter, believing that fighters had grown too big and that the job could be done better by a lighter, smaller aircraft. The Hawk is a much more conventional design, originating from the same Kingston (originally Hawker) stable which was responsible for the Hunter and Harrier. At nearly 31 feet wingspan to the Gnat's 24 feet, and at a height of 13 feet to the Gnat's 10 feet 6 inches, it is a bigger aircraft but very little longer. Its Adour engine produces around 20 per cent more thrust than the Gnat's Orpheus jet, to propel a machine which weighs nearly two-and-a-half times more. It has a virtually straight wing where the Gnat's was swept back, and thanks to one of its many advantages over the earlier plane—it carries more fuel and uses it more economically—the tank for the diesel carried to make smoke is outside under the belly whereas the Gnat used part of the interior fuel tankage.

The result is a new aeroplane which, while notably and valuably easier to maintain and use, is in fact slightly slower than the Gnat in both acceleration and top speed. But for its principal normal duties it is much more versatile and practical. The Hawk is considerably less exacting to land in any cross-wind than the Gnat because it has a wider track undercarriage, which naturally helps stability on first touching down in a landing. As Flight Lieutenant Richard Thomas, leader of the synchro pair (the two aircraft which break off from the main formation to perform opposed aerobatics) explains, there are several reasons why the pilot blesses the Hawk after the Gnat: "Touch-down speed is lower in the Hawk—110 knots compared with 140 in the Gnat. The wider track undercarriage means we can land and take off relatively easily in up to 25 knots cross-wind, and we can get much better tyre life—around 130 landings between tyre changes, compared with a maximum of 30 for the Gnat; but in a cross-wind you could wipe out a tyre in one. Always a tense

moment, landing a Gnat."

The Hawk's greater fuel capacity and economy means a more comfortable range for the team, which makes the logistics of staging displays less complicated and allows longer performances.

In the all-important flying qualities how does the Hawk compare with the Gnat—a plane described by a previous Red Arrows team leader, Squadron Leader Frank Hoare, as "one of the most delightful aeroplanes I have ever flown"? Richard Thomas rightly harps on the ease of Hawk flying after the Gnat: "It needs far less trim than the Gnat, less stick movement. In the air it's more stable; there's a bit less movement in formation. But the Hawk is more of a trainer than a fighter whereas the Gnat, though under-powered, was rather the other way round. You always felt part of the Gnat, and not so much so in the Hawk. But it is a step forward really, and it does fly very well."

There is obviously no loss in the precision or tautness of the nine-Hawk formation as it runs through the 1980 display sequence. The majority of the manoeuvres will be recognized by Red Arrows devotees, and there is still the apparently absurdly suicidal-looking synchro pair performance where, this year, Flight Lieutenant Thomas and Squadron Leader Stephen Johnson execute those spine-chilling turns, loops and rolls in opposite directions in what seems to be very nearly the same piece of sky. There is, of course, enough space between the two aircraft, but even from the cockpit it is exciting. In the carousel manoeuvre you begin by turning hard, wings vertical pulling $5\frac{1}{2}g$, trailing smoke. The timing, vital to the operation, is done by the leader calling out his actions, the second man timing his identical response either as near as possible at the same instant or, if there is a cross-wind, delaying it by one second per knot of wind. You sit compressed by the g into your seat, and suddenly see at the top of your vision a red dot at the front of a tapering stream of white rushing impossibly fast down your view, parallel with the horizon which is at right angles to normal. It swells enormously quickly—the closing speed is around 700 mph—and seems to be tightening its turn to meet you, shooting underneath (really outside) your nose. The entire plane thuds as it passes through the other's slipstream.

The Red Arrows still perform the synchro pair manoeuvres which are as gripping as ever but, as anyone knows who has already seen this year's display, the team are for the first time doing five against four aircraft opposition split moves, as an incredible prelude to the synchro pair's show. This does not quite steal the synchro pair's thunder, but it nearly does, providing an unforgettable spectacle. And strangely and happily after one's first small misgivings, the team's still supreme standards somehow work on the Hawk, whose slight gaucheness on the ground is transmuted by the aerial ballet into an aeroplane which is just as graceful in the air as its legendary predecessor.

RED ARROWS PRINT

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The sound of cricket

by Andrew Moncur

Thousands of radio listeners follow their cricket through the voices of a select group of commentators. The author spent a day's play with them in the commentary box at the Oval and found himself in a remarkably relaxed company of enthusiasts. None the less not a single delivery went undescribed and not a single stroke was ignored.

It is a warm, cloudy day here at the Oval. And Peter Baxter sweeps, sending some of English cricket's more distinguished ashes into the battered BBC wastepaper bin. They come from Fred Trueman's cigars.

"Backers" Baxter, producer of *Test Match Special*, is clearing out the smoke-cured commentary box ready for another day's play. Later the bin will reappear, filled with ice, as Trevor Bailey comes in from the pavilion end with the first delivery of the day: three bottles of champagne.

A gentle breeze flutters the flags on the gas-holder at the Vauxhall Road end. Brian Johnston, having lost the toss, takes guard. Don Mosey moves in to open the attack. "P," he says, with the authentic voice of cricket. The second day's play in the current series has begun. The south-eastern championship of the Word Game, their mobile parlour game, is at stake. Brian Johnston, in his brown and white co-respondent shoes, goes forward and plays neatly back. "R," he says. Both men write the letter.

"Johnners" and "the Alderman" are filling in time—and the 25 little squares on their respective pieces of paper—before the greater game begins on the square out there, beyond their commentary box windows. The Word Game is one of their favourite pastimes. They have played up and played the word game together all over the cricketing world. Throughout that world their radio commentaries are recognized as a faithful record, and a constant celebration, of the game. Their effortless, knowledgeable delivery—with that of John Arlott (known as "Rlow"), "Blowers", "Sir Frederick", "the Bearded Wonder" and a full supporting cast—forms an accompaniment to the English summer.

The BBC Radio 3 team, whose members rejoice in nicknames awarded by Johnners, has achieved success in the greatest word game of all: broadcasting. Their programme has managed to become very nearly all things to all listeners. It provides a fluent ball-by-ball account that enthusiasts can follow on transistor radios while they sit at the boundary ropes, listening to the game that is taking place before their eyes. It is a charming chat show for people who don't particularly like cricket. It serves as a background to the housework or as a sound-track to the television picture. And there are those who say they enjoy it most when rain stops play and the team talks about cricket—without any

tedious interruptions caused by action out on the pitch.

But at 10.15 am, here at the Oval, the action is restricted to Backers's assault on the cigar ash, and the fluttering of the flags on the gas-holder. Like Test cricket itself, the commentary team builds up slowly. Their commentary box is a sort of glass-fronted garden-shed, perched on a balcony high on the Oval pavilion. Three swivel chairs stand in line before the green-baize covered ledge in front of the windows, which remain open. A wooden-slatted bench runs along the back wall. There is no room to swing a bat. A broom cupboard next door is occupied by All India Radio, silent at present but ready to broadcast in English and Hindi to 60 million listeners back home, where it is now 2.15 pm. On the other side, tucked in the open corner of the balcony, stand a plastic chair and a little bar table bearing a microphone. This is the Radio 2, Radio 4 and BBC World Service studio where hourly summaries are sent up the line. Otherwise it is a handy place for eating a snack. Overhead, up a ladder, is the television commentary position.

Backers pins the duty list on the wall. The commentators—Johnston, Arlott, Christopher Martin-Jenkins and Mosey—are expected to take charge for 20-minute innings, on a rota basis. Today Arlott will be watched rather carefully by his colleagues. Yesterday, after 11 minutes of his first session, he announced: "And after comments from Fred Trueman, it will be Christopher Martin-Jenkins..."

"Well, it felt like 20 minutes," he grumbled later.

Sir Frederick (the accolade was bestowed by Johnners) and Trevor Bailey provide an expert summary between overs. Tony Lewis, the former England captain, is usually there, too, but not today. And Henry Blofeld (Blowers) is speaking unto nations from the little table out on the balcony, a duty which he does not wildly enjoy.

"You must," says Blofeld, "ask Brian Johnston to show you how he can fold up his ears and make them pop out again... he is the great man in the commentary box. All humour comes from him."

Johnston, the entertainer and master of the gaffe, remains a leading member of the *Test Match Special* team although he retired from the BBC staff in 1972, when he became 60. He is now a freelance, celebrated for his cricket commentaries and for his presentation

of *Down Your Way*. He joined the BBC after war service with the Grenadier Guards, became a member of the Outside Broadcasts Department in 1946 and was a commentator at—among a great many other things—King George VI's funeral and the Coronation. He was BBC cricket correspondent until his retirement. He loves radio "because we are allowed to be ourselves" and lives and breathes cricket. And, of course, he enjoys *Test Match Special*. "We try to make it a conversation among friends shared with millions of people," he said.

Blofeld first commented on a Test match in 1974, fulfilling an ambition he had cherished since he was seven. He is now a freelance broadcaster and writer, and a regular globe-trotter covering the game throughout the cricketing world. Something of a schoolboy prodigy, he was an opening bat and wicket-keeper who scored a century for the public schools against the combined Services. His career was halted when he was seriously injured in a road accident. Later he became what he describes as the worst Cambridge blue since the war.

Sir Frederick has now arrived, with a copy of *The Yorkshire Post* whose match report makes him snort. He has a broad back and a crunching handshake. He takes his seat on the right of the box, next to the television monitor, and picks up the binoculars to look out over the pitch. "That girl down there in the yellow dress, I think I recognize her. She could be a British Airways hostess," he says thoughtfully. He is smoking a cigar. Trueman is a regular contributor of trenchant comment and Yorkshire wit between—and sometimes during—overs at Test matches. And he knows what he is talking about. He made 67 Test appearances for England, delivered 15,178 balls and took 307 wickets at an average of 21.57. In his 20-year career he took 2,304 wickets and gave rise to at least as many stories which still form the backbone of speeches after cricket club dinners. One concerns Brian Close who, fielding at forward short leg to Fred Trueman's bowling, was hit a thunderous blow on the head. The ball rebounded to first slip, who caught it. Close was later asked by a horrified spectator what would have happened if he had been hit between the eyes. "He'd have been caught at cover," said Close.

The Alderman arrives with two packets of cigarettes. Bill Frindall, the Bearded Wonder, enters like a porter from the Orient Express and arranges himself at the left side of the box. He



extracts from his bags three stopwatches, a rubber, a ruler, a pad, a calculator, two pairs of scissors, tweezers, clip-boards, a vacuum flask, a pencil-box, files, four reference books and an elderly tome. This last item contains details of the match at Lords on June 13, 1831, between England and a side composed entirely of gentlemen whose names began with B. The Word Game suddenly seems terribly simple.

Frindall, cricket scorer par excellence, is the one man on the ground who is unlikely to be stumped. He is the author of a personal system of cricket scoring and of several books. He provides information to the commentary team throughout the day's play.

He is also, for the record, probably the only man ever to have spent the entire day in the BBC commentary box at the Oval while disguised as an Arab. He did so once for a wager, which became a sort of sponsored event in aid of charity. That may partly explain his nickname: the Bearded Wonder.

The Alderman slips into the centre seat. Mosey's mature, relaxed voice—and his irrepressible giggles—have accompanied Test cricket since 1974 but he has been broadcasting, on and off, since 1951. He started as a freelance with a script that had to be written 13 times and recorded eight times before it was acceptable. He was a newspaperman before joining the BBC 15 years ago and he is now Outside Broadcasts' senior producer in the north responsible, among other things, for the well-loved series, *The Countryside*. Before the war he was a fast bowler in Yorkshire and Lancashire league cricket. He now lives in Morecambe and pursues a passion for bird-watching.

Lighting a cigarette, he addresses



ED Pritchard

himself to the yellow-topped microphone: "Good day to you wherever you may be in the world. Welcome to another pleasant, if not hot, day at the Oval... The flags are fluttering in the wind, which will be across the field."

Test Match Special is on the air, Richie Benaud's up aloft and all's well with the world.

Backers, who seems relaxed, listens on his headphones. An hour earlier he had been in some doubt that he would have a commentary team. Last night its members were entertained to their annual dinner in the governors' dining-room at Broadcasting House and after that nobody was exactly rushing to work. Occasionally listeners complain that too many people take part in the programme. "I ask what other 7½-hour programme uses so few—or only twice as many," he says. And what other programme has such personality? "It is very much a personality thing. If you listen to Brian Johnston he is technically a bloody awful commentator, he does everything wrong. I would never tell anyone to listen to Johnston and learn how to commentate. But he has so much personality. He, if anyone, is the life and soul of the commentary team."

And in comes Bailey with his champagne delivery. And 24 cans of beer and a half-dozen tins of Coke. Bailey, the urbane expert, enjoys talking cricket almost as much as he enjoyed playing it for Essex and England. He was an accomplished all-rounder whose name appears above that of W. G. Grace in *Wisden's* list. He made 61 Test appearances, scored 2,290 runs for an average of 29.74, and took 132 wickets (average 29.21).

Mosey gives way to Arlott, authentic voice of Hampshire, who settles his

In the commentary box at Lord's: Bill Frindall ("the Bearded Wonder"), who supplies the statistics, with Brian Johnston, beyond him John Arlott, and Christopher Martin-Jenkins (right).

broad frame. "The two flags, the Union flag and the Indian flag, are fluttering nearly horizontal..." If Johnston is the soul of the party then Rlow is its heart. He uses the language beautifully and has, in his time, adorned with a few words such unlikely subjects as Asif Masood, the Pakistani fast bowler, and the balcony at Old Trafford. He described Masood's run up in the following terms: "He reminds me of Groucho Marx chasing a pretty waitress." The balcony was, he said, bounded by a "portly iron railing". Today he completes in full his first 20 minutes and turning away from the microphone, without wasting a breath, asks Backers to reverse the champagne in the ice bin. "Chill the neck," he suggests. A cork pops.

Arlott describes himself as cricket correspondent, wine correspondent, general writer, broadcaster and topographer. He has covered every Test in England since the war and tours in South Africa and Australia—and he has done so with a rare richness of language. He must have more imitators than any other sports commentator. His antecedents are unexpected. Various, he has been a clerk in a mental hospital, a police detective and a BBC producer. His books reflect his range of interests. He has written half a shelf full, including *Fred: Portrait of a Fast Bowler*, *English Cheeses of the South and West* and *Krug: House of Champagne*.

Martin-Jenkins slides his lean frame into the commentary seat. The door at

the back of the box remains open throughout; people come and go, glasses are handed in and autographs are signed. Nobody seems to be distracted. *Coal News* is delivered. "It's a mine of information," says somebody.

"I think Arlott is the wit," says Johnston, "Arlott has the most marvellous turn of phrase. I am the cheerful chappy." And Arlott explains that the task is not to declaim from some pulpit but to talk, as though to one or two people. A cricket match is a big scene that must be edited. "I would not introduce anything from outside and I would try always and very strictly to avoid the first person singular," says the singular Arlott.

Trueman has switched to his enormous pipe. Lunch packs are served. Blofeld eats his beef and salad on his little table. Johnston perches on the wall to eat and wipes his hands on his green and white spotted handkerchief. He is reading *Private Eye*. "I think the time has come..." says Bailey. And he opens the third bottle. He would, he says, rather watch a Test match as part of the commentary team than simply watch it as a spectator. "You are absolutely involved in the game. It is fun." Johnston told me: "Remember you are talking to blind listeners—you have to paint a picture as well." And Bailey, most charming of men, also remembers that a large part of the audience is women.

By now the lunch break is over. Someone has opened a bottle of Anjou and Arlott is back at the microphone: "That, I think, came off the back of his hat. It must have been bat, hat. I think he didn't enjoy that. He's looking a little puzzled—but it counts to him in the score book. Yes, it hit the shoulder of his bat and then his head. Anyway he headed it for a single..."

"Brewer is very wide at long on—" a long pause, "—Butcher is very wide..."

"Freudian slip," says Martin-Jenkins, behind his left shoulder.

"Willis turns, trudges back... turns... shirt flapping, hair flopping..." says Arlott. Johnston and Mosey are playing the Word Game silently, picking out letters from a typescript and pointing them out to each other with their pencils.

Then Johnston takes over the commentary position. Arlott pauses for a glass of wine. The Alderman seems to be nodding off on the back bench.

"After a word from you, Trevor, we shall have the Alderman, Don Mosey," says Johnston. The Alderman blinks and they change seats.

"I've been looking forward to this all day," says Mosey, producing a newspaper cutting recording a match in July, 1949, and headlined "Trevor Bailey's century in 81 minutes thrilled thousands". Johnston is conjuring with a sugar lump that appears to emerge from the end of his considerable nose.

Martin-Jenkins takes over and receives a glass of champagne. "A cup of tea just arriving," he explains to the listeners. Another cork pops outside. Martin-Jenkins took over from Johnston as BBC cricket correspondent at

the end of 1972. He has subsequently covered more than 50 Test matches in England, Australia, the West Indies and India—a record which illustrates the increasing volume of international cricket. The height of his personal success as a cricketer was playing for the Surrey Second XI. Later he became a sports reporter and deputy editor of *The Cricketer* before joining the BBC.

In no time at all Johnston is back in action. He picks up the cutting about Bailey's long-forgotten whirlwind century and reads it out. "We've done this," whispers Baxter. A wasp drones into the box and is attacked by the Bearded Wonder with his green blotting-paper. "Putting some sting into the commentary," says Johnston.

There are now four bottles lined up on the wall outside and four policemen's helmets alongside them. Someone has arrived with an ice-box filled with champagne. It has turned up in good time for the tea break.

Johnston now demonstrates screwing up his car and letting it pop out like a champagne cork again. A constable wants to tell him a joke. "Racialism," he says, "is a pigment of the imagination." Johnnies smiles generously.

Back in the box Bailey is still being questioned about his lightning century. Pressed, he recalls another match report: "I do remember P. G. Wodehouse coming along and writing a piece: 'Bailey awoke from an apparent coma to strike a four...'"

Sir Frederick is now delivering sound judgment while wearing a police helmet. He waits, PC Trueman at the ready, hoping to catch Mosey's unsuspecting eye. The teams have left the pitch because of bad light, which leaves the field clear for Johnston: "An aircraft carrier," he says, "was anchored east-to-west across the international date line, which bisected it north-to-south. At first light on the longest day, a cricket match started on the flight deck and the batsman from the east hit into the covers and failed to make his ground. And he was run out the day before he started his innings," says Johnnies, triumphantly.

Or what about the pitch beside the railway line at Great Alne, where a ball was knocked for six and landed on a passing train? Half an hour later the train chugged back in the other direction and the guard threw the ball back.

Or what about the vicar who used to say "Over" instead of "Amen" at the end of every prayer?

And what about the commentary team who succeeded in informing and entertaining themselves and the listening public for an entire day of not-so-exciting cricket here at the Oval? During that time not a single delivery went undescribed, not a single stroke was ignored. Every score was recorded and every performance analysed.

The man of the match was, by common consent, Johnnies. Mosey took five wickets in an innings or, at least, described their fall. The Word Game was adjourned overnight, at an interesting point—and the flags still fluttered on the gas holder.

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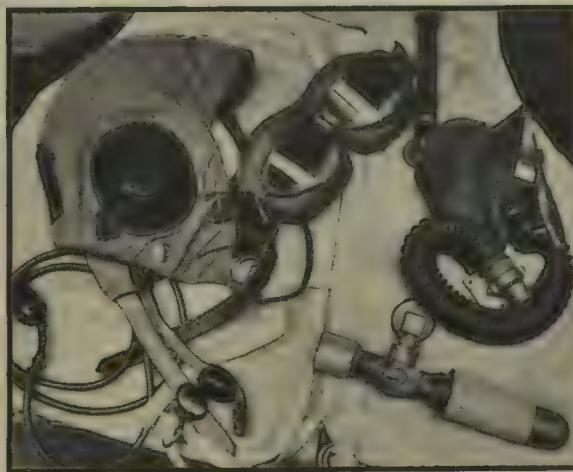
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Finalists for the 1980 Museum of the Year award

Five museums have been short-listed for the 1980 Museum of the Year award. They are the Battle of Britain Museum at Hendon, the Captain Cook Birthplace Museum at Marton, Middlesbrough, the Manchester Museum Mummy Project, the Natural History Museum in London and the North Holderness Museum of Village Life at Hornsea in North Humberside. The award, which is sponsored by *The Illustrated London News* in conjunction with National Heritage, carries with it a first prize of £2,000 and *The Illustrated London News* Trophy, a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore.

This year's winner will be announced in London on June 16. The judges are Sir Hugh Casson, President of the Royal Academy (chairman), Sir Arthur Drew, Chairman of the Standing Commission on Museums and Galleries, Sir Trenchard Cox, former Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Mr Francis Cheetham, Director of the Norfolk Museums Service and Past President of the Museums Association, and Dr Kenneth Hudson, author of *A Social History of Museums*. Photographs by Charles Milligan.

Battle of Britain Museum



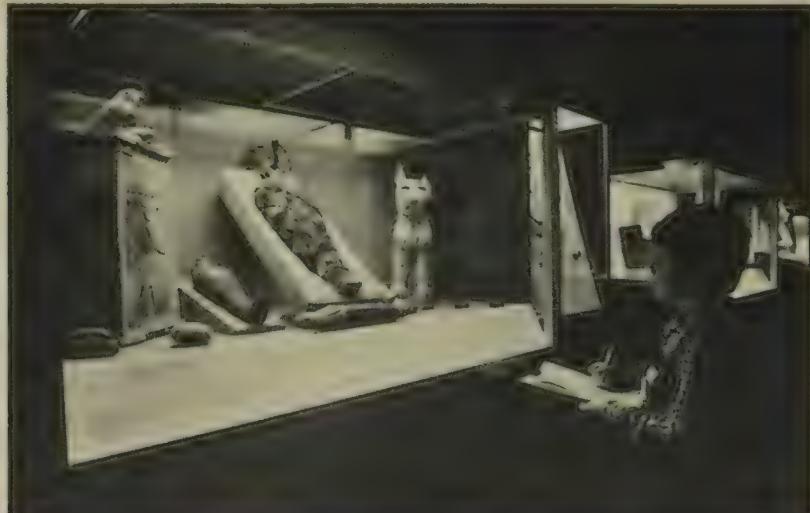
The Battle of Britain Museum at Hendon, in north London, is housed in a new hangar-like building a stone's throw from the Royal Air Force Museum. The main exhibits comprise a collection of British, German and Italian aircraft which were engaged in the battle, including the Spitfire, Hurricane, Gladiator, Blenheim, Messerschmitt BF109 and BF110, Heinkel 111, Junkers 87 and 88, and Fiat CR42. There are also examples of the equipment, uniforms and other objects of the period, and a replica of the Operations Room at No 11 Group, RAF Uxbridge. The museum serves as a memorial to all those involved in the battle of 1940.

Captain Cook Birthplace Museum



The Captain Cook Birthplace Museum is in Stewart Park, Marton, Middlesbrough, Cleveland—a few yards from the site of the cottage where the explorer was born. The exhibits include period settings relating to Cook's early life and his naval career, including a reconstruction of the below-decks of the *Endeavour*, in which he sailed to the Pacific; and to ethnographic and natural history material from the countries associated with his voyages to Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the South Seas. There are also a library, a bookshop, an auditorium for lectures and films and a Captain Cook Heritage Trail. The museum, which cost £607,000, was opened in October, 1978.

Manchester Museum



The Manchester Museum Mummy Project is a research and educational programme, run by the University of Manchester, which also includes a public exhibition called "O! Osiris Live for Ever!" demonstrating the ancient Egyptian belief in an after-life, techniques of mummification and methods of burial, together with an explanation of the scientific investigation of the museum's mummies, each of which has been X-rayed, and a report on the unwrapping of Mummy No 1770. The exhibition, which has been mounted in the basement of the museum (formerly a storage area), was to have closed in January, but because of its popularity will now stay open until September. It will also go on tour.

Natural History Museum



The Natural History Museum in South Kensington has recently initiated a new exhibition scheme with the primary aim of making the museum more effective as a place of public education. The first exhibition, "Human Biology", opened in 1977; the second, "Introducing Ecology", in 1978; and the third, "Dinosaurs and their Living Relatives", in 1979. The exhibitions are designed not only to attract the interest by taking advantage of the latest visual and mechanical aids, including computers, but also to demonstrate the diversity of the natural world and to emphasize the underlying principles of biology. For each exhibition a book has been written to expand on the ideas presented, and there is material specially designed for schools.

North Holderness Museum



North Holderness Museum of Village Life in Hornsea, North Humberside, is a folk museum set in an 18th-century farmhouse, outbuildings and gardens bought and converted for the purpose by an enterprising local doctor and his wife. The exhibits relate mostly to domestic life and to the social and agricultural history of the area, and the museum aims to collect, document and displays items of local interest. The museum also presents demonstrations of local crafts such as lace-making, pottery and horse shoeing. It was opened in 1978 and has already built up more collections than it can display so that the exhibits will either have to be rotated or more accommodation found.

150 years of the RGS

The Royal Geographical Society was founded in the summer of 1830, when large areas of the world still remained to be explored. The gaps on the maps have largely been filled in, but the RGS believes there is plenty yet to be discovered.

Franklin and the North-West Passage; Speke and the sources of the Nile; Peary at the North Pole and Scott at the South; Hillary and Tenzing on the roof of the world—these are some of the highlights of exploration and discovery sponsored by a Society that began as an exclusive club. The Royal Geographical Society was founded by seven men who were already members of a dining society for distinguished travellers called the Ralegh Club. Chairman of the infant RGS was Sir John Barrow, Secretary to the Admiralty, and the other founders were a botanist, a statesman, a diplomat, an authority on Indian affairs, a geologist, and a naval hydrographer and founder of the science of oceanography. William IV was the first patron. The RGS's two main aims were the encouragement, directly or indirectly, of geographical expeditions and the dissemination of geographical knowledge, mainly through the medium of the *Journal*.

These purposes have remained unchanged throughout the 150 years of the Society's life and have, despite financial vicissitudes in the early years, been worthily achieved. Well over 1,000 expeditions have been aided indirectly by the RGS—with advice behind the scenes, by using influence to secure government patronage, and by publishing results; but out of pioneering expeditions to which the RGS contributed funds or equipment one might select Robert Schomburgk's first detailed survey of topography, botany and geology in British Guiana, 1834-39; Livingstone's search for the source of the Nile, 1865-6; and the relief expedition mounted to find him in 1866-72; Shackleton's noble attempt to reach the South Pole in 1908-9, and his Trans-Antarctic expedition in 1914-16; Freya Stark's travels in Hadramaut in the Arabian desert in 1937; the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic expedition led by Fuchs and Hillary in 1957-58; and, most recently, the Mulu (Sarawak) expedition, led by Robin Hanbury-Tenison in 1977-78.

The sesquicentenary year will be marked by exhibitions, lectures and publications which include an illustrated history of the RGS, *To the Farthest Ends of the Earth*, by Ian Cameron, and a commemorative map of 150 years of exploration illustrated with photographs and paintings from the Society's collections. Two expeditions are scheduled for 1980; the international Karakoram project, run in co-operation with the governments of Pakistan and China, which consists of complementary studies—glaciological, geomorphological, structural, geological and survey—of the Karakoram range; and an expedition in association with the British Institute in East Africa to the southern Sudan to trace an early geological source of the Nile. The week beginning June 8 will see geographers and distinguished guests from all over the world gathering for ceremonies and receptions to honour a Society that believes that the filling in of gaps on the map by any means exhausts all its interests. The search for new species, the exploration of the sea beds, the investigation of new theories such as plate tectonics, and the history of land forms and the evolution of life are only a few of the subjects that the RGS expects will keep its members occupied for the next century and a half.



The Arctic Expedition of 1875-76: *Discovery* in winter quarters. This expedition, under George Nares with Albert Markham as his second-in-command, left Portsmouth in May, 1875, in the *Discovery* and the *Alert* with the objective of reaching the North Pole in a dog-drawn sledge, once the ships became ice-locked along the shore of Ellesmere Island. The Pole was not reached but Markham recovered the "farthest north" record for Britain—83° 20'—after terrible difficulties over rough pack ice, and both the north-west coast of Greenland and the north-east of Ellesmere Island were successfully charted.



Shackleton's Trans-Antarctic expedition, 1914-16: The first abortive attempt to cross the continent. Shackleton had planned to journey from the Weddell Sea to McMurdo Sound via the South Pole, but his ship, the *Endurance*, was finally crushed in the pack ice. After drifting on ice floes for five months the expedition escaped to Elephant Island in the South Shetland group and Shackleton with five companions sailed 800 miles in a whaleboat to South Georgia to seek help. He led four relief expeditions before successfully rescuing his men from Elephant Island. Top, young Ernest Shackleton photographed during the expedition. Above, *Endurance* broken to pieces in the pack ice having drifted in it for nine months. Left, a member of the expedition prepares a meal. After the failure of this attempt to cross the Antarctic no further essay was made until 1957, when the British Trans-Antarctic expedition, led by Vivian Fuchs using tracked vehicles and aircraft support, left Shackleton Base on November 24, 1957, and via the South Pole reached Scott Base on Ross Island on March 2, 1958.



Discoveries in New Guinea, 1887: During a six-week expedition Theodore F. Bevan discovered two rivers, the Douglas and the Queen's Jubilee, travelling nearly 100 miles by river and portages in the steamer *Victory*. This photograph was taken in the established base of Matu Motu where dispatches were left for the Commissioner half way through the trip in case of mishap during the rest of the expedition. Bevan's report of the journey contains classic stories of attacks by natives: "a hostile body of 60 male Papuans contested our entrance," he writes at the outset of the trip. They were dispersed without injury by "the judicious use of the steam-whistle and a few shots fired wide and high." Later friendly relations were established through the presentation of gifts such as red cloth, and a vocabulary of 100 words of the local language was obtained.



The search for the source of the Nile, 1860-61: Led by John Hanning Speke, this was the first expedition to sight the primary source at Ripon Falls and to follow the river from source to mouth. During the expedition J. H. Grant shot some of the earliest photographs ever taken by an explorer, including stereoscopic views of the Zanzibar slave market, captioned "very difficult to take—slaves and Arabs kept running away leaving only a line of women slaves whose legs and a face or two may be observed... houses are blocks of coraline partly plastered..."



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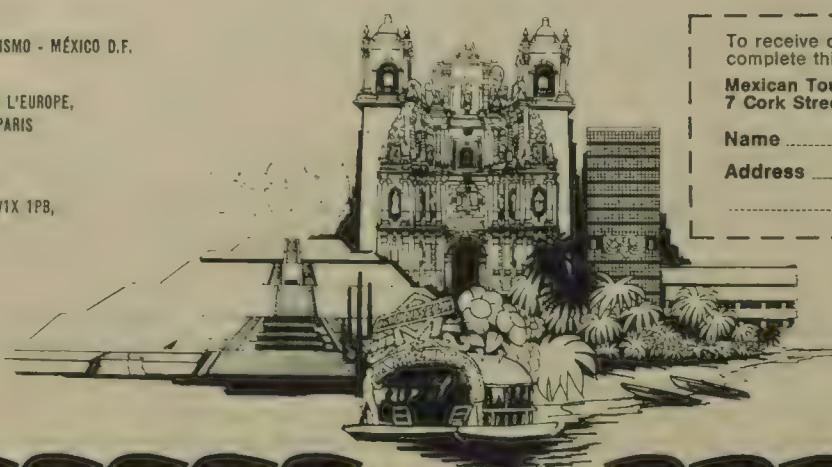
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150 years of the RGS



Travels in the Arabian desert, 1911: The army of Ibn Saud (later King Saud) on the march near Thaj, a photograph taken by Captain W. H. I. Shakespear who was attached to the Indian government. He explored the region bounded by the Hasa coast and the great Dahana sandbelt mentioned by the historian Strabo under the name "Gerrha", where he found stones with inscriptions in Sabaean, evidence of pre-Islamic, probably pre-Christian, trade routes.



China in 1872, above: A village in Kowloon photographed by John Thomson, the RGS's instructor in photography and the first photojournalist. He spent ten years in south-east and east Asia and produced *Illustrations of China and its people* (1873-74). He used the collodion process and a camera measuring 1 cubic metre. Bhutan in 1906, centre and left: J. Claude White, standing, with the Maharaja, Sir Ugyen Wangchuk, and two friends, made five journeys into Bhutan while political officer in Sikkim. Left is the Deb Raja.

Norwich points the way

by Tony Aldous

The problems of the "inner city" are as real for some provincial towns as for larger conurbations, though different in form. Norwich is using its intrinsic history to best advantage in overcoming them.

Photographs by John Brown.

Much has been written in recent years about the "inner city" problems of large conurbations such as London, Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester. It is now more or less assumed that only cities of a million or so people have an "inner city" problem. Yet much smaller cities and towns in Britain suffer from a "soft centre" syndrome—vanishing resident populations, decaying buildings, decline of small businesses and an almost curfew-like lack of activity once office commuters have taken their cars and buses homewards to the suburbs in the early evening.

The causes of this state of affairs are complex: a widespread preference in the 1950s and 1960s for any new house with garden in the suburbs to an old house near the centre; planning policies which favoured redevelopment rather than renovation and adaptation; and the blight, ranging from scruffiness to dangerous decay, resulting from expectation of large-scale redevelopment and road building schemes.

Some towns, however, have striven more successfully than others to keep their inner districts alive and well—and some, of course, have manifestly more of value to encourage them on that course. None, I think, has done better than Norwich. Not only a regional service and industrial centre with some 120,000 inhabitants inside present municipal boundaries (and many more in surrounding suburbs and villages), it is also a walled city of some 750 acres, straddling its river, the Wensum, and containing the great medieval cathedral with its cloisters and closoe, a thriving business area, and also large areas taken over for industry in the 19th century and now in some cases deserted by it for more convenient edge-of-city sites.

Frar's Quay has brought back some 40 or 50 families to live in the walled city, and a similar result has been achieved on another derelict site a little further up river. The collection of derelict or decaying buildings which used to be known as Hockney's Yard now provides some 50 or 60 small flats designed mainly for single people working in the city centre, but also includes a proportion of university lettings. Its eastern elevation, facing on to Coslany Street and completed this year to designs by the city architect, makes a creditable attempt to catch the spirit of the traditional townscape of Colegate, with pitched roofs, brick walls, a staggered and indented street line, rounded arches to street doors and to the vehicular entrance to a rear car park,



Top, Elm Hill was saved from demolition in the 1920s by an enterprising council. Above, the restored Tudor merchant's house of Henry Bacon in Colegate. Right, the Market Place with St Peter Mancroft church in the background.

and occasional use of rendered, colour-washed walls to lessen the impression that this is all one big development. Round the corner Colegate itself is the style changes completely. Here we have timber-framing, leading off a somewhat Italianate character intended to echo the red-brick solidity of the 19th-century Novio shoe factory. It also demonstrates how an architect can achieve the practical advantages and economics of council flat access balconies without their looking like them.

Colegate is a marvellously historic street with, besides the Octagon and

Take, for example, No 27 St George



Top left, the 18th-century Octagon Chapel in Colegate; top right, the Frar's Quay redevelopment built in the style of the city's traditional merchant houses with long eaves and dormers. Centre, new council housing in St George Street; above, George Borrow's home side by side with the "Jenny Lind" housing scheme for which standard building types have been adapted to suit the surroundings.

Street, a 17th-century building with some earlier work in it which by the late 1970s was little more than a shell. Though not the most important building on the Colegate side of the river, it was significant as part of the townscape and the authentic historic fabric of the place. A doctor from the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital wanted to rescue it and turn it into a home for himself. The city helped him in three ways: with a local authority mortgage for a property which building societies would

be wary of touching; a local authority grant under the Historic Buildings (Local Authorities) Act of 1962; and a further grant under the Historic Buildings Council town scheme, which matches cash from county and district councils and the Department of the Environment to the owner's own approved expenditure.

The city has been ready to take a flexible stance on "planning gain" by, for instance, giving office permissions in return for a developer's commitment to a

Norwich points the way

to restoring old buildings at risk. Norfolk County Council has not always been ready to agree to this, much to the chagrin of a city not used to being "put upon" by this extra (and to its mind unnecessary) layer of local government.

Across the river, west of the city centre, the Pottergate area also cries out for the same medicine. A good deal has already been achieved by the city and other agencies. There is, for instance, the council's "Jenny Lind" assorted housing scheme, which uses standard local authority building types adapted and sited to fit in and between attractive existing buildings. One of the houses thus preserved was the home of George Borrow, author of *Lavengro* and *Wild Wales*. It is in a sympathetic setting and let at a premium rent by the city's Property Committee rather than the Housing Committee.

The land on which it partly stands was the playground of a charitable foundation for the care and education of children set up in the 1850s by the Swedish soprano Jenny Lind.

In this same area private development, guided and encouraged by the city planners, has also rescued and revitalized many groups of building, typically by restoring good buildings on attractive old streets and infilling small-scale new development behind. Stranger's Court off Pottergate (architects, M. & S. Gooch) is a good example of this mixture of rehabilitation and infill. What ten years ago was derelict is now, behind its archway and gate, a charming and much sought after group of houses in which the original and new buildings are difficult to distinguish. Nearby Damocles Court, similarly a mixture of upgraded old houses and new buildings in vernacular style on decaying backlands, is another private development within minutes of the city centre.

But sometimes the disease needs a more co-ordinated remedy, and this Norwich City Council is about to undertake in a rectangle of land bounded by three attractive and ancient streets, Pottergate, St Benedict Street and Ten Bell Lane. As a recently adopted report from the city planning officer, Peter Cooper, puts it: "Most of the buildings in the area are old and many are in poor repair. Some are listed buildings and others make a valuable contribution to the townscape."

But there are also problems of dereliction and under-use, notably in back yards and outbuildings behind the main streets, and under-occupation of upper floors above shops. In Norwich as elsewhere this "upper floors syndrome" shows itself in at least two ways. When upper floors are neither lived in nor used for occasional storage, they tend to deteriorate—by springing leaks and developing wet and dry rot and other kinds of decay—without anyone noticing or taking corrective action. The other result is that an under-used

property does not generate enough rental income to pay for its maintenance.

Norwich has resolved to tackle this particular area in two ways. It will continue to encourage and give practical help (such as grants, mortgages and design advice) for upgrading houses on main streets, which has already had some success. But it is also planning to buy up a jigsaw of eight backland plots accessible from Ten Bell Lane on which to build 44 council houses and flats. This will, it believes, bring back 44 more homes into the walled city and "give a lift to the area", so boosting rehabilitation and conversion work.

The city is carrying this project forward despite recent cuts in public expenditure. It can clearly be undertaken only by the local authority and without it this historic section will continue to decline. The city is tackling it not on a departmental basis, but with a joint working party steered by an *ad hoc* committee of the council's Planning, Housing and Property committees. This suggestion came, paradoxically, from the Department of the Environment, whose relations with the city over this scheme appear on the face of it rigidly compartmentalized. The total cost is likely to be some £230,000 at current estimates but, though the tangible result will be new public housing, the DoE's Housing Directorate rules out half the cost for subsidy on the grounds that this amount arises from "planning" rather than "housing" objectives. The DoE is also the government department responsible for planning matters and must be assumed to approve inner city revitalization; but when high land-acquisition costs arise from trying to house people in inner areas it pulls its purse-strings tight. The city will have to find the money from the rates.

None the less, in large measure thanks to its council's policies for bringing back people to live within the walls, Norwich is a livelier place than it was ten years ago—notably in the evenings. It has a theatre that pays; it is experiencing a boom in mini-cinemas; and facilities like those in the 18th-century Assembly House (run by a trust) and Blackfriars and St Andrew's Halls (in the city's ownership since the Dissolution of the Monasteries) support a thriving social and artistic life. Pleasant places to eat and drink seem more plentiful each time I visit the city.

Richard Phelan, chairman of the city's Planning Committee and a Londoner by origin, says: "There are lights everywhere at night and people moving about. Lots of cities go dead at night, but Norwich isn't one of them." The number of people within the walls may not now be anything like the 6,000 inhabitants of the 13th century when it was the sixth city of the kingdom, but Norwich's heart beats more vigorously today than it has for perhaps half a century, as more and more people discover the attractions of living within walking distance of work and entertainment. Other towns could learn from that lesson.

Green-thumbed volunteers

by Alexandra Wasquillah

The British Trust for Conservation Volunteers is 21 years old. The author tells of its expansion from small beginnings as the Conservation Corps into a national movement with an annual budget of £350,000.

Eight youngsters are trudging between the graves of Highgate Cemetery, looking at the ground... Miles away, in the New Forest, another group ease themselves into a channel of the Oberwater stream... And high in Rhinog national nature reserve in Wales another team work slabs of stone into a crumbling boundary wall.

Who are these people—apprentice gravediggers, budding frogmen, sheep farmers? Hardly; they all belong to a rugged and dedicated association, the British Trust for Conservation Volunteers, which promotes urban and rural conservation work and which celebrates its 21st anniversary this year. The teams were out on tasks, respectively, to combat the too-prolific young sycamore trees in the western wing of Highgate Cemetery and clear the ground for planting native broad-leaved trees; to finish restoring the Oberwater's flow which in turn will entice back rare plant and animal life, including dragonflies; and to strengthen a wall to prevent sheep from eating delicate flora in neighbouring fields.

These tasks are a tiny sample of the breadth of work carried out by this body of 13,000 volunteers who toil to make the world a better place for such exotic-sounding creatures as the natterjack toad, the Heath Fritillary butterfly, the Red-backed Shrike—and also for mankind.

The volunteers' beginnings were modest. Even the original name was briefer; christened the Conservation Corps, it was an offshoot of the Council for Nature in London. As the number of areas designated as nature reserves swelled in the 1950s environmentalists realized that it would not suffice simply to throw up boundary fences and leave nature alone. Like unkempt humans in need of a haircut and manicure, the landscape, too, needed constant grooming to maintain its attraction. With that the Corps came into being, about 200 green-thumbed barbers. On February 21, 1959, Brigadier E. F. E. Armstrong, then 64 and the group's first organizer, led his 42 volunteers up the National Trust property at Box Hill, near London, to raze the area of encroaching dogwood. His hope was to infuse those youngsters around him with a love for their countryside and help to teach them the skills needed to manage and improve their natural heritage. The message was

absorbed. Not only did they clear the chalk downland that day but they came back for more. A thousand man-days were clocked up that first year. The formula was simple: members had a list of jobs from which to choose, many involving work on nature reserves. They could expect team leadership from a small core of volunteers who stepped forth at monthly meetings to allot lead duties on all tasks. Members signed up for the one, two or seven days needed to do the jobs, and went off to the sites, sometimes as far from the London headquarters as Scotland.

The momentum increased and the Corps began to take on a clearer, more elaborate, role. The scope widened from the drudgery of scrub clearance—which in former times had been relegated to nature's best lawn-mower of all, the sheep—to include restoration and preservation work in the countryside and in urban areas. In towns derelict sites were prepared for tree-planting; protection of some of the nation's 300,000 ponds began. Beyond city limits emphasis was laid on restoring overgrown or scarred landscapes for the original tenants: animals and plants. As one member of the Corps noted: "If you do the groundwork, clear the stage, don't worry. It won't take long for insects, birds or flowers to come back home." In fact, rare sand lizards are returning to cleared heathlands at places like Woolmer Forest in Hampshire. Wading birds are gravitating back to excavated lagoons, and rhododendron removal from oak woodlands has sparked the growth of native flora at Rostherne Mere in Cheshire.

Greater attention also went towards attracting the public to the countryside: footpaths were restored or created in nature reserves. Sightseeing platforms were built to give glimpses of deer and birds. Then the Corps turned to private landowners to bring home the message of better land management. Some owners simply did not know how to tackle the work. Others did not realize, for instance, the benefits of selective felling of trees. Another major campaign was to persuade landowners and farmers to retain hedgerows. Crop potential was somewhat diminished in doing so, but the habitat for some of the farmer's most loyal allies was spared, too, and so was the loveliness of the countryside.

To achieve these tasks the Corps



Volunteers help clear over-luxuriant growth of sycamore saplings at Highgate Cemetery before new native tree planting.

initiated training courses in 1968, opened principally to instruct leaders who in turn would impart new skills to the others. As membership snowballed, more volunteers had to learn how to wield chain saws, build dry walls and put up fencing. If volunteers did not know how to execute more sophisticated tasks, or did it poorly, the results would show and the Corps would not be summoned back for work in the future.

By 1970 the Corps had drawn so many adherents and so many bids for their energies that it was decided to "go national". The name was changed to the National Conservation Corps. They had, by then, completed 1,000 assignments, labouring 51,000 man-days. Their 208 different work-sites had been on all the major and minor British wildlife habitats, varying from sand dunes to heather moors, from ponds to chalk grasslands. Accordingly the British Trust for Conservation Volunteers was formed, and the Corps was absorbed into it. A stylized chestnut leaf became the new body's emblem because, as Trust director, Charles Flower, explained: "It was the only leaf left. No other group had staked claims to it." The next year local and independent ecology groups scattered around Britain also moved under the Trust's umbrella. By affiliating they would be entitled to join training courses, buy a greater variety of tools more advantageously, borrow vehicles and pool their resources more effectively. Regional offices of the Trust began sprouting up to help to orchestrate local work. First in Scotland, then one in northern England, and others followed. Between them the regional offices and the local groups took much of the weight of administrative chores off headquarters shoulders.

The catalogue of hand tools available increased to more than 160 items. Some, such as the Yorkshire billhook, were virtually out of production. Mr Flower, with an order for 500 of them, persuaded a manufacturer to resume production. The Trust philosophy was to steer clear of sophisticated equip-

ment: it meant additional training and additional expense. Basic sets of implements were parcelled out to all regional offices. These, in turn, have been made available to any local groups that cannot afford to buy their own materials.

To get more of a feel for the British Trust for Conservation Volunteers and their work, I joined a weekend group bound for the Aston Rowant National Nature Reserve, 30 miles north-west of London, run by the Nature Conservancy Council. Large hawthorn trees on the 130 hectares of chalky Chiltern escarpment were overshadowing and preventing the growth of low-lying gorse which had provided a cosy haven for many valued birds and insects. The trees had to be felled, scrub and bramble had to come up elsewhere on the reserve and old fencing had to be dismantled. The area is noted for its wild flowers, including the rare Chiltern gentian, the Pale Toadflax and about 30 species of orchids, among them the Ghost and Monkey Orchids. If the proper habitat were regenerated butterflies, too, would again flourish. But a warden or private individual often cannot cope alone with such work, and he applies for help. A Trust representative assesses the task, the tools, time and workforce needed. The "user body", the organization or individual for whom the conservers are working, covers fuel costs of the vehicles bringing the manpower. An additional £1.75 is paid per head per day to defray the cost of feeding the crew on site.

In the case of Aston Rowant, eight volunteers signed on for the weekend. We set off after office hours on Friday from a meeting place near Euston station. The Land-Rover was heaped high with food, tools and sleeping gear. Members bring their own sleeping bags. Wellingtons, too, are almost standard uniform. The two-hour journey gave ample time to delve into each other's backgrounds. All were under 35 and worked in fields as diverse as metallurgy, industrial relations, an asylum laundry and the Customs. Some had belonged to ecology-oriented groups in the

provinces and had gravitated towards the Trust on moving to London. Others had responded to publicity or word of mouth and joined. The old-timers tended to go out at least once a month on task. They grumbled about the 10-20 per cent of the Trust's "armchair conservers" who are strong on paying dues but short on giving a hand in the field.

We slept in an old barn housing bales of hay, farming equipment, crates and tools. Settled into our sleeping bags we did not take long to discover that it was almost colder inside the barn than outside. But as if to soothe the gathering the task leader, Dave Coleman, recalled a far more dramatic mid-winter outing when all the food, together with the gas cylinder on which to cook it, froze. We were not consoled.

Early in the morning the chief warden, David Massen, toured the locations and detailed the work precisely to Dave Coleman. Bowsaws, billhooks, chain saws and loppers were distributed and the volunteers were allocated a site. For two long, cold days they chopped, sawed, dragged and pushed. Surveying the good-natured labourers, a volunteer warden Horace Baigent, out on Sunday duty, commented: "I admire them tremendously. They work well and we simply could not do without them."

On Sunday evening, mission accomplished, the eight quietly packed up and faded back into their London habitats. Why had they gone to Aston Rowant? Why did they pay £1 a day to toil in Spartan conditions? What was in it for them? For all their brightness and ease with words not one could articulate the reasons very clearly. True, more than one-sixth of the members come from London and the Trust gives them a good chance to get out of the city for fresh air and limb-stretching. More than half of the volunteers are single and the sexes are evenly divided, so there are the right ingredients for making friends. There are other reasons. One volunteer that weekend observed fatalistically: "The flower power movement has come and gone. Right now, the conservation bandwagon is here and I jumped

aboard." Mr Coleman's membership dates from European Conservation Year. "I go out to enjoy the countryside as much as anyone else. So it seems right to me to pitch in and do my bit towards preserving it all," he explains. One recruit takes to outings so enthusiastically that he often spurns the offer of a lift and hikes out to his tasks, far from London.

Elsewhere recruits have come in on interesting pilot projects. In Yorkshire, the Trust has had since 1978 more than a dozen unemployed teenagers on long-term scrub clearance schemes out on the southern moors. For many it was their first whiff of work. And in 1977 the Trust experimentally opened its ranks to nine retarded teenagers to help to cut down bushes in Suffolk. Whatever brought them in, and whatever their degree of commitment to the work, it was Susan, the shyest volunteer of the Aston Rowant weekend, who perhaps summed it up best. "There is more to life than just an office or a home."

Indeed the movement is contagious. Last year 71,000 man-days were contributed by members ranging in age from 16 to 70. The majority of them are between 16 and 25, and they go out in groups averaging 12 at a time. One hundred and seventy-five of them streamed in from 17 countries. Milan's *Corriere della Sera* helped to boost the Italian contingent, for example, with a series of articles on the Trust's work. The American Field Service programme has channelled many youngsters from the United States into conservation chores in Britain. The French and Dutch have also exported young conservers for the cause. Australia and New Zealand have asked the Trust for advice on how to set up corps in their own lands.

Heartening though all this may be, the fact remains that costs, too, have been escalating. From an original annual expenditure of £3,000, the budget now has soared to £350,000. The statistics alone explain where much of the money goes: the Trust now has ten regional offices to maintain with a staff of 40; there are another 120 local corps to aid. There is the headquarters, which moved to 10 Duke Street, Reading, from London last year to cut expenses. The Department of the Environment has so far made the largest individual contribution, £26,900 a year, but this may be cut off in an economy drive. The water authorities and countryside commissions give handsome contributions, as does the World Wildlife Fund. Some £18,000 comes from the volunteers themselves.

Somehow the Trust's members seem undaunted by the financial tightrope. As one ecologist recently commented, it was the only group he knew of that "shuts up and gets on with work", money or no. Illustrating his point aptly were the 21st anniversary celebrants at Box Hill last February. After two rapid speeches they were offered sandwiches and mugs of instant coffee. Forty-five minutes later everyone was up on the hill, busily at work.

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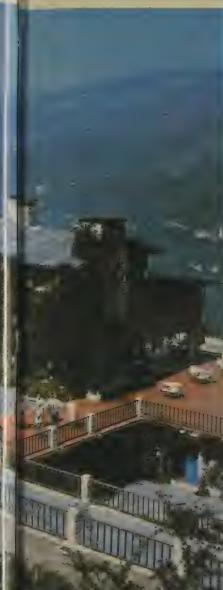
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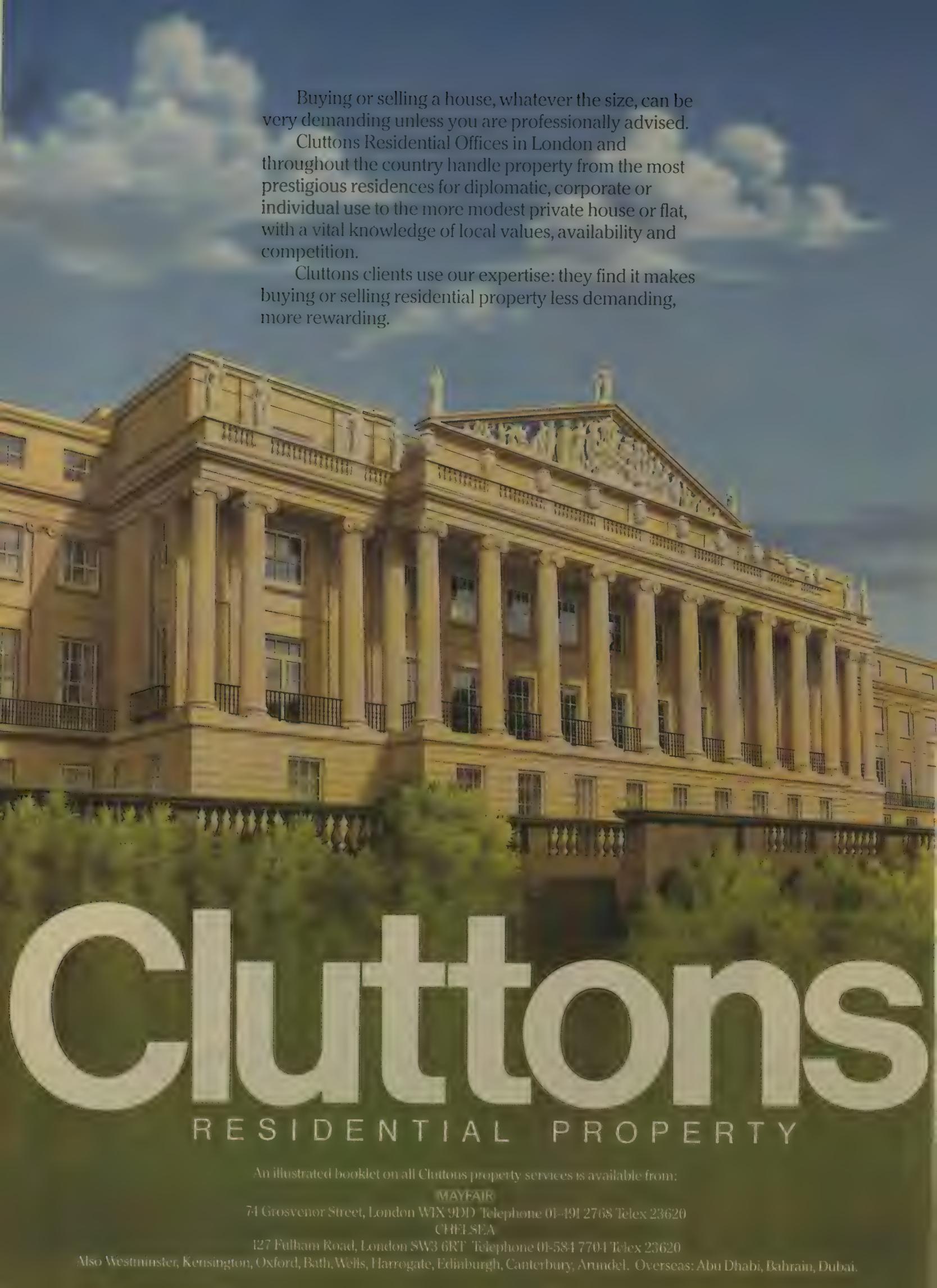
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Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth 6: Dr Johnson's house

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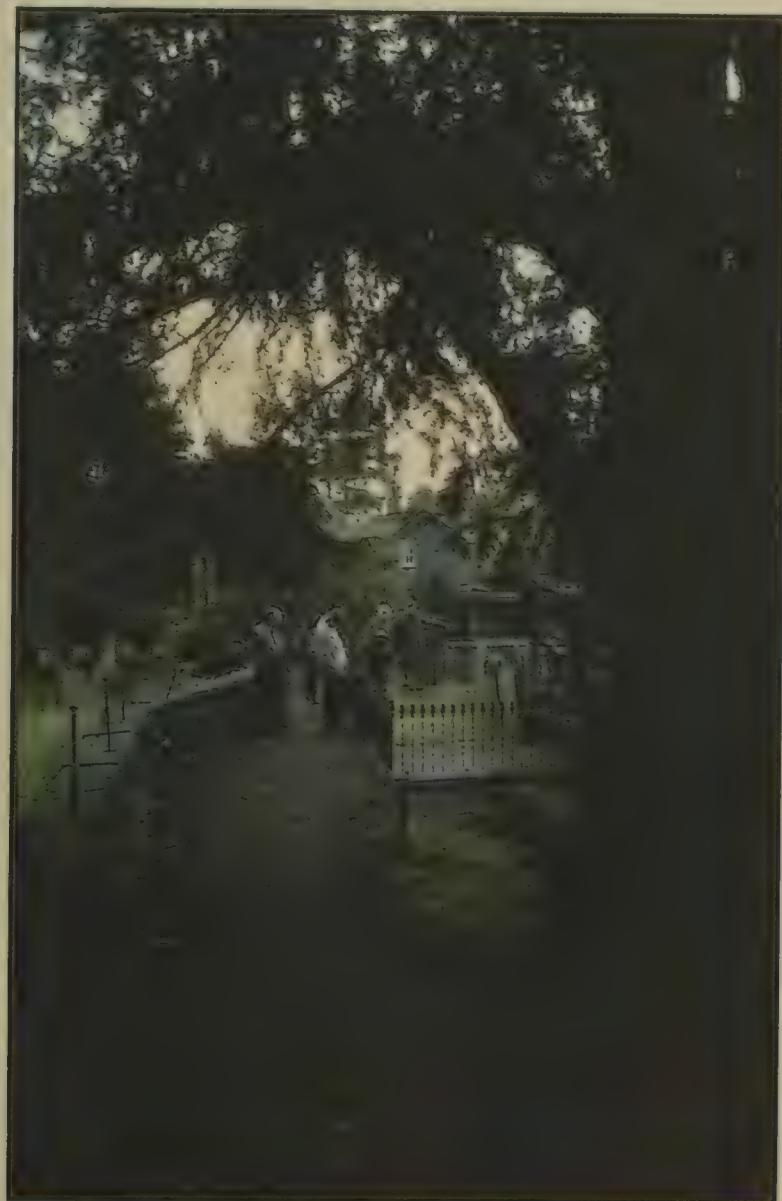
LITERARY VILLAGES: 6

Grasmere

by E. R. Chamberlin

Nobody wanders "lonely as a cloud" in Wordsworth's village today. His fame draws tens of thousands of admirers every year to pay homage to the poet who captured the essence of the Lake District.

Photographs by Richard Cooke.



The path that runs around the perimeter of Grasmere churchyard is narrow, permitting only single-file movement. In the summer, when the visitors arrive in strength, it is possible only to shuffle along, stopping altogether as the head of the file comes abreast of the Wordsworth graves and pauses to peer past the low iron railings.

If the members of the leading group know each other there is usually a debate or discussion about the identities of the graves. "That's him." "No. That's John. He's William." "That'll be his sister. And that's his wife over there."

Wordsworth is a common enough Westmorland name and there are several of the immediate family buried in this corner. And as the discussions go on, and the feet shuffle past and the next

Dove Cottage is a museum first and foremost, but its atmosphere is one of a home. Right, Wordsworth's grave, past which visitors must file one by one.

batch of visitors peer at the grey stones as though they were museum exhibits, it seems impossible that the churchyard could ever regain its identity. But the impossible happens. There is a species of tidal flow, regulated perhaps by nothing more remarkable than the opening or closing of a public house, the arrival or departure of a coach. Whatever the cause, the flow ceases and, although the crowds continue to throng the village streets, silence returns to the churchyard. It is a deep silence in which it is just possible to hear the sound of running water from the stream below, and the soughing of wind in the trees.

The miracle of Grasmere churchyard

is repeated again and again through the miniature universe of the Lake District. At Windermere, which manages to combine the brashness of Southend and the gentility of Hastings, the visitor can find the silence by walking through the heart of the place to the lake shore. At Ullswater, where the motor-boats snarl and whine as they pull their water-skiers, and the bright plastic ducks sway in the wind outside the grocery store, silence is waiting only a few yards up the river that bubbles into Glenridding. At Rydal, where the holiday traffic swishes through with mind-numbing regularity, a path takes you up above the village into foxgloves and ferns and silence. The

whole of Lakeland seems like some widow's cruse in reverse, apparently infinitely capable of absorbing noise and restlessness so that those who need it can swiftly find silence and calm.

The bridle path from Rydal to Grasmere runs through the woodland high above Rydal Water and that restless road that runs alongside the lake. In his *Guide to the Lakes* Wordsworth warned the visitor that it was not the best approach to Grasmere for the trees hid the view. But the modern traveller, stunned by the swoosh and whine of cars, might well prefer tranquillity to the picturesque. And this path passes the door of Dove Cottage as it descends to the village.

Thomas De Quincey, with the Coleridges, came down that path ➤

Grasmere

in 1807 to visit the Wordsworths.

They took a chaise along that high road which is today a quiet footpath. Towards the end of the journey in their impatience they left it out and ran down the lane to the cottage, and there ensued one of the memorable meetings in English literature. Though writing nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, De Quincey was able to re-create that meeting and its surroundings with microscopic exactness. The entrance "was a little vestibule between two doors, an oblong square not above 8½ feet high, 16 feet long, 12 feet broad, very prettily wainscotted, embowered in flowering plants". Two women welcomed them in, "the foremost a tallish young woman with the most winning expression of benignity," the second "a lady shorter, slighter . . . her eyes wild and startling". Mary, the wife, and Dorothy the sister of the man who now cordially greeted De Quincey.

"Each year we run a kind of sweepstake," said George Kirkby, chief guide at Dove Cottage. "We wait for the first inevitable joke. Someone always says it after they press the bell and you come to the door, 'Is William in?' We guess how many times that joke is going to be cracked and at the end of the season the one nearest the total gets a bottle of sherry or whatever. Someone always says it!" It's a puerile, silly joke—yet in its way it is a testimony to the extraordinary sense of immediacy, of occupancy, that pervades the place. Formally, Dove Cottage is a museum but, from the fire that burns brightly in the kitchen range to the flowers that bloom in the little garden, the atmosphere is that of a home.

Wordsworth lived in Dove Cottage for scarcely eight years, compared with the 30 odd years he lived in the far grander house of Rydal Mount some 3 miles away. But those eight years belonged to what Wordsworthians call the Golden Decade, the great creative period of the poet's life from his 30th to his 38th year which saw, among much else, the birth of *The Prelude* and *Intimations of Immortality* and the beginnings of the fame which was to bring an endless succession of visitors to this valley. Those, too, were the years of Dorothy's own *Journal*, that gentle, frequently enigmatic record which describes so minutely the world around her and says so little about the person herself, so that for the reader she is like one of those indistinct figures in the misty landscapes beloved of the period.

Wordsworth married in 1802 and the needs of a growing family forced them to seek larger quarters in 1808, the year after De Quincey visited them. De Quincey took up the tenancy of Dove Cottage and lived there for years. In 1890 the new-born Wordsworth ➤➤➤

"I hear the echoes through the mountains strong/The winds come to me from the fields of sleep/And all the earth is gay."





Grasmere

Trust acquired the cottage and other small houses around it. Characteristic of the Lake District are the tiny localities, at the two extremities of a lake, known as Town Head and Town End, the "town" being the biggest village on the lake shore. Dove Cottage is in the Town End of Grasmere, separated from the village proper by the busy road and open fields—just sufficient to act as a protective barrier against the fairground atmosphere of Grasmere on a busy summer's day. The Wordsworth Trust owns ten of the 21 houses in Town End and as the National Trust is the major local landowner and the entire area is, in any case, under rigorous planning control the little enclave of grey stone houses is triply protected from inimical change.

"The Wordsworth Trust is the best thing that's happened to Grasmere," says Mr Kirkby. "For instance, in the matter of housing it does a lot of the local authority's work for it." The Trust lets out its property to its own employees at a "reasonable" rent, an important consideration in an area in which all spare accommodation is snapped up for holiday visitors at exorbitant rents. Kirkby is himself a Westmalian (like other Lakelanders he contemptuously rejects the bureaucratic abstraction "Cumbria" that has been substituted for the ancient county names). "I was born in the valley—up at Easdale." He was a forester until an

injury forced him to find lighter work and he began with the Trust some eight years ago as a gardener. "I became fascinated with Dorothy Wordsworth's account of how they created the garden and I tried to bring it back to what it was. Not an easy job—some of the plants were very difficult to find."

"And the most infuriating thing," his wife Margaret interjects, "is when people look round and say, 'Isn't it a pity that the garden isn't tidier'."

She laughs without malice. Mrs Kirkby's connexion with Dove Cottage is perhaps even stronger than her husband's for she was born in Wordsworth's own town of Cockermouth and her parents were custodians of his birthplace. Most of the present flourishing trade at the Wordsworth shop at Town End is her work. "The Trust wasn't particularly interested in that side of things." As well as acting as ticket office, the shop has an extremely good selection from the vast range of books on Wordsworth, besides the usual souvenirs. "We exploit him far less here than they do in the village. And they don't even like him!"

The local dislike of Wordsworth is doubtless due in part to the inevitable reaction to any over-exposed figure, and in part to the irritation of those villagers who, not benefiting financially from the flood of visitors, are yet obliged to endure the inconvenience. But it seems to have a respectable tradition dating back at least to De Quincey who, after his brief hero-worshipping phase castigated his quondam idol as cold,

"inhumanly arrogant", and insufferably conceited. The contemporary villagers were irritated that Wordsworth, a foreigner, should take it on himself to tell them what they should, or should not, do with their own countryside. And while posterity might well be grateful for his energetic action in stopping the advance of the railway from Windermere, contemporaries deprived of the exciting new transport system doubtless had other thoughts on the matter.

A mile or so away on the lakeside road to Rydal is a modest, whitewashed farmhouse known as Nab Cottage. It has been virtually a guesthouse for more than a century and a half. There are no external indications of its historic association and chance guests are usually delighted to find that it was in a sense an ante-chamber to Dove Cottage. De Quincey lodged here. So did Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son of Wordsworth's great friend.

Dr Robert Woof, secretary of the Wordsworth Trust, believes that Hartley served as model for Wordsworth's description of a child in one of his works, and quotes Coleridge's own description of him as "a strange strange Boy—exquisitely wild. An utter visionary!" But the strange, exquisitely wild Boy grew into a gross, drink-sodden man, living at Nab Cottage because it was convenient for the Wordsworths' homes; and Hartley became the responsibility of Wordsworth—a fact that goes a considerable way to modify De Quincey's portrait of a cold, inhuman man.

Looking over Rydal to Windermere.

Nab Cottage also serves as temporary home and common-room for visiting scholars. The little group of buildings at Grasmere's Town End form what must be one of the most unusual scholarly collections in the world. In almost every other instance, the serious student of the works of a great writer must needs go to one or other of the great universities, or at least the metropolis. Here, through a combination of circumstances, the works produced by the man remain in the place that inspired them, an indissoluble, interacting bond.

The discovery, in 1978, of Wordsworth's correspondence with his wife (which, the Trust says, came on to the market in "mysterious circumstances") has enhanced Grasmere's prestige even further. Cornell University bought the collection but Britain, for once, took timely action to prevent the loss of a national heritage and the collection was compulsorily purchased from Cornell for £40,000 and is now housed in Grasmere. The Wordsworth Trust is currently engaged in reorganizing the library and museum at Town End, adapting a large coach-house for a study centre which, when completed, will not only house the Wordsworth papers in appropriate conditions but also, through the Grasmere museum, illustrate the bond between man and locality whose interaction produced some of the greatest works in the English language.



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RANGE ROVER
IT'S HOW THE SMOOTH TAKE THE ROUGH.

The painter of American myth

by Edward Lucie-Smith

The Andrew Wyeth exhibition which opens on June 7 at the Royal Academy is the first full showing of his work in England. His reputation as a surefire success in his native country Wyeth enjoys an enormous reputation. Among Americans as a whole he is probably more famous than that darling of the media, Andy Warhol, and certainly more popular. Yet there are also good reasons why Wyeth has remained very much an artist for home consumption, some absolutely practical: the fact that owners are notoriously reluctant to lend his work, and that insurance valuations are too high for most institutions to raise. But these are superficial difficulties; the real point is the kind of artist Wyeth is.

The celebration of American consciousness is nothing new in American art. It can be traced back past the work of Edward Hopper and the Regionalists, notably Thomas Hart Benton, to painters of the American West, such as Frederic Remington, and to the painters of heroic landscape in the mid 19th century—F. E. Church and Albert Bierstadt. Wyeth tries to render not America as a general idea but the specific character of two regions which he inhabits, Pennsylvania and Maine.

Indeed, he particularizes much further than this. He tends to con-

centrate on a few individuals and the environments they have created for themselves. In Pennsylvania it is his German-American farming neighbours, the Kuehns, first-generation immigrants from Europe. In Maine it was until recently the crippled Christina Olson and her brother Alvaro, a fisherman and farmer. These people are not typical of present-day America. They are not only rural. They are poor, and middle-aged or old. Yet the kind of lives they lead has a special magic for the artist, and indeed for the whole of his vast American audience. The images Wyeth selects are eloquent of American roots—though here I must add a qualification: they are the roots many Americans would like to think they have, rather than the ones they actually possess. To some extent Wyeth is the inventor of a consolatory and compensatory myth.

One of the things which makes Wyeth so successful with a wide audience is the method he uses to convey this myth—its actual embodiment in works of art. There is a strong tradition of realism in American painting, not merely the limited realism of a *troupe l'œil* painter such as Harnett, but the powerful academic realism, often used for anti-academic ends, practised by the greatest of the 19th-



century Americans, Thomas Eakins. Certainly, at a first glance Wyeth seems to fit comfortably into this tradition. He paints in tempera, dry brush technique and watercolour, and in all of these media, but especially the first two, shows a formidable gift for setting down the precise look and shape of things—an old bucket, some chains round a branch, hooks in a cracked ceiling. To these he brings, but without distortion, some of the hallucinatory intensity of vision found also in the surrealist conglomerations of Salvador Dalí.

What appears in Wyeth's work, and very seductively it is, too, is a barely suppressed romanticism. This romanticism is very much part of his personal heritage as an artist. His father, N. C. Wyeth, was in the early part of this century an extremely well known illustrator, tackling such books as Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Black Arrow*. Andrew Wyeth was a frail, unhealthy child, the youngest of five, and though he painted to amuse himself his father seemed at first (this is the artist's own account of the matter) to ignore what he was doing. It was only when he was about 15 that he began his education in his father's studio, receiving from him a thorough academic training; yet the teacher never put too much pressure on his gifted son.

Top left, detail from *Powder Wagon*, 1977, watercolour; top right, *The Corner*, 1953, dry brush; above left, *The Patriot*, 1964, tempera; above centre, *Garret Room*, 1962, dry

brush; above right, detail from *Sea Running*, 1978, tempera.



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In an interview Wyeth said: "My father got me to the point in realism, in observation, where I would say to myself what I had just painted or drawn isn't *really* like the object. It doesn't have the texture of it. It looks like a *painting* of an object rather than the object itself. I was seeking the realness, the real feeling of the subject, all the texture round it, everything involved with it, even the atmosphere of the very day in which the object happened to exist. All of this just naturally came about, with . . . the right push from my father who recognized that excitement I had within me."

His father also seems to have given him something else which was perhaps finally less helpful to the quality of Wyeth's art. It is difficult to sum up in a word the difference between illustration and true painting. Some people would say that the illustrator carries out a set task, while the painter creates only to please himself. But there is more to it than that. Essentially, the illustrator dramatizes what is happening; the artist lets it happen and organizes his surface accordingly. *Christina's World*, Wyeth's best-known picture, and the one which perhaps had most to do with establishing his reputation with the American public, is an intensely, if obscurely, dramatic work. The crippled Christina Olson half sits, half lies on the grassy slope below the clapboard Olson house, propping herself up on her withered arms and gazes yearningly up at it. The composition, based on a powerful diagonal, is nevertheless rather rudimentary. There is little in the way of subsidiary interest, few cross rhythms to make the surface more various.

The bulk of Wyeth's successful paintings are equally simple-minded. He excels at the illustrator's trick of finding



Top, *Open House*, 1979, tempera; above, *Wind From The Sea*, 1947, tempera.

a dramatic and unexpected angle. The portrait of Karl Kuerner with two hooks in the ceiling places the head well towards the lower margin of the painting, but looks at the subject from below, so as to make the most of the menacing presence of the two objects and at the same time turn them into a comment on the subject's character.

In the less successful works one is often conscious that the margins of the composition could have been very

differently placed without damage to the quality of the painting as a whole. The main point of interest is, so to speak, vigneted in a field which gradually falls away in visual interest towards the edges. This, too, is an illustrator's device, often used if an artist is unsure how an editor or layout artist will crop his work.

There is one aspect of Wyeth's work which seems ambiguous from a technical point of view: the finished pictures are in tempera, a formidably

difficult medium which gives great precision when used by an artist who understands it. It is surprising how often Wyeth chooses to use tempera for subjects which are essentially amorphous. An example is the landscape *Snow Flurries*, painted in 1953, a swelling, dun-coloured hill, flecked with snow flurries, with a cold, whitish sky over it and a couple of fence posts in the lower left-hand corner. Here is a masterly piece of observation, but it ➤

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suggests a comparison with *The Wave* by Courbet which the picture simply cannot sustain. Courbet's painting is all irresistible force and power, Wyeth's a meteorological description, as Wyeth's own comments on the work suggest: "God, I worked and worked to get it right. I would paint that sky and then I would take a really fine brush and massage it and merge those colours to get it down to that gray which is not an obviously overdramatic gray, but just toned down so that a snowflake will count..."

The fact that Wyeth's work has many more faults than his admirers like to admit is balanced by the fact that it has considerable and unusual virtues as well—virtues which the mass public has instinctively recognized and acclaimed. The qualities which make Wyeth a good artist are more than technical finesse. They are genuine engagement with the subject-matter, and above all the ability to imbue that subject-matter with symbolic power.

In the accounts he has given to interviewers about the way in which certain compositions evolved, Wyeth emphasizes that they often contained elements which were afterwards removed, sometimes to be replaced by others apparently unconnected with them, or with the original idea. A painting called *Ground Hog Day*, done in 1959, is a still life of a plate, a cup-and-saucer and a knife in front of a window through which one can see some sown



Above, *Grand-daughter*, 1956, dry brush; left, detail from *Witching Hour*, 1980, tempera.

logs, one with a chain around it. The scene is the Kuerners' kitchen, and the studies made for the picture included Karl Kuerner's wife Anna and their German Shepherd dog Nellie. Karl Kuerner was absent at a farm sale. Yet, as Wyeth notes, he was the inspiration for the picture, which is a kind of portrait *in absentia*—all these objects are specifically waiting for his return. Because the emotional focus was there, the woman and dog were eliminated.

This does not sound like the normal process of pictorial composition, which is essentially juggling with shape and proportion, but the search for metaphors which goes on when a good poet writes a poem. Wyeth is sometimes a literary artist in the bad, sentimental sense (for instance, he seems to age some of his drawings quite deliberately, so as to get a kind of "Old Master" look, a look of things and events experienced which is misleading). But he also brings art close to the frontier of what writers can do. His paintings, when they succeed, can be looked at again and again because they encourage the spectator to construct chains of association. The artist is able to transfer not only what he has actually seen, but all its surrounding penumbra of thought and feeling, almost intact to another consciousness. That is a very rare gift.

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The America's Cup challenge

by Ian Dear

This summer representatives of yacht clubs from four nations—Australia, Britain, France and Sweden—are vying for the honour of challenging a representative of the New York Yacht Club for the America's Cup, a trophy the club has never yet lost.

Indisputably the top prize in international yacht racing, the cup has always involved the world's largest racing yachts. At the turn of the century they were enormous vessels carrying a vast expanse of canvas. Even in the less opulent 1930s the competing yachts, the J-class, dwarfed the present day cup boats, the 12-metres. But if the yachts and the sums of money spent on them were huge, so were the egos of those involved. The America's Cup has always been a hunting ground for the super-rich to display their talents—and their tempers.

It all began when the Commodore of the newly formed New York Yacht Club, George Stevens, was intrigued by a novel idea of some enterprising English businessmen. They wanted to display the speed and grace of one of the already renowned New York pilot boats to visitors to London's Great Exhibition of 1851 and Stevens agreed to go. He also decided, however, with a syndicate of friends and relations, to build a new schooner modelled on the lines of the pilot boat, and called her *America*.

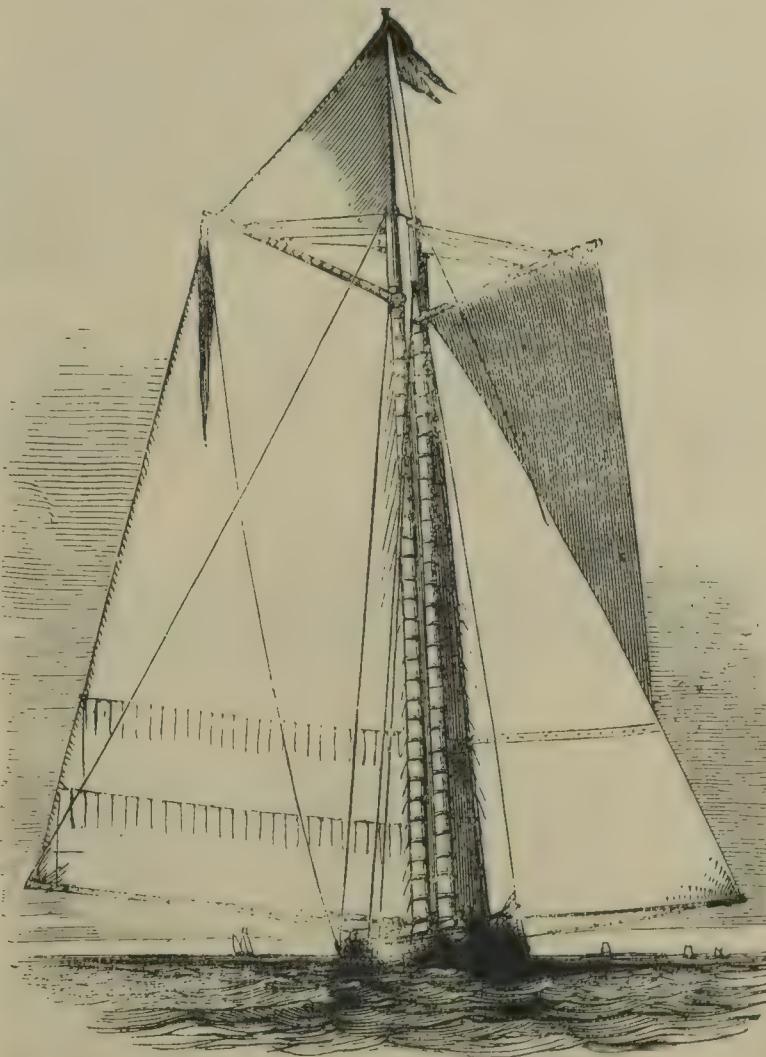
An invitation to visit Cowes was then extended by the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose members were amazed and alarmed by the speed of the newcomer. Offers to race her against any British yacht for various wagers were politely ignored, but eventually she was entered for the annual Squadron regatta.

"When it became known that she was entered among the yachts to run for the cup on Friday," wrote a reporter for *The Illustrated London News*, who recorded one of the few eye-witness accounts of the race, "the most intense interest was manifested by all classes, from the highest to the humblest, who have thronged in such masses this season to the Isle of Wight, and even Her Majesty and the court felt the influence of the universal curiosity which was excited to see how the stranger, of whom such great things were said, should acquit herself on the occasion."

Like so many that followed it, the first race for the America's Cup (though it was not called that until much later) was something of a fiasco; and like a few that followed it, it was also something of a muddle. For *America*, despite being relentlessly baulked early on, led nearly all the way by a large margin; and two sets of sailing instructions were issued which resulted in her using a shorter course. This almost certainly made no difference to the result and the prize, an ornate but otherwise perfectly ordinary 100 guinea silver cup, was awarded to

There has been no successful foreign challenge for the America's Cup, international yacht racing's most coveted trophy, in over 100 years.

But this year's contenders are more determined than ever to win, reports the author, whose book *The America's Cup: An Informal History* (Stanley Paul, £9.95) was recently published.



America racing at Cowes regatta on August 22, 1851.

the visitors. They would not have had a drink from it as it had no bottom.

After some deliberation, the syndicate handed over the cup to their club as an international trophy to be raced for by representatives of yacht clubs of all nations, and a deed of gift was drafted to this effect. The New York Yacht Club then wrote to all foreign yacht clubs inviting challenges and promising "a liberal, hearty welcome, and the strictest fair play" in what the deed termed "friendly competition". Since that time there have been 23 challenges, many of them anything but friendly. On occasion, too, "the strictest fair play" has not been observed. Accusations of fraud, deceit and excessive secrecy have echoed down the years like rifle fire, the tone having been set

by the first challenger, James Ashbury.

Ashbury's first challenge in 1870 was preceded by correspondence "so long and so tedious as at one time to make it appear likely to be interminable"; and his second (1871) ended in such rancour that the British did not challenge again for 14 years. The Canadians stepped into the breach but their two challenges (1876 and 1881) were such amateur efforts that the New York Yacht Club returned the deed of gift to the one surviving syndicate member, George Schuyler, asking him to alter its wording to make the terms of challenge more exacting—a move of doubtful legality.

Eventually the British decided to enter the fray once more and the New York Yacht Club received three challenges in quick succession. The first

two, in 1885 and 1886, were unmemorable from a sailing point of view, but Sir Richard Sutton's courtesy and sportsmanship created a more amicable atmosphere than had been enjoyed previously; and Lt Henn's eccentricity in racing a yacht whose saloon was full of potted plants was probably remembered long after his abysmal racing performance was forgotten.

But the 1887 challenge reverted to the more usual atmosphere of suspicion and rancour when it was found that George Watson, the designer of the Scottish challenger, *Thistle*, had—by an "overlook" as he put it—built his yacht nearly 18 inches longer than he had said he would. The club, already suspicious of Watson's behaviour because of the secrecy in which the challenger had been built—unheard of at the time but common practice later—and because false plans of her had been leaked to the American Press, questioned whether *Thistle* was eligible to race. Schuyler ruled that she was but the club, realizing there were still gaps in the deed, returned it to him yet again. It came back looking like "a mortgage" and the British Yacht Racing Association commented that the new terms "are such that foreign vessels are unable to challenge".

American criticism was just as loud and Stinson Jarvis, an American lawyer and authority on yachting matters, stated unequivocally that the New York Yacht Club had acted illegally over both alterations to the deed.

For five years the fate of the cup hung in the balance but eventually the magic of its name, by then well established, could not be resisted and a talented and experienced yachtsman, Lord Dunraven, began to explore the possibilities of challenging. The club would not revoke the new deed but in the end did agree to a match on the same terms as the previous challenge, and to this Dunraven assented.

While in New York for this first challenge (1893), Dunraven must have heard stories of how C. Oliver Iselin, the manager of the defending yacht, *Vigilant*, was alleged to have dishonestly ballasted another yacht. He certainly would have seen how Iselin ballasted *Vigilant* by cramming extra crew on board (there was no limit at the time to the numbers carried), and probably thought the action unsporting, if not worse. So when he returned for his second challenge two years later he was already suspicious of Iselin. When he saw iron ballast being cut in half and put aboard the new American yacht, *Defender*, the night before the first race he jumped to the conclusion that it was being illegally added. But, instead of refusing to race until the matter had been cleared up, he asked for a committee member to be put on board both yachts after the race and remain until they had been remeasured.



The America's Cup challenge

This request was conveyed to the committee but its implications probably so amazed them that they treated it merely as a request for remeasurement and no members were put aboard. Nothing unusual was found when the yachts were remeasured the next day but this did not allay Dunraven's suspicions. But nothing more was said at the time.

Then, during the second race, which Dunraven won but from which he was later disqualified, a steamer belonging to the enormous spectator fleet blundered across the challenger's path. Dunraven had already complained about the fleet—justifiably—and now refused to sail in the third race without certain

guarantees which the committee felt they were in no position to give him.

Dunraven's refusal caused enough comment on both sides of the Atlantic, but when he later revealed his suspicions about Iselin all hell broke loose. A committee of inquiry was held in New York which Dunraven attended, reiterating his charges of fraud. The absurdity of his claims only really became apparent when it was proved that to ballast *Defender* down by the amount calculated by Dunraven, 13 tons of ballast would have had to have been taken out the day before the race, and then put back that same night—an impossible feat. The committee cleared Iselin, but Dunraven refused to apologize and his honorary membership of the club was withdrawn.

Again the cup was in limbo, with British clubs refusing to forward challenges, and it was not until four years later that a new and acceptable challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton, appeared on the horizon. Lipton was the perfect opponent who did not argue or complain but try to understand who took his measure, always with good humour. Only once, in 1920, did he nearly win. He tried for the last time in 1930 and, with the races at last moved to Newport, away from the shallow



Top, Sir Thomas Lipton and crew of *Shamrock IV*, the 1920 challenger; above, supporters of Sir Frank Packer, whose yacht *Gretel* was Australia's first challenger, off Rhode Island in 1962; left, Ted Turner, skipper of *Courageous*, 1977 defender and this year's favourite.

waters of New York Bay so hated by generations of British challengers with their deep fixed keels, he may have thought he was going to be fifth time lucky. But by then a new era had begun with the J-class yachts commanded by amateurs, not professionals, and Lipton's challenger, *Shamrock V*, was hopelessly outmanoeuvred by superior technology and the modern management of the great Harold Vanderbilt.

By 1934 a new generation had also taken over in Britain with the aircraft

millionaire T. O. M. Sopwith at the helm of his own challenger, *Endeavour*. Sopwith was not only an expert helmsman but someone who could bring a professional knowledge of aerodynamics and metallurgy to the increasingly complicated task of refining the spars and rigging of a racing yacht like a J.

In 1934 Sopwith shook the Americans badly by winning the first two races, and was winning the third when a shift of wind or a tactical mistake cost him the race. Then the crucial fourth race ended with Sopwith lodging a protest which the committee, for technical reasons which sounded unconvincing, refused to hear. The furor on both sides of the Atlantic was immediate. "Britannia rules the waves but America waives the rules", blared one newspaper headline. ➤

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The America's Cup challenge

Not since the days of Dunraven had there been so much bitterness and when Sopwith and his crew not surprisingly lost their nerve and the last two races, Sopwith said he would never race again in America. But time softened his feelings, the lure of the America's Cup was irresistible, and in 1937 he was back with *Endeavour II*. But this time the Americans had made a quantum leap in their design. The defender, *Ranger*, was called a super-J, and she won 4-0.

As had happened before, the cup now suffered a long eclipse because of war, but in 1957 the New York Yacht Club applied to the Supreme Court to have the deed altered yet again so that the America's Cup could be raced for by 12-metres. This time no one had any doubt that by doing so the club saved the races from extinction, for the prohibitive cost of the J-class would have made racing with them, or anything of similar size, impossible.

The American response to a British challenge that came soon after the alteration of the deed was slow at first, but in the end no fewer than four 12-metres competed for the honour to defend the cup and the trial races were close and fiercely competitive, as they nearly always had been. But the races themselves were desperately disappointing. The British challenger, *Sceptre*, was hopelessly outclassed, as was another British challenger, *Sovereign*, in 1964, and the mantle of challenging competitively has fallen on Australia.

Yet when Australia first challenged in 1962 there were no 12-metres in that country and no Australian had ever designed one. But this did not deter Frank Packer, the wily, autocratic millionaire newspaper-owner, from making the challenge, and though his yacht, *Gretel*, did not win the cup she gave the Americans enough of a fright to bring the whole competition alive again with a bang. She won the second race and only lost the fourth by 26 seconds, a tiny margin even in 12-metre racing where split seconds and one-hundredth of a knot are critical.

Yet when the Australians tried again in 1967 in a series made unfriendly by personality clashes and minor technical disagreements, they failed badly for the defender's designer, Olin Stephens, had made a breakthrough in design that kept *Intrepid* ahead in each race. But in 1970 the Australians again gave the Americans a run for their money with the challenging yacht, *Gretel II*, twice crossing the finishing line first, though she was later disqualified from winning the second race. This disqualification caused the kind of row that had blown up in 1934 and brought an accusation of partiality on the head of the New York Yacht Club. From then on an international committee settled protests.

The 1970s saw a breakthrough in the building of America's Cup boats. New, exotic materials were used for spars and sails and in 1974 hulls were first built of

aluminium. Electronic gadgetry was used with increasing frequency and became almost, but not quite, as important as the skills of the skipper.

The new decade saw, too, the French competing for the first time. The challenger was the ballpoint millionaire Baron Bich, a flamboyant character of limitless resources but limited patience. His yacht, *France I*, was not a success in 1970 and was easily beaten by the Australian contender. In the last elimination race the French boat, with the Baron at the helm to absolve his helmsman from the blame of losing the series, got lost in fog and failed to finish. The Baron, rightly furious with the international committee running the elimination races for allowing the race to start in such poor weather, accused them of dishonouring him and tempers ran high.

The Australians and the French challenged again in 1974, again the Australians won the right to challenge for the cup, and again lost 4-0. Packer was now dead and Alan Bond, a West Australian property developer, had taken over the task of capturing the cup. He was younger than Packer, less autocratic, but just as rich and just as ready to speak his mind—especially when it came to criticizing the New York Yacht Club.

In 1977 the representatives from no fewer than four foreign yacht clubs—two from Australia, one from France and one from Sweden—competed for the honour to challenge. Alan Bond's 12-metre, *Australia*, came out on top of the pile but she could do little against the defender, *Courageous*, brilliantly skippered by a brash, talkative newcomer from the mid-west, Ted Turner.

Turner will be competing again this summer with *Courageous* and he must be favourite to win the selection trials and the races themselves. But he will face stiff competition from *Enterprise*, an unsuccessful contender in 1977, and two new American 12-metres vying for the honour to defend.

Competition among the challengers will be fierce, too. Baron Bich, more determined than ever to win, has been at Newport with his three 12-metres for two seasons now, working up his crews and yachts to a new pitch of perfection. His new 12-metre, *France III*, will almost certainly be the one entered for the elimination races. The Australians and the Swedes will be back again and, for the first time since 1964, a British 12-metre, *Lionheart*, will also compete. Designed by Ian Howlett and skippered by Olympic yachtsman John Oakeley, *Lionheart* did well against the Swedes and the Australians in the first world 12-metre championships held off Brighton last September. But in a sport where money needs to be limitless and the pre-race tuning-up period extensive and savage, the odds must be against the British yacht getting through to challenge for the cup, much less winning the races themselves. But the 1980 elimination races will be really competitive with the winner showing herself to be a worthy challenger for the cup.



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The first modern monarch

by John Van der Kiste

William IV was an unlikely King but, says the author, he was nevertheless tough and popular. During his short reign he set the style for the respectability that we expect in today's monarchy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are frequently credited with having restored respect for the throne after the excesses of the Hanoverian dynasty. Such a verdict does less than justice to Victoria's predecessor, her uncle William IV, who ascended the throne 150 years ago. Dubbed "the respectable old Admiral" by the Duke of Wellington, he might equally be considered the first modern British monarch.

Prince William Henry was born at Buckingham House (now Palace) on August 21, 1765, the third child of King George III and Queen Charlotte. With two healthy elder brothers it seemed unlikely that he would ever wear the crown, and at the age of 13 he joined the Royal Navy as a midshipman. The life was harsh, but he was resilient enough to meet the demands of a strict régime, and despite the inevitable ragging to which he was subjected his courage and lack of pomposity made him popular. He took part, albeit modestly, in several actions during the war against France and the United States. His sympathy with American colonists once threatened to lead to his becoming their first king, for in 1782 one of Washington's staff officers hatched a plot to capture the young prince who habitually wandered unguarded in the streets of New York: but the scheme came to nothing, and William was spared embarrassment. As he rose in rank he became something of a martinet, and as a captain serving in HMS *Pegasus* in the West Indies he often fell out with his fellow-officers; but Admiral Nelson, a firm friend, praised the ship as one of the best-disciplined vessels in the service.

The Navy had a lasting effect on William. It brought him into close contact with men from all classes, gave him a colourful if indelicate vocabulary, helped him lose the family's German accent and made him the most widely travelled British monarch before Edward VII.

In 1789 he was created Duke of Clarence and St Andrews, although not before he had forced his father's hand by threatening to stand as an independent parliamentary candidate for Totnes in Devon. His candidature would probably have been invalid, but even so the episode must make him unique in the annals of British royalty. It was at about this time, too, that his naval career virtually ended. The King was reluctant to promote him beyond

the rank of captain, partly because of his regular defiance of orders from senior officers and partly because he was foolish enough to associate with his unfilial and mischievous elder brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. William was thus kept unemployed for several years, despite his frequent appeals to the Admiralty for an active command during the Napoleonic wars; increasingly eccentric, he never hesitated to speak his mind in public.

His occasional appearances in the House of Lords attracted considerable attention, particularly his support for the slave trade. He was convinced that slavery was essential to the economy of Jamaica and other outposts of the Empire which he had seen during his naval days, and during a debate in the Chamber he asserted that the promoters of abolition were either fanatics or hypocrites, "and in one of these classes I rank Mr Wilberforce". The rest of his speech was drowned in cries of "Withdraw!" None the less he could be broad-minded, and in a debate on the Bill to prevent those divorced for adultery from marrying the other guilty party he opposed the issue as it would leave the woman with no alternative but suicide or prostitution. Although less radical than some of his brothers he was no reactionary; later he supported Roman Catholic emancipation and delivered a fierce attack on the Protestants' royal champion Ernest Duke of Cumberland.

In true Hanoverian fashion he fell regularly in love, and in 1791 he formed an attachment with the actress Dorothy Jordan with whom he lived happily for 20 years, she keeping him by means of her successful stage career while still managing to bear him ten healthy children. However, his debts soared and not even her income could support the family. Reluctantly, he saw no way out of his plight other than contracting a valid marriage with some eligible (and preferably wealthy) lady; he separated from Dorothy Jordan in 1811, and she was granted an allowance to provide for herself and three daughters. Yet he made no serious effort to marry until the death of his niece Princess Charlotte in childbirth in 1817, a national tragedy that left the deranged George III without any legitimate grandchildren.

With unseemly haste several of the royal dukes took a careful look at the marriageable princesses of Europe. Rather grudgingly, William chose as his



bride the plain but gentle-natured and dutiful Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen. They never met until their wedding in July, 1818; she was 26 and he 52; he married her solely for financial security (a generous increase in his parliamentary grant was conditional on his marriage) and an heir. Considering that neither materialized, the match was a great success. The grant was increased by so little that some ministers feared he would refuse to marry after all, and their two daughters (both born prematurely) lived only a few hours and three months respectively. Apart from her diehard pro-Tory prejudices, which were to prove embarrassing when she became Queen, Adelaide's influence on him was all to the good. She curbed his spending, drinking and swearing and welcomed his illegitimate brood of Fitzclaresances as if they were her own family.

In January, 1820, King George III's pitiful existence came to an end and the Prince Regent succeeded him as George IV. The death of the childless Duke of York seven years later left William next in line to the throne. He did not make a very convincing chief mourner at the funeral, where he was heard heartily inquiring from a guest about the success of a recent game-shooting expedition. Although many people, not least George IV, regarded him as an unpromising future sovereign, there was no denying his triumphant remark to the Duke of Sussex that both of them (especially

himself) would be "treated now very differently from what we have been". His allowance was raised, and on the suggestion of Lord Canning, Prime Minister, the long-dormant office of Lord High Admiral was revived for William's benefit. It was intended that he should act as a nominal President of the Board of Admiralty, but to everyone's consternation he had no intention of being a mere figurehead. After 38 years of retirement from the service he considered his naval activities required him to exercise some degree of responsibility. Within 18 months he had carried out several long-overdue reforms: he insisted on half-yearly reports on the battleworthiness of every ship in the Navy, quarterly reports on gunnery exercises and expenditure of ammunition, the overhaul of the promotion system and banning the cat-o'-nine-tails except for extreme offences such as mutiny. Yet his interference made enemies in both Government and Admiralty, and he resigned in August, 1828, frustrated by complaints from all sides; but none could deny that he had raised naval morale considerably.

On June 26, 1830, George IV, a bloated recluse rarely seen in public after his coronation, died. William had for months been gargling 2 gallons of water every morning and wearing galoshes to guard against chills in anticipation of the event. Within hours of receiving the news he was on his way to Windsor,



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Left, M. A. Shee's portrait of the Sailor King, William IV. Above, his wife, Queen Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, painted by William Beechey. Above right, his mistress, the actress Dorothy Jordan, after Romney.

grinning and nodding to everybody from his coach. The monarchy's popularity had reached its nadir under his brother, but it was soon restored by William's informality and friendliness. "Though our adored sovereign is either mad or very foolish," commented a grudging observer, "he is an immense improvement on the last unforgiving animal. . . This man at least wishes to make everybody happy, and everything he has done has been benevolent." The first sovereign to try to live like an ordinary citizen, walking around his capital unescorted, he detested the idea of a coronation ceremony and submitted to it with bad grace in September, 1831. Although it was a humble affair that offended traditionalists, its economy made him more popular in the eyes of the nation. Its total cost was about one-seventh of that for George IV, and when Tory peers threatened to boycott the "Half-Crownation", William retorted that from this he expected "greater convenience of room and less heat".

Under the new King and Queen court life became more respectable, albeit dull. After dinner Adelaide did little but knit, while William would nod off in his chair, occasionally waking to mutter, "Exactly so, Ma'am," to their guests, and then go back to sleep. The licentiousness of George IV's days had given way to a new era, Adelaide insisting that gamblers, drunkards and other such dissolute characters should be barred from their company. In the first few months of his reign William threw the East Terrace at Windsor open to the public, although he objected when they scribbled their names on the statues. He

cut the castle staff, dismissed the French cooks and replaced the German band with a smaller English one. The more expensive animals in the royal menagerie were sent to London Zoo, and a large collection of paintings and other treasures was given to the nation.

For a man of his age with no previous political experience, widely regarded as a buffoon if not mildly insane, William quickly established an excellent relationship with his ministers. According to his biographer Philip Ziegler, he can be considered the first truly constitutional British monarch. In sharp contrast to his autocratically-minded father and brother, he felt it was the King's duty to support his ministers, whether he agreed with their policies or not, unless they seemed to be out of touch with the feeling of the nation. When meeting his counsellors he would listen patiently to all arguments and gave his view, not only with willingness but also relish of contradiction, "in order that he might come to a full understanding with his ministers".

It was fortunate that he possessed such qualities, for he faced a testing task in the demands for parliamentary reform that had been growing steadily over the previous decades. Throughout the tribulations of the Napoleonic wars and their aftermath, and the transformations of the Industrial Revolution, an antiquated electoral system had remained unchanged. The number of voters and geographical distribution of seats became more anachronistic every year; for example, Cornwall returned 44 members while expanding industrial centres such as Manchester and Leeds had none. In November, 1830, a general election brought the Whigs to power, and their leader Lord Grey formed a Cabinet pledged to passing a Reform Bill for England and Wales. Introduced in March, 1831, it proposed to transfer 168 seats from small boroughs to large towns and counties, and increase the

franchise by nearly 50 per cent. First the Tories and then the House of Lords fought it, and after more than a year of stalemate the threat of revolution hung over the impatient country.

Grey asked the King to create sufficient Whig peers to ensure the Bill's passage; the King was reluctant, fearing it would create a dangerous precedent, and Grey resigned. But the Tories under Wellington were deeply divided and unable to form a government, and the Whigs returned to office within a week. To break the deadlock William had to promise the creation of new peers; faced with this threat the Lords yielded, Wellington agreed to abstain, and amid general rejoicing the Bill became law in June, 1832. Throughout the wheeling and dealing the King acted with a composure with which few would have credited him a few years earlier, despite his lack of enthusiasm for the cause of reform. Not so the Queen, an indiscreet Tory sympathizer; fearing eventual revolution if the Bill was passed, she prayed that she would behave as bravely as Queen Marie Antoinette if a similar fate befell her. On one occasion her coach was mobbed in the streets.

In his declining years William lost much of his zest for kingship, and something of his old tactlessness returned. When the President of the Royal Academy pointed out to him a portrait of Admiral Napier, then in disgrace, the King snorted: "Captain Napier may be damned, Sir! And you may be damned, Sir! And if the Queen was not here, I'd kick you downstairs." His illegitimate children quarrelled, continually pestered him for favours and money and treated his consort with scant respect. Because of her tragic inability to bear a healthy child, he might well have resented the existence of his heiress Princess Victoria, but he was fond of her and it hurt him that he saw so little of her. He detested her mother, the widowed Duchess of Kent, an arrogant prude

who thought it unseemly for her daughter to appear at a court presided over by a monarch with so many bastards.

The feud came to a head in the summer of 1836. The King invited his sister-in-law and the princess to Windsor for the Queen's birthday on August 13, requesting them to stay for his birthday on August 21 and a celebration dinner the next day. The Duchess ignored the Queen's birthday and announced that she would arrive on August 20. The king was furious, and after his health had been drunk at dinner he rose to his feet and delivered an angry speech in which he announced his wish to be spared for nine months longer, so that no regency would take place. He would then "have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady (pointing to the princess) . . . and not in the hands of a person now near me who is surrounded by evil advisers and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed". Having declared that the same person had continually insulted him and that he was determined his authority would be respected in future, he ended on a more affectionate note, but the damage was done. Adelaide was embarrassed, Princess Victoria burst into tears and the stony-faced Duchess remained silent. After dinner she took her daughter and announced their immediate departure.

The King's wish was granted. On May 24, 1837, Princess Victoria was 18 and her mother's hopes of becoming Regent vanished. He gave her a grand piano and held a ball in her honour at St James's Palace; in addition he offered her an establishment independent of the Duchess, but this never materialized. By now he was too ill to maintain public appearances except in a wheel chair; his sight was failing and asthma made sleep almost impossible. The death of his sister-in-law, a favourite daughter in childbirth, and an estrangement from his eldest son all told on his declining strength. Early in the morning of June 20, 1837, he died.

For all William IV's faults, the monarchy was supremely fortunate in him. George IV, who was uniquely unpopular, had believed that his accession would lead to revolution. In a sense there was a revolution—a peaceful one with little violence, an unstable but moderately successful transition that changed a quasi-autocracy into one of the most democratic countries in Europe. Few if any of George III's other sons could have presided over such a period of change without being provoked to disastrous interference. William was no politician, but his straightforward honesty and commonsense won him widespread respect.

His faults, too, made him popular—a comic tactlessness, xenophobia and instinctive dislike of pomp and ceremony which made him the most human of the Hanoverians. In June, 1830, Britain might have followed the example of republican France; in June, 1837, few thrones were more secure.

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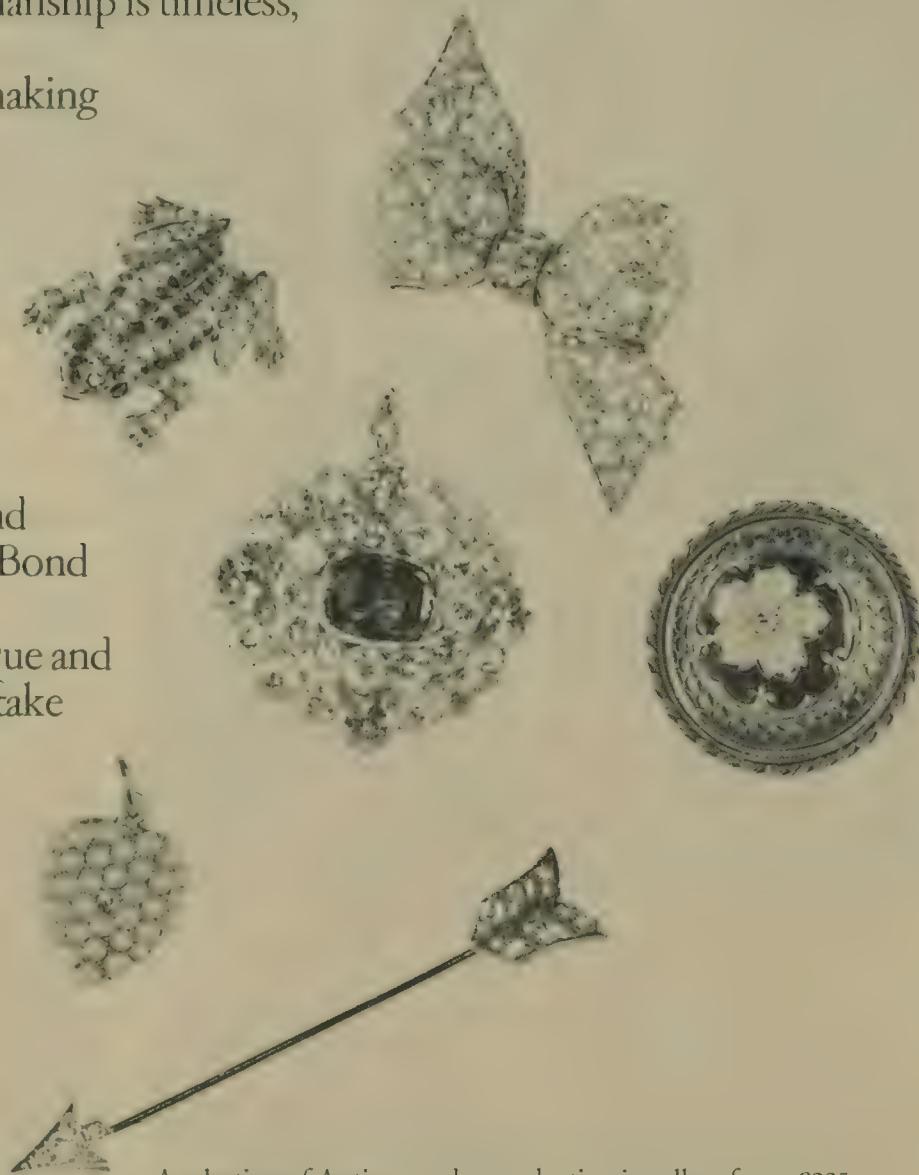
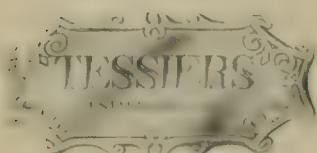
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Last outpost of Bloomsbury

by Sasha Moorsom



The house invites you towards it, through the stone pillars, across the courtyard past a giant fig tree into the open front door where a school hand-bell stands on the floor with a note, "Please ring". The clanging shatters the silence of the Sussex countryside and you can imagine it summoning the scattered ghosts of earlier inhabitants—Duncan Grant and Roger Fry painting in the studio, David Garnett pruning apple trees in the orchard, Lytton Strachey in one of his straw hats reading in a basket chair in the garden, Maynard Keynes writing upstairs, Vanessa Bell decorating the panels of a bedroom door, her three children, Julian, Quentin and Angelica, boating on the pond.

It is Angelica who comes to open the inner door. Now in her 60s, she remembers a "marvellous, free childhood where we were never bothered about appearances or nagged to wash our socks or have clean finger-nails". When she grew up she married David Garnett, thereby fulfilling her aunt Virginia Woolf's prophecy in 1921: "Suppose our set to survive another 20 years, I tremble to think how thickly knit and grown together it will be."

Since Duncan Grant's death the contents of the house have been left to Angelica and she is doing her best to

The farm-house in Sussex which for many years housed the unorthodox *ménage* of Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant and David Garnett is now in a state of dilapidation.

The author describes Charleston in its heyday and reports on the campaign to save this last outpost of Bloomsbury art and life.

Photographs by Roger Jones.

keep them there and preserve a house that recalls so evocatively the way of life and work of the two painters, her parents, who were at the heart of the Bloomsbury circle and who, between them, span almost a century. Vanessa Bell was born in 1879, the eldest daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen; Duncan Grant died in 1978 at the age of 93. Charleston was one of their homes periodically from 1916 onwards and over the years they decorated and re-decorated its rooms in a highly individual style that makes it a faithful record of their work.

Charleston, a four-square, largely 17th-century farm-house, stands just

below Firle Beacon on the South Downs near Lewes. Virginia Woolf found the house for her sister on one of her many walks over the Downs. "It has a charming garden, with a pond, and fruit trees, and vegetables, all now rather wild, but you could make it lovely. The house is nice with large rooms... There is a WC and a bathroom, but the bath only has cold water... 4 miles from us, so you wouldn't be badgered by us." Vanessa, living separately from her husband Clive Bell while remaining on good terms with him, was looking for somewhere big enough for her own household of two children, Duncan Grant and David Garnett, whose ex-

emption from military service as conscientious objectors depended on their finding work as farm labourers. Vanessa wrote to Roger Fry: "It's absolutely perfect... very solid and simple with flat walls in that lovely mixture of brick and flint that they use about here and perfectly flat windows in the walls and wonderful tiled roofs." She decided immediately to take it though she was aware that Leonard Woolf was a little suspicious of the idea of her unorthodox *ménage* at such close quarters lest they should "contaminate the atmosphere and bring wicked gaieties into Virginia's life".

They brought a great deal of pleasure into it and she was one of their most frequent visitors. "Last night at Charleston I lay with my window open listening to a nightingale... Fishes splashed in the pond. May in England is all they say—so teeming, amorous, and creative... Nessa sitting almost silent, stitching a dress by lamplight." The house became a refuge for the members of the Bloomsbury group from the tensions of war-time London and Vanessa began to create what her sister called her "atmosphere of ragamuffin delight". It is largely due to Virginia Woolf that we have such a clear picture of it, for her diaries and letters are full of what, ➤

The cluttered studio as Duncan Grant left it. Some of the plates in the cabinet are part of a collection designed for Lord Clark.

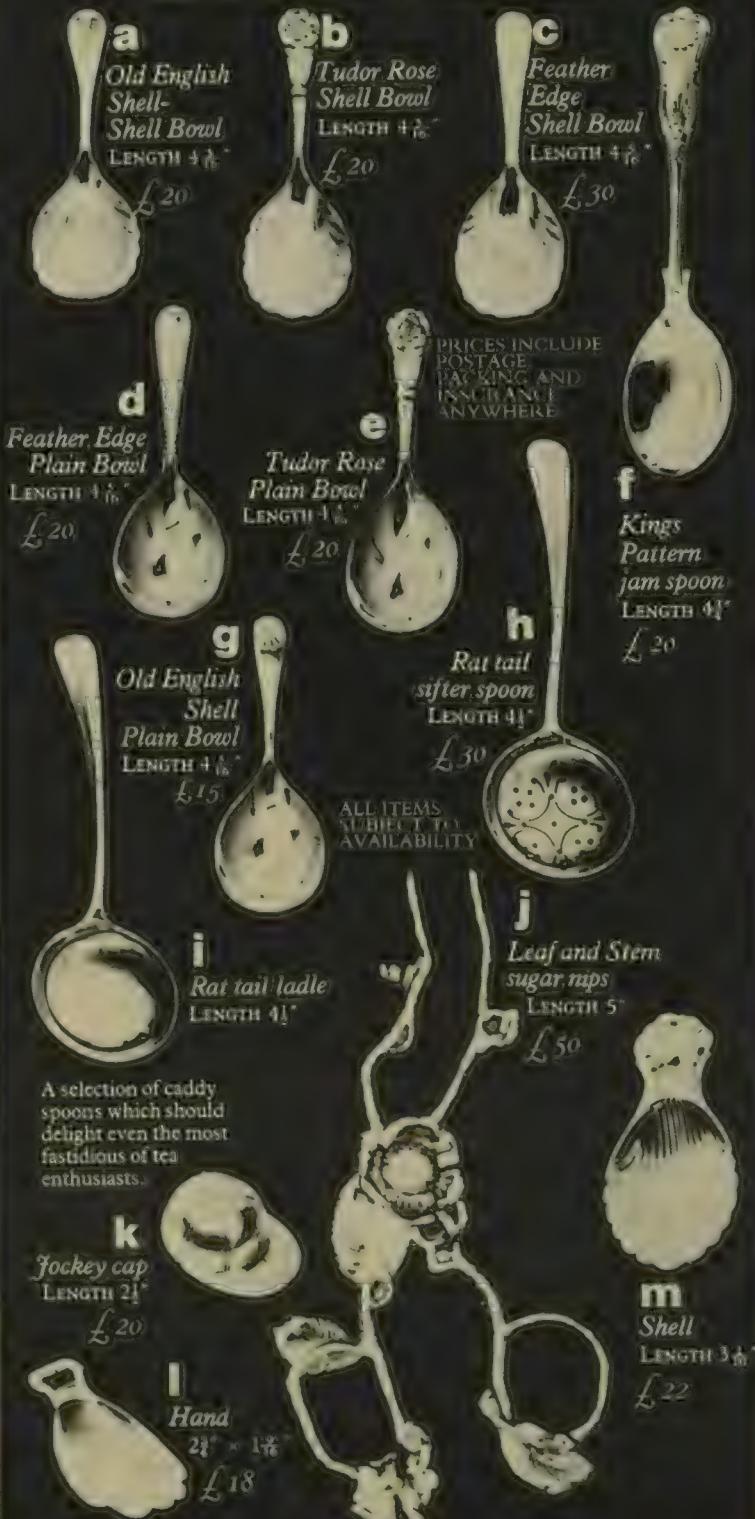
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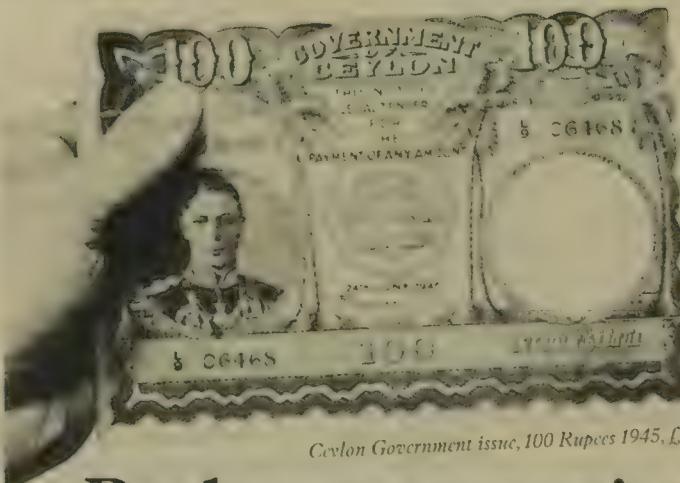
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Last outpost of Bloomsbury



if they were paintings, might be called *Interiors at Charleston*. "I bicycled round there in a flood of rain, and found the baby [Angelica] asleep in its cot, and Nessa and Duncan sitting over the fire, with bottles and bibs and basins all round them."

The fusion of domestic life and creativity, so unusual for that time, came about because, as Professor Quentin Bell has said, Bloomsbury was feminist. They rejected sexual taboos and believed in real equality between the sexes. Once she had escaped from the stifling conventionalities of her youth, Vanessa pursued painting with a lifelong passion. Virginia wrote: "Sitting in the studio after luncheon. Duncan painted a table, and Nessa copied a Giotto. I unpacked all my bits of gossip. They are very large in effect, these painters; they have broad, smooth spaces in their minds where I am all prickles and promontories. Nevertheless to my thinking few people have a more vigorous grasp or a more direct pounce than Nessa . . . I like the feeling that she gives of a whole nature in use."

The propinquity of the sisters clearly brought more advantages than disadvantages because, when they had to leave their rented house at Asham, Virginia and Leonard Woolf bought Monks House at Rodmell, still within walking distance. They could share each others' visitors. Clive Bell wrote *Civilization* at Charleston, David Garnett visualized part of *Lady into Fox* as taking place there, Maynard Keynes worked on the book that led to his fame,

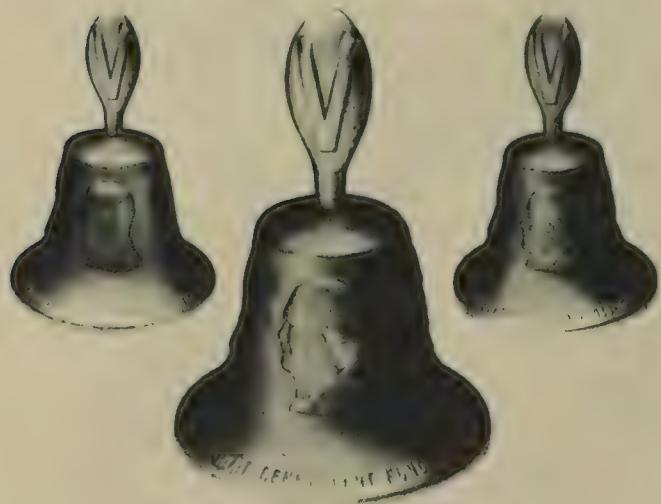
The drawing room with fire-place decorated and curtains designed by Duncan Grant. Right, a corner of the studio with the bust of Virginia Woolf by Stephen Tomlin.

The Economic Consequences of the Peace, Lytton Strachey read aloud from *Eminent Victorians*, during which Duncan Grant fell asleep. T. S. Eliot and E. M. Forster stayed at Rodmell. There were continual comings and goings between the two households. "Charleston is as usual," wrote Virginia. "Nessa emerges from a great variegated quilt of asters and artichokes; not very cordial; a little absent-minded. Clive bursts out of his shirt, sits square in his chair and bubbles. Then Duncan drifts in, also vague, absent-minded, and incredibly wrapped round with yellow waistcoats, spotted ties, and old, blue-stained painting jackets. His trousers have to be hitched up constantly." In his autobiography David Garnett describes him as the most original man he has ever known, a pure artist and nothing else, likening him to Dostoevsky's Prince Myshkin, a man sometimes taken for an idiot by conventional people. By his friends he was greatly loved, a delightful companion, able to make them "laugh till the tears came", notorious for his eccentricity of clothing because, being poor, he relied on other people's cast-offs. Garnett writes of him and Vanessa "painting together in harmony, perfectly happy while they are at work, and rarely resting from it". The house became their canvas. "One after another



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Victory bell designed by Conrad A. Parlanti who was also responsible for the large bronze eagle which crowns the Royal Air Force Memorial on the Victoria Embankment. Bells were then cast from metal recovered from German aircraft shot down over Britain. They carry the heads of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin.

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Last outpost of Bloomsbury



The flint-walled garden that Virginia Woolf found "charming" if "all now rather wild" when she first discovered Charleston for her sister.

the rooms were decorated and altered almost out of recognition as the bodies of the saved are said to be glorified almost out of recognition after the resurrection. . . Thus Charleston was transformed," wrote Garnett. These transformations even figured in Virginia's dreams: "I dreamt I was sitting in a kind of portable WC at Charleston, painted grey, like a beehive to look at."

Duncan's and Vanessa's painting was indeed inclined to flow over everything. Spontaneity was the key as a pink angel playing a lute affixed himself to the side of a log box, and circles, squares and strips of colour turned a fireplace into a celebration of the abstract.

Some of their earliest decorative work had been done for Roger Fry's Omega Workshop which he opened in 1913 as a follow-up to his two Post-Impressionist exhibitions that so outraged the public. Fry's aim was to help the many innovative young artists he knew to extend their ideas into furniture and furnishings, dress materials, screens and wallpapers, some of which can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Omega designs, owing much to Fauve and Cubist influences, revolutionized the style of interior decoration, but nowhere, except at Charleston, is there a whole house in this tradition. All the others have been destroyed either by bombs or by the planners. That is why Charleston is worth preserving, as a unique social, literary and artistic record of the period.

It has an extraordinary atmosphere as you walk down the long passageway, past the photographs of eminent Victorians by Julia Cameron, Vanessa's great-aunt, into the studio which with all its clutter of paintings, old furniture, screens and cobwebs has more than a touch of Miss Faversham. It is as it was when Duncan Grant lived there and Angelica Garnett's aim is to keep it like that while repairing the structure of the house which has become dilapidated. One major problem is that the house itself still belongs to the estate of Lord Gage; it was only rented for all those years. So

the Charleston Trust, a registered charity, has launched an appeal for £350,000. This sum would enable it to buy the house and garden, repair them and create within Charleston a centre for research students with a resident caretaker to open it to visitors. The National Trust, which already owns Monks House, has agreed to accept the house but only if it comes with a sizeable endowment. Some of the decorations need attention if they are to be preserved but Angelica Garnett emphasizes the need to respect their fragility. "We will stop the paint flaking off the walls but try to do it as invisibly as possible. We mustn't over-restore it. The atmosphere depends . . . on the things in the house and the casual way they've been brought together."

In all there are ten decorated rooms and they are filled with paintings and drawings not only by Vanessa and Duncan but also by many of their friends including Frederick Etchells, Walter Sickert, Roger Fry, Victor Pasmore, Simon Bussy; there is also a beautiful screen designed for the Omega Workshop and embroidered panels and stools worked by Duncan Grant's mother to his design. If the house is to be opened to the public it will have to be done with great care. Hundreds of people tramping through the rooms could destroy them even more effectively than damp and dilapidation.

On July 21 and 22 Sotheby's will be holding a charity auction of Bloomsbury papers, drawings and paintings, most of which will come on sale for the first time. Among them will be letters by Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Virginia's writing desk, spectacles and shawl, letters from Clive Bell and paintings by Behrens, Bakst, and an ink drawing by Jean Marchand. All the proceeds will go to the Charleston Trust. Also, Professor Bell has been lecturing in America on Charleston and its associations to raise funds. It will be a sad day if we lose this last outpost of Bloomsbury life and art which Richard Morphet, Deputy Keeper at the Tate Gallery, regards as being of exceptional value in the history of British taste, culture and ideas.

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Saturn's vanishing rings

by Patrick Moore

The planet Saturn is generally regarded as the most beautiful object in the sky. Its ring-system is unrivalled and when well placed for observation is superb.

In 1980, however, things are different. Saturn has been favourably placed for northern-hemisphere astronomers and has hovered on the borders of the constellations Leo and Virgo, but telescopically it has looked very unfamiliar. The rings have completely disappeared from the views obtained with small telescopes, and even powerful instruments have shown them as nothing more than a thin line of light. The basic cause is that the rings are very thin—only a few miles thick at most—and when lying edge-on to us they almost vanish.

Saturn itself is a giant planet, over 70,000 miles in diameter. According to modern theory there is a rocky, iron-rich core, about 11 times the mass of the Earth, extending out 8,600 miles from the planet's centre; next comes a 13,000-mile-thick layer of liquid metallic hydrogen, which is in turn overlaid by the gaseous atmosphere in which hydrogen is the main constituent. The overall density of Saturn's globe is less than that of water. All the same, the total mass is 95 times greater than that of the Earth, and Saturn is by far the largest member of the Sun's planetary system apart from Jupiter. There is a magnetic field 1,000 times stronger than the Earth's; there are also belts of high-energy radiation about as strong as our own Van Allen zones. Saturn sends out more energy than it would do if it depended entirely on what it receives from the Sun, but this does not mean that nuclear processes are going on near the core. No known planet—not even Jupiter—has an internal temperature high enough for that.

The rings are not solid or liquid sheets. It has been known for over a century now that they are made up of small particles, each moving round Saturn in its own independent orbit in the manner of a midget moon. Two of the rings (A and B) are bright, and are separated by a gap known as Cassini's Division in honour of its discoverer; this gap is caused by the gravitational pulls of the inner satellites. Between the inner bright ring (B) and the planet there is another ring, Ring C or the Crêpe Ring, which is more or less transparent. When Saturn is well placed the Crêpe Ring is not difficult to detect.

The flight of Pioneer 11, which bypassed Saturn last year, has confirmed the existence of a division between Ring B and the Crêpe Ring; this has been named the French Division, because astronomers in France had already suspected it. Pioneer also detected two new rings, one outside the main system and one well beyond, about 312,000

miles above the cloud-tops and therefore situated between the orbits of the satellites Rhea and Titan. The outermost ring has been called the F ring, and is separated from Ring A by the Pioneer Division. The ring at 312,000 miles is called the G ring.

The inclination of Saturn's axis of rotation is about 27°, slightly more than in the case of the Earth (23½°). The planet's orbit is also inclined to ours at an angle of over 2°, so that twice in each Saturnian "year" the rings are edge-on to us; in other words, the Earth passes through the ring-plane. Since Saturn takes 29½ years to complete one journey round the Sun these ring-plane passages are predictable.

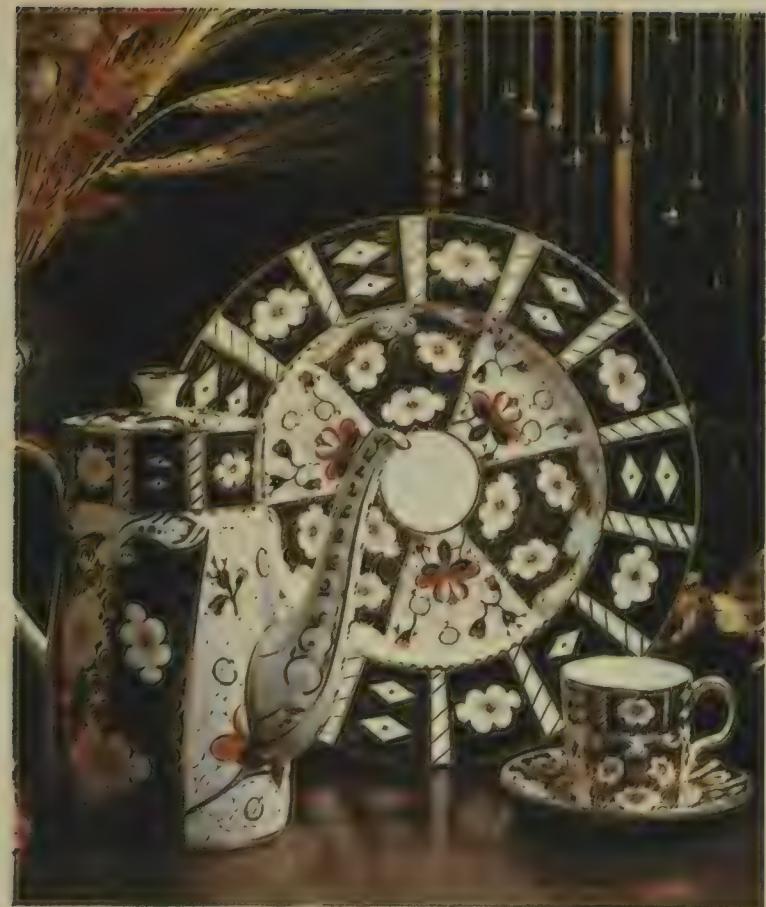
Obviously, the rings are at their most elusive when the Earth lies exactly in the ring-plane, but there are several other factors to be taken into account. When the ring-plane passes through the Sun the sunlight strikes only the extreme edge which, as we have noted, is only a few miles thick. There are also occasions when the Earth is on one side of the ring-plane and the Sun is on the other. At such times we are seeing the unilluminated side of the rings, and have to depend on the small amount of sunlight that percolates through.

During edge-on presentations Saturn may lose its beauty, but it is also of special interest to the observer. The visibility—or lack of it!—gives important clues to the ring thickness; there are also occasional "knots", which may be due to local condensations of ring material. Moreover, this may be the best time for Earth-based observers to detect the faint outer rings since we are looking through the maximum thickness of ring material.

When the rings are virtually invisible from Earth the details on the disk are seen to their best advantage. Like Jupiter, Saturn has well-marked cloud belts, and there are occasional bright spots. The most famous of these was discovered in 1933 by W. T. Hay. It was visible with a small telescope, and I remember seeing it with the modest 3 inch refractor I was using at the time, but it lasted for only a few weeks and no comparable spots have appeared since. When well-marked features on the disk are seen they are carried quite quickly across it from one side to the other, as Saturn has a rapid rotation; its "day" is only 10½ hours long.

Edge-on presentations are also the best times for studying Saturn's extensive family of satellites. Ten were known before the flight of Pioneer; it has detected at least two more, closely outside the rings, and there may be others.

By 1981 Saturn's rings will be clearly visible, and will be open out until the mid 1980s before starting to close up towards the next edgewise presentation in 1995-96. By then the space-probes should have given us much more information about Saturn.



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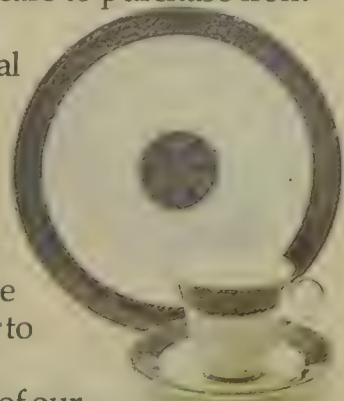
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Boxes by request



by Ursula Robertshaw

Halcyon Days are celebrating ten years of producing Bilston enamel boxes with an exhibition, called Boxes by Special Request, at 14 Brook Street from May 20 until June 20, when they will display examples of the limited editions and commissioned boxes they have made during this period. Some were produced in editions of as few as 50, they commemorate a wide variety of events, and the differing patrons include royalty, international organizations, the Aldeburgh Festival, Cartier's and *The Connoisseur* magazine.

Naturally there will be several newly produced boxes, one of them commemorating the tenth anniversary itself. This, designed by Moira Hodell and produced in an edition of 300, depicts the processes involved in making enamels, the illustrations deriving from an engraving in Diderot's *Encyclopédie* depicting an 18th-century workshop.

Also for the tenth anniversary there is a particularly charming musical box

which plays a Purcell air called "Halcyon Days", composed for Act V of *The Tempest*. This musical box is enamelled with a drawing by Frederick Baylis which derives from an 18th-century engraving by James Basire called *The Concert Party*, later, in 1756, used for an enamelled plaque made by James Sadler of Liverpool and one of Sadler & Green's earliest productions. There will be an edition of 500 of these.

New for this year also are two boxes made to celebrate the Queen Mother's 80th birthday in August. One is in a limited edition of 200 and bears a portrait after the well known Cecil Beaton photograph of Her Majesty in the Blue Drawing Room of Buckingham Palace, the base being decorated with rose, thistle and lilies of the valley (national emblems, and the Queen Mother's favourite flower). The other box, in an edition of 1,000, bears drawings by Caroline Ebborn of the national flowers of Great Britain, with panels of "Elizabeth of Glamis" roses and, again, lilies of the valley.

Also displayed will be an enamelled

miniature carriage clock, produced for the Queen, the enamel panels again designed by Caroline Ebborn—one of several royal commissions with which Halcyon Days have been honoured.

Antique English enamels command high prices at auction today. They have acquired the name Battersea enamels, but this term is largely a misnomer for the Battersea factory only produced their enamel toys for three years, from 1753 to 1756; most of the 18th-century enamels emanated from Bilston where production continued until about 1840, after which the art died out. It was not until ten years ago that Susan Benjamin of Halcyon Days revived it, concentrating on the high quality and excellence of design that have resulted in many of the boxes becoming highly desired collectors' pieces. Prices have risen in a most satisfactory manner: the first Easter egg, for example, limited in production by date not number and produced in 1973 for a selling price of £10, now fetches £250-£300; the box produced for the Queen's Silver Wedding in 1972, which sold then for £42,

The Queen Mother's 80th birthday boxes, editions 200 and 1,000, £120 and £25. Enamelled carriage clock commissioned by the Queen. Halcyon Days' tenth birthday box, edition 300, £65, and musical box, 500, £145.

now goes for £400; and a 1974 Churchill box, originally £58, sold last year for £330. Very few of these collectors' boxes are in fact offered for sale. Halcyon Days will pass inquiries on to collectors who have indicated they might be prepared to sell, but they never themselves deal in previous editions. The prices, therefore, are fixed, as they should be, by supply and demand.

Since Halcyon Days started producing their enamels there have been several imitators, but none has so far approached them either in quality or in the inspiration of design. For this excellence Susan Benjamin herself must take the main credit for she has retained the close control that started the enterprise off and it is her knowledge, flair and taste that have ensured its continuing success.



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The Thracian inheritance

With the growth of interest in regional identities and traditional societies, the attention of archaeologists is currently focussed on the ancient Thracian and Dacian peoples who occupied south-east Europe 2,000 years ago. John Nandris of the Institute of Archaeology, London University, discusses them in relation to the Latin-speaking Aromâni of Greece.

Ethnoarchaeology is not something that belongs to other, darker continents. Even in modern Europe, especially in that most complex of regions south-east Europe, there are important traditional societies with strongly-marked individuality of whom it can be said that nobody knows their name, or if their name is heard many people would be uncertain of their nature. Such a people whose influence in Greece and south-east Europe is belied by their characteristic of merging unobtrusively into the populations around them are the Vlachs, or Aromâni (Aromâni is accented on the very short final "a", and can be written Aromâni or Aromuni). It is typical of them that they should constitute a link between several topics not at first sight easily related.

Two of the topics linked to that of the Aromâni comprise the subject-matter of important archaeological congresses, in London during May and in Vienna during June. The third World Congress of Thracology in Vienna from June 2 to 6 will examine problems covering many aspects of the Thracians, whom Herodotus described in the first millennium BC as a numerous but disunited group of peoples occupying a large area in the northern parts of modern Greece and extending over modern Rumania and into the Ukraine. In May Rumanian and British archaeologists held a colloquium at the Institute of Archaeology in London to discuss the Dacians, an Iron-Age branch of this Thracian population, centred on modern Rumania and northern Bulgaria during the first few centuries BC and AD. In addition the major international exhibition, *The Dacians*, will be on view in this country, until June 7, 1980, at Billingham Art Gallery, Teesside.

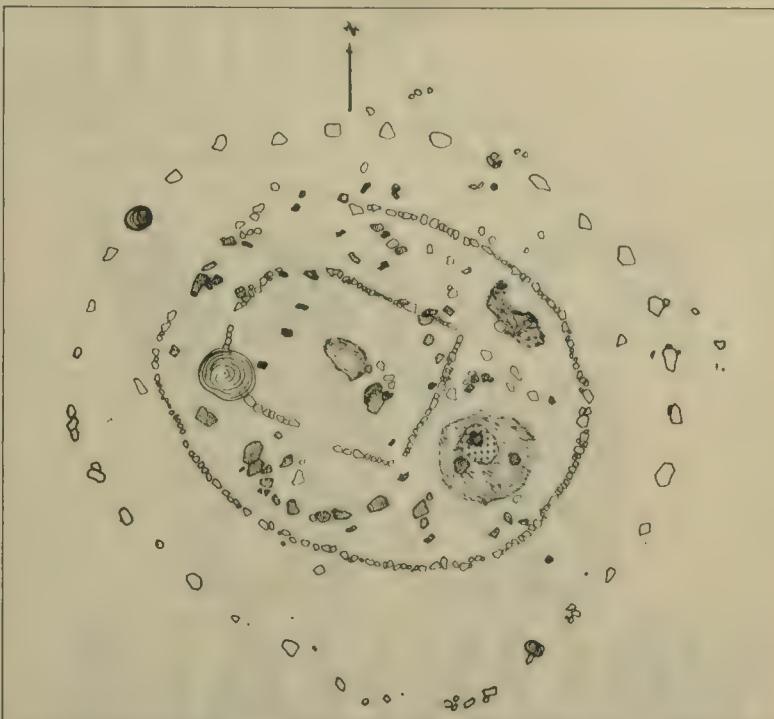
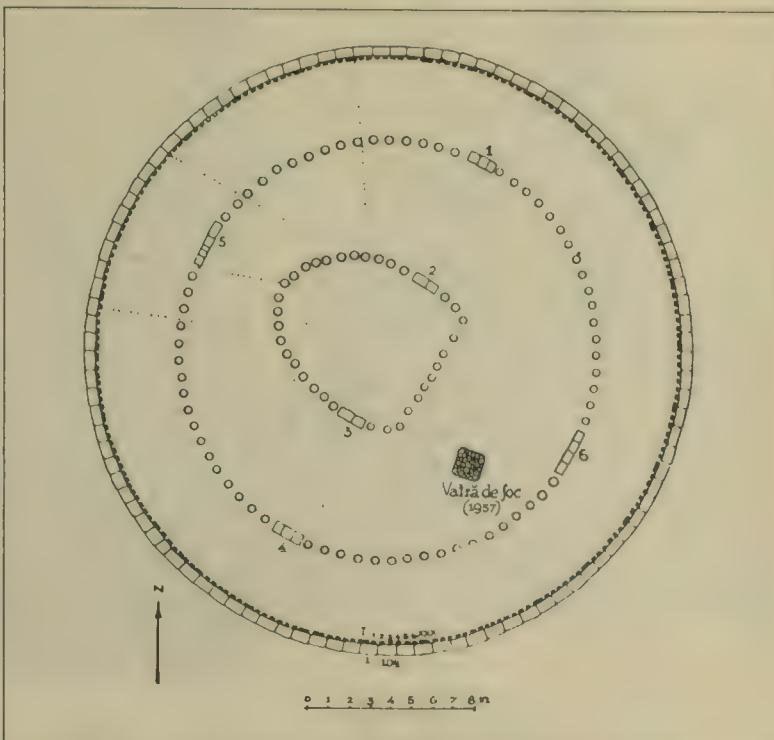
The Dacians were not Latin-speakers initially yet Roman withdrawal south of the Danube in AD 271 after a mere 165 years of occupation left this strongly-defined Thracian-speaking people permanently transformed by the incorporation of Roman culture and a Latin language into the basis of the modern Rumanians with their unequivocally Romance language. This Romanized culture moreover eventually extended far beyond the boundaries of Roman-occupied Dacia, into Moldavia and across the Prut and Dniester into the Ukraine, although it never shared a boundary with what we now think of as Russia until persistent Russian expansion brought them into contact as late as

the 18th century.

The preservation of Rumanian peasant culture over successive centuries of invasion owes much to the refuge afforded by the forests and valleys of the Carpathians, and its wide diffusion to a long association with mobile pastoralism. The Dacians, too, had their strongholds in the mountains; as the Latin writer Florus put it: *Daci montibus inhaerent*. There they hid their sanctuaries, which included complex circular stone calendrical monuments.

As Rumanian archaeologists, notably Hadrian Daicoviciu, have shown, the Dacians also had upland sheepfolds on the high pastures of the Carpathians, corresponding to the *stîna* of the Rumanian shepherd, among which modern analogies can be found. The circular arrangement of these excavated Dacian sheepfolds, the D-shaped hut in their centre, with its orientation and the placing of the hearth before the hut, are all formally reflected in stone, in the dressed andesite blocks of the great calendrical sanctuary at Sarmizegetusa, 90 feet in diameter, which was destroyed by the Roman legions in AD 106. This was used to calculate a 34-year cycle, using a year of 360 days, with an estimated error of only $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours over the 34 years. The unique calendrical system of the Dacians was an internal development, which raises the idea that it may derive from observations of the sky by pastoralists over a long period, and from a system of marking their observations at the place where they were made, namely up on the pastures while watching over flocks by night.

Seasonal pastoralism is a highly effective strategy for exploiting the resources of the mountain environment and the best exponents of it in south-east Europe are undoubtedly the Latin peoples. It is remarkable to note the consistent association of transhumant pastoralism with Latinity, over the whole area north of the Mediterranean, and with imperial conditions, whether Roman or Ottoman, which created economic demands for its products and effectively liberated it from the constraint of narrow frontiers which hinder transhumance. To understand this phenomenon you need only turn from the shepherds of Rumania, who traversed the Carpathians north of the Danube as far as the Tatra and southern Poland and even reached the Caucasus on occasion, to the Aromâni south of



Dacian sanctuaries (top) and sheepfolds at Sarmizegetusa are strikingly similar.

the Danube, who share as their native tongue the same Latin language.

The Aromâni are usually visible to tourists in Greece only in the form of a distant circular enclosure of thorn fence high on a hillside, where they can safely be characterized as "Greek shepherds". Only rarely will travellers penetrate to the remoter localities where the shepherds still build beehive huts of wicker and reed thatch. In all their dealings with the outside world they speak Greek, and indeed they have been among the most assiduous proponents of Hellenic culture and the Greek ideal, playing a leading part in the Greek war of independence. Like the Dacians and the

Rumanians they have survived in the mountains, and they have a saying reminiscent of Florus: *Casa anoastră-i muntele* ("Our home is the mountains").

These three peoples ultimately inherit the Thracian cultural succession in south-east Europe, and the Latin linguistic succession, owing their survival to the occupation of a special human and ecological niche and in the case of the Aromâni elaborating this with a series of peculiarly versatile specialisms. Some details of material culture are undoubtedly very ancient. The Thracian costume of a shirt worn outside the trousers, often held by a broad leather belt, is attested

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on the Dacians, in the reliefs of Trajan's Column which depict the story of the wars against them. This shirt is characteristic of Rumanian peasant costume even today, and of the Tosks of southern Albania (who have excellent claims to inclusion in the Illyrian-Thracian succession, again by virtue of inhabiting mountain refuges), and among the Vlachs. It was recently adopted under the Germanic monarchy as the national costume of Greece, in the more epicene version of *fustanella* affected by the Evzones, but this was facilitated by the fact that the Albanian and Vlah element was so marked in the Greek population. For example, three generations ago the populations of Attica, Boeotia, southern Euboea, Hydra and other core areas of the tourist zone were Albanian-speaking. The picturesque Plaka district under the Acropolis of Athens was the Albanian quarter and the city had special law courts functioning in the Albanian language. But there is no doubt that with the Aromâni we are dealing with the inheritors of a very ancient culture, long antedating the arrival of the Slavs, who had completely covered the Greek peninsula by AD 600.

The Slavs were agriculturalists and occupied a different human niche, confining themselves to the arable lowlands. The Greeks themselves were primarily to be found in the coastal ports, in their mercantile role as seamen. The niche occupied by the Aromâni is typically that of mountain pastoralists and they consistently rejected agricultural toil; but they were throughout history far more than merely shepherds, acting as a most remarkable socio-economic catalyst over the Balkan area into Byzantine and Ottoman times. Such a mobile people is difficult to pin down geographically, a fact which the Aromâni exploited to the full when faced by the Turkish tax-collectors. Indeed it has been said of them that for



this sort of reason their favourite position for a village is "a hole on the top of a hill". Their mountain villages, perched over ravines, contain the best-made stone houses of Greece. The main focus is today in the Pindus range, from which they descend in the winter to the warmer plains of Thessaly and to the Epirus.

A characteristic location is on a col or pass in the mountains, and a map of some such Aromâni villages picks out why the Vlah capital Amiciu (Metsovo) should have acquired its importance. It lies not merely on the main pass through the Pindus mountains between Thessaly and Epirus but at the focus of the headwaters of all the main rivers of Greece, and thus of the travels not only of voyagers crossing the mountains but also of Vlah shepherds and muleteers moving within their native mountain communities. In this connexion it is interesting to remember that when Virgil represents



The map shows how the five rivers of the Pindus range define the strategic position in Greece of the Vlah capital Amiciu (Metsovo) and the typical location of villages on mountain passes. The woman's costume of Metsovo, left, and the men's costumes of Samaria, also in Greece, are characteristic of those of Rumania and Albania.

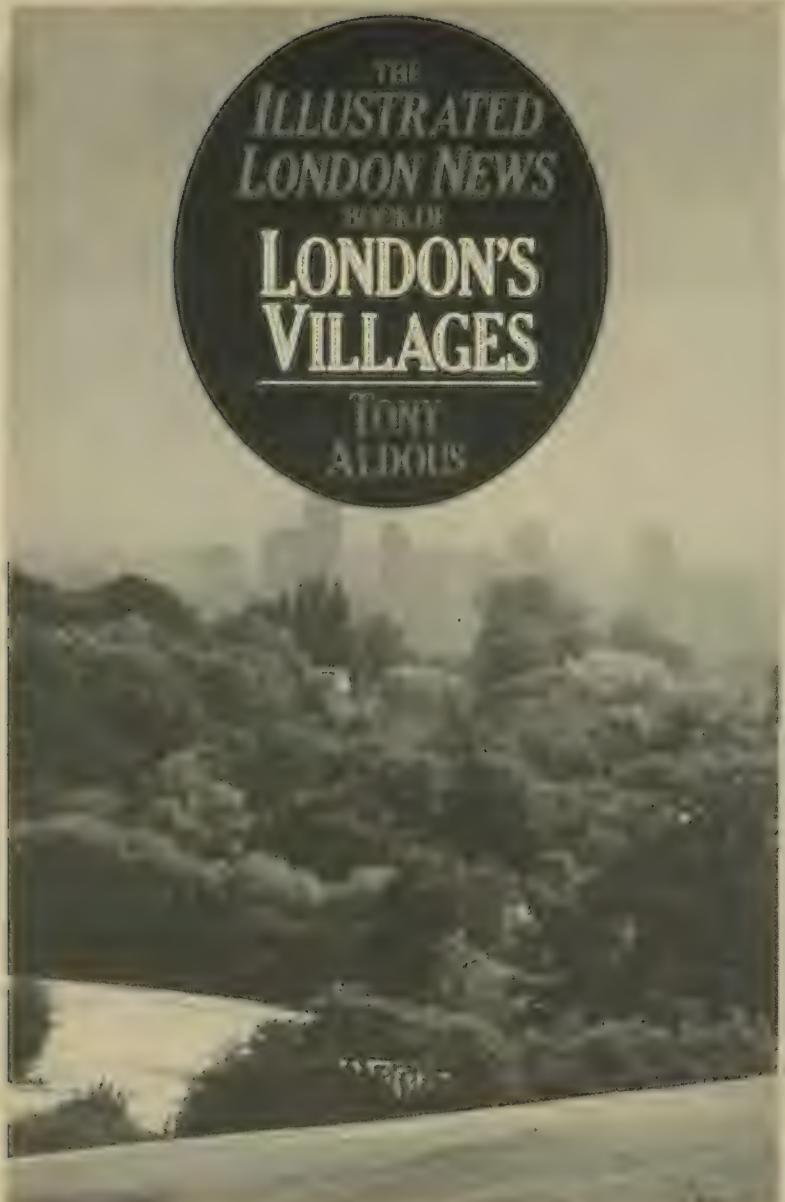
the shepherd Aristaeus following the stream of the Peneios to its source, where he finds the home of his mother the river goddess, he is described as seeing "the headwaters of all the great rivers on earth" flowing beneath the ground at this spot.

This strategic location also reflects the dominating role of the Aromâni as merchants overland, complementing that of the Greeks on the sea. They were the muleteers and guides of south-east Europe, a vital role before the coming of the railways. They exploited their skills as builders in improving the pack roads and in building graceful, high-arched stone bridges along their routes with low parapets against which the loaded mules would not rub. Essentially mobile, they traversed the Balkans whether with sheep or trains of mules, speaking more than one language as a matter of course, running the inns and caravanserais *en route*, and exercising other crafts as gunsmiths, silversmiths, copperworkers and blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors and woodcarvers. Their spirit of private enterprise also readily lent itself to brigandage, and most of the *klephts* of the Greek revolution against the Turks were mountain Vlachs operating under Greek names. They were also valued as soldiers throughout history, and still provide the most valued and toughest commandos of the Greek Army. But more than this they initiated a tradition of travel outside Greece, often staying away for many years. They sought to better their position, as "Greek merchants" in Serbia, and as far afield as Vienna, in conditions far removed from those of the modern Greek *gastarbeiter*, for they were very much their own masters, running their own businesses. Many of these Aromâni

became very rich and rose to high positions, such as Dumba who became counsellor to the Emperor Franz Josef, or Nasică from Samaria who became chairman of the Federal Power Commission in the United States. They have even included among their descendants members of the British Parliament, such as Piers Dixon. On their return to their native country they were able to become notable benefactors and endow institutes of commerce, learning and literature, printing presses and schools. Today the family of Averoff-Tossitsa provides Greece with her Minister of Defence, and dominates Amiciu.

It was on the Aromâni printing presses of Vienna that Rhigas was able to print the literature instigating the 1821 revolution; he himself had Vlah origins, from Velestinon and ultimately Perivoli in the Pindus. It was with benefactions from rich Aromâni that marble monuments and buildings in Athens were endowed, notably the luxurious National Archaeological Museum and the Academy, both in classical style, the Metsovion Polytechnic, the Military Academy, and Panathenaic Stadium for the Olympic Games of 1896. George Averoff presented the Greek Navy with its largest battleship, now moored as an impressive hulk off Hydra. Today many Aromâni become doctors or lawyers.

This remarkable ethnohistorical record, which is even more complex than has been made out here, illustrates a number of things. But just as the Dacians were in close contact with the Greek trading colonies on the Black Sea before they came under Roman domination so the Aromâni, alone among Balkan peoples, combine in themselves the strongest traditions both of Latinity and of Hellenism.



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BOOKS

What might have been

by Robert Blake

1943: The Victory that Never Was

by John Grigg
Eyre Methuen, £7.95

The theme of this clear, vigorous, well-written book is that an Allied cross-Channel invasion could have been mounted in 1943 with as good a prospect of success as in 1944 — perhaps an even better chance — and that the war would have ended over a year earlier. A vast amount of death and destruction would have been averted, and the Anglo-American forces, penetrating much farther east than they actually did, would have saved great areas of Europe from the grim totalitarian régimes under which they have lived for some 35 years and which show no sign of ending in the foreseeable future. The Allied failure to achieve this latter aim, though not the former, was also the subject of the late Chester Wilmot's *Struggle for Europe* published in 1952. His criticism, however, took a different line. He accepted that Overlord had to be in 1944, and that the war could not have been ended a year earlier, but he argued that the fatal error was Anvil, the irrelevant invasion of southern France some ten weeks after D-Day, which robbed General Alexander of the chance to conquer Italy, move north-east into Yugoslavia and the Balkans and seize Vienna, Prague and Berlin before the Russians could get there.

That Anvil as executed was a perfectly futile operation would be generally accepted. It might have made some sense if launched simultaneously with Overlord or just afterwards; August 15 was far too late. But Wilmot's argument that the resources devoted to Anvil could have enabled Alexander to secure Austria, Czechoslovakia and a large part of the Balkans for the Allies is much more dubious. Few phrases in that connexion have done greater harm than Churchill's "the Soft Underbelly of Europe", too often misinterpreted as meaning that it is easier to attack from the Mediterranean than the North Sea. Italy, Greece and the Balkans are anything but "soft". On the contrary, the terrain is about as favourable to defence and unfavourable to attack as it could be. Even if Alexander had had the benefit of the divisions wasted on Anvil, he would almost certainly not have been able to beat the Russians to Prague and Vienna, attractive though the hypothesis was, and still is, to the anti-Roosevelt partisans and all those who saw his policy as a "betrayal" of true Western interests.

Mr Grigg, while also very critical of Anvil, is rightly sceptical about Wilmot's general thesis. In his view the same desirable end, plus the saving of millions of lives, could have been

achieved if D-Day had been fixed a year earlier. Of the "ifs" of history there is no end. One cannot prove Mr Grigg to be wrong, but the unanimous view of contemporary Anglo-American planners, endorsed by most historians, cannot easily be set aside. Their view was that, given the decision to land in North Africa in 1942, a cross-Channel invasion was not feasible in 1943. It is important to analyse their reasons; some were good and some bad. Like all good advocates Mr Grigg concentrates on the bad, but he does not meet the most weighty of all — the logistical case which has never been demolished.

He is certainly right to condemn the RAF policy of area bombing in Germany. He may be right in arguing that Allied air power could have done to German troop movements in 1943 what it did in 1944, though it is as well to remember that even in 1944 the Germans managed to move two armoured divisions (300 tanks) from Poland to Lorraine in a week, and that their armoured reserves would have been much stronger in the early summer of 1943 before Hitler had made one of his major errors, namely, committing most of them in the disastrous Kursk offensive. Mr Grigg may well be also right that supplies of landing craft and devices such as the "Mulberry" harbours could have been available in 1943, and that the German coastal fortifications were weaker than a year later.

None of these arguments touches the really crucial difficulty confronting the advocates of a second front in 1943, which was that after the invasion of North Africa there simply was not and could not have been enough shipping to bring the necessary forces back to Britain in time for an attack which had to be launched before July, 1943 if it was to have a chance of success. Mr Grigg does not condemn the North African landings. He merely argues that they should not have been followed up and that the German army should have been left to rot away in Tunisia, while the principal strength of the Allies was deployed in readiness for a cross-Channel invasion the following year. But if the planners of the day, followed by most subsequent historians, are right about the shipping logistics then the real turning point, the fundamental error — assuming that there was an error at all — lay with the North African landings. This was indeed the argument of General Marshall who wanted 1942 to be devoted wholly to the build-up for a cross-Channel invasion in 1943. Roosevelt rejected his argument on political grounds. The pressure in America to divert major resources to the more popular but far less important war against Japan would have been too great. If the Americans were not pulled into the European theatre in 1942 they might never be pulled in at all. Politics and logistics both pointed towards the course adopted. Mr Grigg has written a fascinating book, but he does not in the end convince.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

The House of the Prophet

by Louis Auchincloss
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.95

Schultz
by J. P. Donleavy

Allen Lane, £5.95

Life Before Man
by Margaret Atwood

Cape, £5.95

The Alchemists
by Margaret Doody

Bodley Head, £5.95

Those who feel at home among the people of quality, socially, politically and intellectually speaking, who frequent the pages of Louis Auchincloss's novels will scarcely find themselves adrift while reading *The House of the Prophet*. Similarly, admirers of J. P. Donleavy's anarchic farces, *The Ginger Man*, *A Singular Man* and *Darcy Dancer, Gentleman*, will experience an agreeable sense of the familiar when plunging into *Schultz*.

The protagonist of Auchincloss's book is a distinguished American political commentator, Felix Leitner. His dazzling career, as journalist, presidential adviser and author of controversial books on constitutional law and international politics, spans the period from the First World War to Watergate. The reader has a flattering sense of being close to the centre of world events, for little that is parochial or trivial is allowed to intrude. But a consequence of this is that there are too many set pieces on political themes, with a device for firing them off by which a hostess announces that she has chosen such and such a topic for general discussion that evening. Nevertheless the author offers an absorbing and convincing character-study rooted, I think, in the idea of that necessary egoism by which men of genius must live and the mutual destructiveness of their relationships with women.

In Leitner's case this egoism derives from an unshakable commitment to intellectual truth, the assertion of which may appear as a betrayal either to individuals with whom he is closely related, or to the interests of the law firm with which he is associated when his views on labour issues prove incompatible with those interests. He is Jewish, starts out with strong socialist ideals and moves gradually to the right. He abandons his first wife, also socialist, and makes a disastrous second marriage. Late in life he discovers his need to be free of all ties—and the cost to himself and others of his single-minded pursuit of the truth.

This is a compelling analysis of the isolation of the intellectual as artist. Whatever the setting—New York, a coastal resort in Maine or the dinner-party round in Georgetown—the char-

acters are authentically drawn, and the multi-narrator method by which Leitner's story is told is skilfully handled.

J. P. Donleavy's zest, his rumbustious, bawdy whimsicality, remain apparently undiminished. The eponymous hero-victim of *Schultz* is a young Jewish-American impresario launching himself into the always promising but sometimes unfriendly show-business world in London. He is also, in the familiar Donleavy manner, a compulsive womanizer of ferocious sexual appetite. In both spheres his life is one of high tension, and the author sustains throughout a breathless commentary-like style of which some readers may easily tire. As a producer Schultz needs backers, a treacherous field in which he is helped by Big Al Duke and by two wealthy aristocrats, Lord Nectarine and his friend Binky, who run Sperm Productions. But he finds these two charmers given to practical jokes, and Al lands him with a wife he does not want. Al's wife is one of the women he does want, and so is Nectarine's servant Roxana, who turns out to be a lesbian. The scene in which the accident-prone Schultz hides under a bed while his enraged wife attempts to strangle the woman (Agnes, her best friend) with whom he has, after the wedding, been sharing it and then finds himself clutching the wig of his behemoth of a mother-in-law while submitting to her furious assault, typifies the chaotic pitch of this sexual farce.

In *Life Before Man*, by the Canadian novelist Margaret Atwood, a married woman reflects with distaste on the power her lover has over her. Her husband Nate never had this power—marrying him had been as easy as trying on a shoe. This is a telling image because the author digs so remorselessly into the interior lives of her characters that we find ourselves scarcely a step behind them at every disturbing moment of self-discovery. The marriage of Elizabeth, who works in a museum, and Nate, who gave up the law to make toys at home, is collapsing. When Elizabeth's lover shoots himself the triangle is re-formed with the addition of Lesje, a girl of Lithuanian origins who drifts into an affair with Nate. Lesje also works in the museum, among the dinosaurs, and in her darker moments is given to speculating about the future of the human race. Nate is afraid that his destiny is simply to be his mother's son when he becomes saddled with her futile voluntary work, and Elizabeth sees her life as a house built over an abyss. This is a novel with many arresting perceptions of the fragility of human life.

You could say the same, but only with satiric tongue in cheek, of Margaret Doody's *The Alchemists*. If the merry pranks of yesterday's students are the corrupt business ethics of today then perhaps we should see in the story of Tony, Paul and Valeria a mysterious, alchemic working of the law of cause and effect. These bright young rogues, Oxford undergraduates in the 1960s,

are being nurtured intellectually by that university's tutorial system which develops the mind by teaching it "to dispute all points made in old books". At the same time they are engaged in a variety of rackets—forging manuscripts, running a brothel, concocting an aphrodisiac and much else—and providing an education in Real Life to an innocent American girl whose preconceptions of the golden world of Oxford are shattered when the naughty trio's schemes fall apart during the filming of an Edwardian costume drama.

report of the Secretary-General. That said, it is at its most emphatic and passionate in its outline of the difficulties of what has been called "the most impossible job in the world", and in its defence of the UN from the familiar criticisms of ineffectiveness and expense. And it is revealing in its reflection of Mr Waldheim's considerable sensitivity to personal criticism.

Valley of the Elephants

by Norman Carr
Collins, £6.50

Norman Carr slaps the reader heartily on the back and invites him on a safari in the Valley of the Luangwa in north-eastern Zambia where he has worked for nearly 40 years. The two parks together cover an area twice the size of Wales and support one of the greatest concentrations of wildlife in the world, including over 100,000 elephants.

The author takes us through a year in the valley, evoking the changing seasons in prose which is usually crisp and fluent. It is occasionally marred by Boy Scout jocularity, as when he talks of "fairly rotten grub", and the odd bad pun—elephants put in "trunk calls" to one another. But his knowledge of all wildlife, from elephants and lions to termites, is detailed with meticulous care, and illustrated by splendid photographs. Mr Carr's fascination with the total environment, as well as with individual animals, leaves the reader with a better understanding of the interdependence of all species in the complex chain of life.

Other new books

Queen Victoria's Children

by Daphne Bennett
Victor Gollancz, £7.50

Queen Victoria had nine children, four of whom had the benefit of some educational guidance from their father, the Prince Consort, who proved to be not only "a capital nurse", as Queen Victoria called him in the early years of their marriage, but also an excellent teacher. By the time the five youngest children were of an age for the same guidance Albert was dead, and they suffered in various ways, both from the lack of his instruction and from their mother's prolonged collapse. Daphne Bennett has written an interesting book about the children, with a short chapter on each of them based on material in the Royal Archives. She is able to show that the Queen and Albert liked children, and were fascinated by watching them grow and develop, with the result that there was, at least while Albert was alive, a warmth of family life in the royal household which has not always been apparent in other accounts of Queen Victoria's life.

The Challenge of Peace

by Kurt Waldheim
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £7.95

The Secretary-General of the United Nations, being centrally positioned in world affairs as well as articulate and committed, will one day write a book about relationships between nations and their representatives that will be essential reading. This, alas, is not it. The plain fact is that at present Mr Waldheim cannot write what he thinks because of the constraints of his position. As a result this part-biography, part-apologia for the UN, and part-account of his role in dealing with the problems of such areas as the Middle East and Southern Africa, makes frustrating reading.

Mr Waldheim himself refers to the need for the Secretary-General to maintain impartiality, which "does not give me much free rein to express my personal views or reactions openly". Perhaps he was ill-advised to write a book at this stage, for he gives his readers less than value, especially as a fifth of the work consists of extracts from the UN's charter and the latest

The Oxford Book of Contemporary Verse

Chosen by D. J. Enright
Oxford University Press, £7.50

"Contemporary" in the context of this book of modern verse means 1945 on, and the selection includes examples, some well known and others less, of the works of such poets as Dannie Abse, Elizabeth Bishop, Douglas Dunn, Thom Gunn, Ted Hughes, Robert Lowell and Stevie Smith. What Mr Enright is after, he says, is the poetry "of civility, passion and order". This of course is only right and proper in any book published under the OUP imprint, and Mr Enright has kept close to his brief. In his introduction he envies Mr Philip Larkin's more generous terms of reference (in compiling *The Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse*), but it will surprise many readers to find how wide-ranging this collection is, and those who suspect that most contemporary poetry is both unpleasurable and meaningless will be amazed and, one hopes, shamed into confessing their error.

Correction

In our March issue it was wrongly stated that Mr Alan Bowness had at one time been director of the Courtauld Institute. In fact Mr Bowness was deputy director.

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The vitality of Japan

by David Tennant

I had been in Japan barely 24 hours and was just recovering from the inevitable impact made by that astonishing land on a first-time western visitor. Although I had read many books and seen numerous films and television programmes about Japan, and talked with people who had been there, I was not quite prepared for what greeted me from the moment I arrived at Tokyo's superb, if controversial, Narita airport.

The feeling of vitality, at times almost frightening in its intensity, permeates everything except perhaps the peaceful ambience of the many temples and formal gardens. There is also "service", a willingness to please and be of help to a degree I have not experienced elsewhere, and an adherence to efficiency and punctuality that assumes near-religious fervour.

All this is tempered, however, by a code of politeness and long-established formality that is almost totally alien in the western world today. The Japanese may have absorbed, adapted and developed most of the technological paraphernalia that had their origins in Europe and North America, and there is much that is immediately familiar to the foreign visitor, but they have retained the fundamental structure of their ancient civilization. "The bamboo bends but does not break" is an expression which epitomizes much that is contemporary Japan. These comments are important for any understanding of Japan, even for those going on a short leisure or business trip.

I was in the Ryokan Tawaraya, an old but discreetly modernized inn in the heart of the city of Kyoto, the Japanese capital from its foundation in 794 until 1868 when the Imperial Court moved to Tokyo. Having made myself comfortable on the floor-level cushioned seat I awaited my first truly Japanese meal in that country. I was not disappointed.

The chopsticks, which I managed with surprising dexterity if unconventional style, were of carved ivory and the welcome, slightly damp, hand towel came wrapped in cellophane. The dishes and their myriad contents were arrayed with such artistry that it seemed a pity to disturb the design by actually eating! There was *Sukiyaki* (thin meat slices cooked with vegetables), *Tempura* (deep-fried fish and prawns), soups of various kinds, vegetables of an even greater range and exotic pickles, plus sweet rice biscuits. Green tea, that astringent drink much favoured by the Japanese on every occasion, was dispensed from a beautiful china tea-pot into little handle-less cups and hot *Sake*, distilled from rice and wheat and more potent than its bland taste would imply, was poured into egg-cup-sized china cups. Local beer was served ice cold in elegant glass tumblers.



Left, Kyoto's most renowned shrine is the Kinkaku-ji, the Temple of the Golden Pavilion; above, Mount Fuji, the quiescent volcano 70 miles from Tokyo.

Room rates are between £12 single and £17 double to around £40. As in all Japanese hotels there is a service charge, usually 10 or 15 per cent, but no tipping is expected. Indeed tipping is rare in Japan, even in taxis.

Some 25 miles south of Kyoto is Nara, another former capital of Japan for a short time in the eighth century. Today, despite some dreadful industrial developments around it, this city of over 250,000 people is one of the country's main tourist centres with numerous temples and shrines, a vast amusement park and hordes of visitors, most of whom come for the day. Foremost among its attractions is the world's largest all-wooden building, the Daibutsu-den or Hall of the Great Buddha. The present structure, which dates from the early 18th century, replaces a much older hall destroyed by fire. It is superbly built on a massive scale, rising to over 160 feet and topped by an ornamental tiled roof.

Within is an overwhelming bronze statue of the Great Sun Buddha, weighing 550 tons, about 70 feet high with its thumb 5 feet 3 inches long. Originally cast in the eighth century with various recastings to replace sections damaged by fire, its face seemed to me to depict boredom rather than contemplation. But perhaps it was the thick layer of dust which covered it that gave this impression!

According to ancient legend the gods descended from heaven to the island of Kyushu and founded Japan, an understandable story as this, the southernmost of the four main islands making up the country, still has several active volcanoes, hot steam geysers and even warm curative sands on its shores. It was here, too, that the first important contacts with the west were made and where Christianity has taken its biggest hold, due in part to the preaching of St Francis Xavier who set up his mission in Nagasaki. It is also one of the most scenic parts of Japan with an almost sub-tropical climate around its southern shores, though the hill-tops were snow-capped in February.

The Tawaraya, one of the most renowned of the old *Ryokans* or traditional inns, has played host to many distinguished visitors in the last 20 years or so. Built of wood and stone on two floors, it surrounds a small, formal garden. Guests leave their shoes at the entrance and wear slippers. A simple kimono is also provided and, as in most Japanese hotels, there are facilities for making your own tea, coffee or green tea. The décor and furnishings are likewise traditional and you sleep on surprisingly comfortable thin mattresses on the floor. The bathrooms have small cedar-wood tubs in which you sit almost up to your neck in water—after having washed yourself under the shower as is the custom. It is a most relaxing exercise. Each room has a colour television set, the Japanese having become almost totally addicted to the "box". *Demi-pension* here works out at around £50 per day.

Kyoto has so many shrines and temples that you feel its citizens must spend a large part of their time in worship—but it is also a main industrial centre with a population of nearly one and a half million. The most renowned of the shrines, and in some respects the most beautiful, is the Kinkaku-ji—the Temple of the Golden Pavilion. The present structure was built in 1955 after the original building, dating from the end of the 14th century, had been burned down by one of the priests; but it is an exact replica.

The Heian Jingu, the most colourful

of the shrines, has a vast gate in brilliant scarlet and orange, while the Ryoan-ji or Temple of the Peaceful Dragon is revered for its Zen garden which consists simply of 15 stones of various sizes arranged in groups on a large bed of raked sand. It is supposed to create a feeling of complete serenity but the constant coming and going of visitors and the clicking of innumerable cameras did little to induce that in me. The great Hijo Palace with its moats and turrets (for decoration not defence) is most impressive both outside and inside; it is decorated with painted panels, wood carvings and ornate ceilings.

I was able to visit the grounds and peer into the extensive complex of buildings (but not step across the threshold) that was and still is officially the Imperial Palace. Now only used at the coronation of the Emperor it is out of bounds to most Japanese although foreign visitors can obtain special permission to go behind its massive walls. Its beautiful gardens with their streams and pools are its outstanding attraction.

There are both full-day and half-day coach tours around Kyoto with English-speaking guides. For getting about on foot (Japanese cities are among the safest in the world, apart from the traffic) the tourist office provides easy-to-follow maps and plans, again in English. On my second night I stayed in the 500-bedroom Kyoto Hotel, the longest-established in the city. Its rooftop restaurant provided a succulent steak prepared in the Japanese style.





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I flew from Osaka, Japan's second-largest city, to Kagoshima, right down in the south of Kyushu. This seaport city has been called the "Naples of Japan" as a mile or two away across a sheltered bay lies Sakurajima, one of the largest of the active volcanoes, puffing smoke and ash without cease. It was formerly an island but in 1914 a lengthy eruption turned it into a peninsula, fortunately with little loss of life. The country around the city and its coastline is particularly attractive, fertile on the lower slopes of the mountains with orange groves (the sweet Satsumas take their name from the local province), maize fields and market gardens in profusion. Much of the area is a national park with the deep blue Ikeda Lake in a sunken crater more or less at its centre. The lake is renowned for its eels (Japanese smoked eel is an appetizing delicacy) and also claims to have a rival to the Loch Ness monster.

Beside the sea, with a long beach of hot sand, a few miles south of Kagoshima is the Ibusuki Iwasaki Hotel, set in 50 acres of landscaped gardens of extraordinary ingenuity (they extend into the hotel itself) complete with ornamental ducks and running streams. The hotel is huge with over 650 rooms, both western and Japanese in style, swimming pools, a garish but spotlessly maintained amusement arcade, several restaurants, bars, a shopping complex that even sold furniture and a staff that seemed to be everywhere. But the greatest surprise of all was its amazing steam bath house which, unlike the anti-septic and impersonal type we know in Europe, was highly exotic. There were pools of every shape and size from those that could barely hold one body to some that could contain at least 200, and tropical plants and palm trees, bubbling fountains and gurgling streams all under a vast roof that let the sun in by day. After dark, coloured lights and decorative lamps added their own charm. There was separate accommodation for men and women but the sexes shared the hot sand baths. Here you lay down, naked or wearing a thin cotton garment, while piles of hot rather gritty sand were shovelled over you. Then you lay there as long as you could stand the heat.

All this plunging into hot pools and sand baths gives a unique psychological uplift. The Japanese enjoy it all immensely if their uninhibited laughter was anything to judge by. When it was all over I ate an elaborate Japanese meal (cooking the *Sukiyaki* myself on a gas hot-plate with which every table was provided) in the vast, colourful theatre-restaurant, another of the hotel's amenities. A Hawaiian-Japanese floor show that would have done justice to a Las Vegas spectacular kept us amused.

It was an evening I shall long remember. A night at the Iwasaki Hotel complete with all the trimmings I enjoyed costs around £30 to £40 depending on the room.

My last stop in Kyushu was at Miyazaki on the east coast of the island,



Tokyo's garish Ginza district, "a cleaner, gaudier Piccadilly Circus", is the city's busiest shopping centre.

a city and area that is fast expanding, not least in its leisure facilities. Here there are beaches and cactus gardens (the world's largest I was told), a fine safari park, more temples, including the impressive Udo Shrine in a great cave right by the sea, prehistoric burial grounds and, with the modern first-class Hotel Phoenix close by the greens, two top-grade golf courses where the Dunlop World Championships have been held. The area attracts over one and a half million Japanese visitors annually but fewer than 8,000 from overseas.

My time in Tokyo was short but the city's strident exuberance was immediately apparent. I found it fascinating although I doubt if I could stay there for any length of time. The garish Ginza district could have been a cleaner, gaudier Piccadilly Circus or New York's Times Square. The great department stores and chic boutiques would have looked in place in any western capital and the solid skyscrapers in the business district could have been the City of London or Lower Manhattan.

But the sprawling Imperial Palace with its gardens, moats, walls and ornate gates was essentially Japanese.

Before going to Japan I had been warned about high costs, but these reports proved to be somewhat exaggerated. While it is all too easy to run up large bills in Tokyo's smarter restaurants and night spots, I found prices overall to be comparable with those in the UK, less in some cases, such as for internal travel by rail and air (both superior in many respects, certainly in service and frequency, than here) and for good quality hotels in provincial centres. A report published recently shows Tokyo ninth in a list of 17 world cities compared on a cost basis—less expensive than Paris, New York, Frankfurt and London.

What is undeniably expensive is getting there. The current economy class return fare between London and Tokyo is £1,445 and first class a breathtaking £2,674. I flew by Japan Air Lines on one of their Boeing 747 Jumbos over the Pole via Anchorage. The cabin crew did

not know I was a guest in first class, so I can honestly say that for service and comfort the flights were the best I have experienced in many years of flying. A British businessman who was on his fourth trip was equally enthusiastic about economy class.

I hope JAL will soon introduce an excursion ticket to reduce the present high cost, perhaps on an advance booking basis. It would certainly encourage holiday travel to Japan. Meanwhile the most economical way is to take an inclusive tour. Several UK companies offer these and JAL have their own series costing from around £740 for two weeks based in Tokyo (hotel and travel only) to £1,175 for a 15-day sightseeing tour with accommodation, excursions, travel and some meals. All are on a limited departure basis.

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Insured for legal fees

by John Gaselee

One effect of the increasing cost of motor insurance is that more motorists are deciding to cut their premium cost by taking only third party insurance instead of the more expensive comprehensive type of policy. While this offers significant savings, the drawback is that there is no cover for accidental damage to the car under third party.

In the event of a collision, therefore, it is particularly important to be able to recover the cost of repairs from any other motorist whose negligence caused it. He is likely to be insured for such liability (although it is not compulsory) but his insurers may not be prepared to pay out without putting up a fight. Most of us are not sufficiently well versed in legal niceties to be able to take on somebody else's insurers (sometimes it is bad enough trying to extract a claim from one's own). Most insurance brokers do not see it as part of their work to recover such damages and in any case there is a limit to how far a broker can go.

But now several insurance companies are offering legal expenses insurance. For a relatively modest premium you can claim for the legal costs of recovering damages from another motorist—provided the insurance company considers that you have a reasonable chance of winning. The legal expenses insurance can apply to other incidents that may arise—for instance, in connexion with the sale, hire, servicing and so on of cars. Often the mere fact that you are equipped to undertake a court action will result in your opponent admitting defeat. Legal expenses insurance, therefore, can add substantial muscle to any argument.

Wide as is the protection provided by most comprehensive motor policies, the great majority do not meet the cost of hiring a substitute car if your own is off the road after an accident or if it has been stolen. But if the accident was caused by somebody else, it may be possible through legal expenses insurance to claim from him or his insurers the cost of hiring a substitute vehicle. But such a course is out of the question if the car has been stolen or the accident did not involve anybody else.

Since some insurers take up to six weeks before settling a claim for theft on the grounds that the car may be recovered by the police in that time, hire charges can be considerable. But it is possible to arrange separate loss-of-use insurance. The General Accident, however, as a matter of course, provides cover under a comprehensive policy for a substitute car to be hired from Godfrey Davis for up to a fortnight—free. If the vehicle should be needed for a longer period a discount is allowed off the normal hire charge.

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against loss of use in this way and it will meet the cost of employing a driver if a member is disqualified from driving as the result of three speeding offences or a drink/driving conviction. St Christopher's takes the view that this is in no way against the public interest. The law prevents a disqualified driver from being behind the wheel of a car: it does not prevent him from being mobile.

Over the years motor insurers have been criticized on the ground that motorists with poor records have been subsidized by the rest. Insurers seem to have taken this criticism to heart and are now much harsher towards those with poor records. Often after a serious incident such as a drink/driving conviction the normal motor insurance market will not be particularly enthusiastic. Fortunately, however, one or two insurance companies and certain underwriters at Lloyd's specialize in "impaired" risks.

More motorists are taking recovery insurance—which is a get-you-home service after a breakdown. Both the major motoring organizations offer this as a supplement to normal membership. The largest independent organization is the National Breakdown Recovery Club, based in Bradford. If a member has an accident or major breakdown the car and passengers can be transported home or to the intended destination free of charge. Originally, National Breakdown did not provide cover for roadside repairs, but now this protection can be bought at extra cost.

One of the most comprehensive services for Continental motoring is provided by Europ Assistance. It is based in Croydon and is open day and night providing breakdown assistance. In the event of serious illness or accident it can also arrange immediate repatriation by air ambulance if the patient's condition warrants it. There is no limit to the cost which may be incurred in this way on behalf of a member.

Extended warranty schemes are gaining in popularity and are being offered by an increasing number of motor dealers. The Automobile Association has its own scheme. The effect of these insurances is to extend the manufacturer's or dealer's warranty by covering the cost of replacing or repairing some defective or broken mechanical or electrical parts within certain time or mileage limits. The aim is to cover unexpected or relatively expensive breakdowns—not simply normal maintenance expenditure.

Finally, increasing motor premiums have made no-claim discounts much more valuable. The loss of a discount can prove expensive—not only at the next renewal, but also at renewals after that. On payment of an additional premium some insurers will give some protection for a no-claim discount, so that the odd knock will not result in any reduction in discount at renewal.

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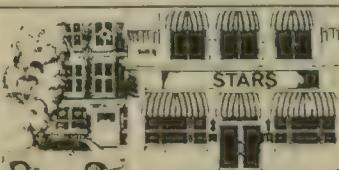
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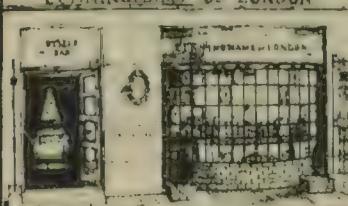

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FOOD

Unusual environments

by Nicholas de Jongh

There are few things more worthwhile to eat than a pear sorbet. It is the Emperor of water ices, the last word in iced delicacies. In comparison the lemon sorbet, with its cleansing sting, makes you feel as if you have been internally disinfected, and the strawberry sorbet tastes like frozen water with fruit flavouring. But the pear water ice with its thick taste and its grey complexion is for connoisseurs: its taste even changes as it melts in your mouth. This comparative rarity completed my meal at Le Routier, Lavender Hill, as part of this month's expeditions to restaurants created out of unusual environments.

Lavender Hill may not be in a modish area of London, but it is only 2 miles from the safety of Chelsea and serves an "over the river" clientele and those sensible enough to make the journey there. Originally Le Routier was a dairy, which explains the white-tiled walls and the marble counter. But the atmosphere is neither morgue-like nor milky antiseptic. Three paintings on glass make a beautiful backcloth to the room, with images of 18th-century housefronts and open fields. Green house plants, the staple decoration of almost all modern restaurants, hang from the walls and with its black-and-white square-tiled flooring and black chairs this is the height of south-London sophistication, and the restaurant is full most evenings.

To begin with we chose a fish soup with *rouille*, a hot sauce which accompanies it on a separate dish and which transforms the taste of the soup, whose cocktail nature made it a trifle bland.

The fresh poached salmon with hollandaise sauce was excellent; though when I tasted my companion's breast of duck with green peppercorn sauce (£5) I could not help thinking that it is almost always the additional flavouring which makes duck worthwhile. The *gratin dauphinoise*, whose regal name concealed fried sliced potatoes delicately flavoured with rather than drowned in cheese, delights. The sorbet, a mere 90p, was matched by a bottle of Sancerre (£6.65), and a bill of £27 for two did not seem exorbitant.

By way of comparison I ate the same main course at the other Le Routier, at Camden Lock. This is housed in a wooden shack, though handsomely decorated and with views of the canal which flows almost under your feet. Here, the list of *hors d'oeuvres* is like a challenge card thrown down to show that you are in adventurous terrain, far from the tired old world of the prawn cocktail. Here is delicious spiced beef with cucumber, and piquant barbecue sauce (£1.25) or deep fried camembert with gooseberry preserve (£1.10).

When it came to sweet things the Camden Lock Le Routier, which had

been running almost neck and neck with the other at Lavender Hill, streaked ahead with its sumptuous bowl of blackcurrant fool—a light, creamed purée reminding us of last year's fruit at £1.05. The Pavlova meringue, unlike the slim and elegant ballerina, was a glutton's fantasy, the sort of treat which plump people on rigid diets dream of to make themselves even more miserable. It consists of a meringue base fortified with cream and *marron*. A rhubarb and-ginger crumble, and a brie cheese thoughtfully served with grapes were also excellent. The wine list, including a house carafe at £3.80 for a litre, ranges widely and is recommended.

Provans, in Fulham Road, is remarkable for its location and its look. The eating room is long and narrow—two bodies could not lie end to end across its width. There are dimly lit lamps set on brass candlesticks and the shape and atmosphere combine to make you feel as if you have been transported to the 1930s to dine on *The Orient Express*—without the murder. Provans was originally a ladder factory and was then converted into a work centre for making gravestones: the cemetery is next door, though the view of it is shuttered away. We ate asparagus which were so soft and tasty that they did not need the support of hollandaise sauce. The sauté of calves' liver with an interesting watercress and leek purée (£4.80) was splendid but the Sancerre, which I really will have stopped drinking by next month, was a little expensive at £7.85 and the pineapple sorbet was nothing short of a disaster: powdery in consistency, and with hardly any flavour of pineapple at all. With 60p cover charge and main courses averaging £5 each this is an estimable eating place whose *pièce de résistance* is the atmosphere.

Finally I went down-market to Tuttons in Covent Garden, which describes itself as the Garden's first all-day eating place. It opens at 9 am for breakfast and does not close until after 11 pm. Upstairs it is rough and ready and pub-like. Downstairs my *gazpacho* at 90p was a little sweet and my lemon sole *en bouillon* (£3.25) was like well-heated plastic. But my companion's kidneys in mustard with rice (£2.60) were delicious, as were the imported strawberries and cream. With omelettes from 95p and *orange pressé* at 65p this is a useful cheap eating place converted from a potato warehouse and with no minimum charge. Best for snacks and breakfast, it is not without its culinary surprises.

Le Routier, Camden Lock, Commercial Place, London NW1 (01-485 0360).

Le Routier, 245 Lavender Hill, London SW11 (01-223 4129).

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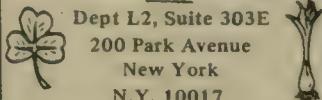
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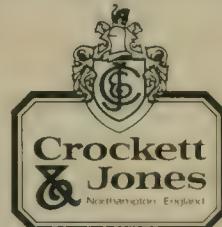
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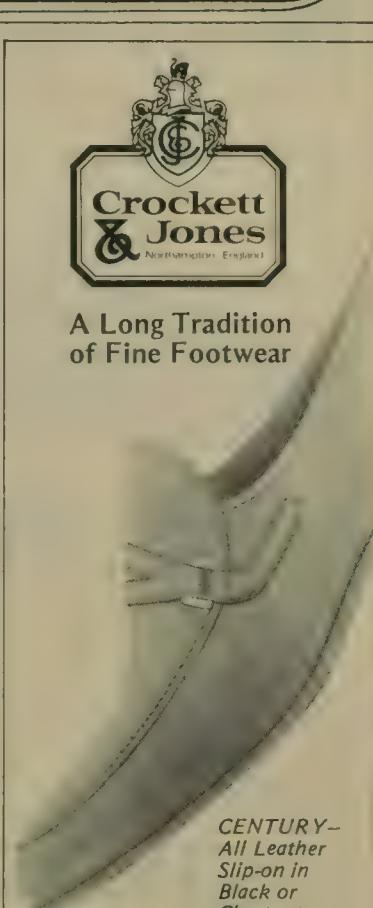
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Leave well alone!

by J.C. Trewin

Hamlet's last phrase to Horatio before the final scene has two words only, "Let be." That is something every director who contemplates the tragedy should keep by him during the months before production. As someone says in another play, it should be the copy of his conference. Many dire things have happened to *Hamlet* during its long life at the head of the English drama; but always the play has fared best when it has been left alone without intrusive interference: Shakespeare did not design it for those who spend their time "in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing."

I feared for *Hamlet*, and for us, when the Royal Court production began, not with that marvellous prologue on the platform before the castle of Elsinore, but with Claudius in council and the cast strung out in what might have been a row of choir stalls. When at length we did reach the platform to seek the apparition Horatio and Marcellus had described, all we had was Hamlet behaving like a stricken ventriloquist as he spoke the Ghost's lines himself in a rasping, strangled bark. This was at once illogical and embarrassing. Not a new idea, there is really no excuse for its revival except the usual one, a director's resolve to brush up our Shakespeare. I do not impugn Richard Eyre's sincerity, but I do say that, a couple of changes apart, he would have been far wiser to let his cast keep loyally to the straight Shakespearian road.

Memories of the playing are blurred. Though Jonathan Pryce is, in the best sense, an intellectual actor with an urgent, creative personality, I find after a few weeks that his Hamlet has retreated. Other things have got in the way: the Players' scene, for example, where we heard a badly delivered perversion of the Hecuba speech—I gathered from it the word "geriatric", but now recall no more. Though it seemed superfluous to discover Hamlet addressing "To be, or not to be" to Ophelia, we had had that notion not long ago; it was less strange, on the whole, than Hamlet's physical attack on the poor girl, or the need, later on, to give the Closet scene over the corpse of Polonius, or the location of the Graveyard scene in a bone-packed charnel-house. True, Shakespeare would have known one by Holy Trinity Church at Stratford, but I question the transference to Elsinore. Few of us, probably, mourned the loss of the Second Grave-digger, because that routine has been a burden; still, in a long night, the only other innovations on which I could agree with Mr Eyre were the bringing forward of the first part of Hamlet's description to Horatio of events on ship-board, and—before the Duel scene—his entirely frigid reception of Osric.

Mr Pryce, in other circumstances,



Jill Bennett as Gertrude and Jonathan Pryce as the Prince of Denmark in Richard Eyre's production of *Hamlet* at the Royal Court; right, John Bowe as Orlando and Susan Fleetwood as Rosalind in Terry Hands's production of *As You Like It* at Stratford-upon-Avon.

might have been a potent Hamlet. I do remember the clarity of Jill Bennett's Gertrude, especially in the recital of Ophelia's drowning; frequently hardened to a set-piece without emotion, it had here its full power. Harriet Walter's Ophelia, though she began thinly, did develop a true chill in the Mad scene. Even so—I speak for myself—the occasion was hardly *Hamlet*.

As You Like It has also been a director's play, so it was a great comfort to meet a revival—the second in a few months—that never reduced Shakespeare to a junior partner. Except for an early caprice in décor, the Stratford-upon-Avon production, under Terry Hands, was practically unflawed, full of light and life, Arden renewed, and Susan Fleetwood there to lead the comedy with a Rosalind gloriously complete. The word for me implies a lack of hampering self-consciousness. Rosalind is profoundly in love, and in this tale of love at first sight that must govern everything. Miss Fleetwood adds her own radiance to the text. Indeed, there is not much to worry about anywhere. Sinead Cusack, who one day must also fly at Rosalind, is what Celia should be, a relishing listener presently wholly in love herself; not, in the context, the most plausible development, though one could never be as contemptuous as Shaw who said, in effect, that the play—according to its title—was thrown to the groundlings with a casual "as you like it". The only desperate part is Touchstone's; at Stratford Joe Melia does behave bravely, "degrees of the lie" and all, as if the man were a natural wit. And Derek Godfrey, invariably a player of



style and assurance, never hints that the "Seven Ages" has been heard before.

After this it was the more disappointing to revisit *Twelfth Night*. In last year's Stratford production, now brought up to the Aldwych, Terry Hands has resolved, for no apparent cause, to be different: to plunge Illyria into a prolonged cold snap—everyone busy out of doors—and to exaggerate Olivia and Orsino until one wants to cry "Let be!" We realize that Olivia has a coming-on disposition; she is not such a silly child as the actress—and we cannot blame Kate Nicholls—has to suggest. An important part of the comedy must crumble. Still, we do have consolation in the Viola of Cherie Lunghi who, besides being direct and eager, can speak the verse, and in the Malvolio of John Woodvine, a pompous personage whose genteel utterance vanishes regularly in a humiliating squall of wrenched vowels.

Speech is usually apt at the Fortune where eight men, with a lot of quadrupling and quintupling, join in a revival of *Dr Faustus*. Not the best I have met—it

cannot compare with the Stratford production of 1946—it is a bold shot at the near-impossible, with at least one extraordinary moment when Simon Cutter, in a silent progress as Helen of Troy, does appear to rise from every legend. James Aubrey and Patrick Magee, the Faustus and Mephistophilis, are sharply the partners in that terrifying contract. Though certain scenes in the deep gulf between two peaks have the feeling of self-indulgence inseparable from this form of studio performance—there is much use of a gauze—the play lives more surely than many would have guessed. Its director is Christopher Fettes.

Studio performance suited *Three Sisters* (Warehouse) where Chekhov's troubled family was established as clearly as it had been since Komisarjevsky's famous revival long ago. Though only one individual portrait, that of Roger Rees in agonized honesty as the Baron, seemed to me to surpass others I had known, the general ensemble was unmatched in memory. Trevor Nunn had reached the core of a play that, when we have once yielded to it, is ours for ever.

Five classics, then, in a row; and I daresay that *Private Lives* (Duchess) is a near-classic, 50 years old and unweakened. In reading the text we may ask what all the fuss is about: a scatter of witty lines and a night of protracted wrangling. The point is that Noël Coward was the most astute technician of his day: when his romp is acted, as it is now, with the right split-second precision and Maria Aitken's enfolding sense of comedy—something, maybe, of an Edith Evans manner—we can see, a shade more reasonably, why Coward's affectionate friends call him "the Master": a soubriquet used dangerously often. *Private Lives* should endure, and Alan Strachan's revival is another fortification against the tooth of time.

The month's story peters out with two plays that are unlikely to make much mark in the record books, even though one of them was first staged professionally 17 years ago. The newer piece, *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, which ran just over a week at the Phoenix, was a small musical with a predictable plot expressed in recitative; set against a changing background of umbrellas, it existed in a world where the weather was as inclement as in the Aldwych Illyria. Andrei Serban could compose a pictorial pattern, but the entertainment was decidedly elusive. As for James Saunders's *Next Time I'll Sing To You*, a philosophical-comical discussion about the solitude of man, we are perplexed now by the enthusiasm of 1963 for something that in 1980 is wholly untheatrical. At Greenwich it had the services of a spirited cast and a splendidly imaginative director, Toby Robertson, yet little could persuade us that it was ever actable.

Torment and uplift

by Michael Billington

"The same old story, a boy and girl in love." So sings Billie Holiday at the end of Nicolas Roeg's *Bad Timing*. And at that point the song has a crushing irony, for what we have seen is a strange, tormented, obsessive love affair that ends with the man ravishing the woman's numbed, insensate, drug-filled body. It is not the whole story about love but I must admit that the film captures its darkly possessive aspect.

Anyone who has seen earlier Roeg movies such as *Don't Look Now* or *The Man Who Fell To Earth* will know that he is not a man to tell a plain, unvarnished tale: his films are animated mosaics in which we have to piece together the clues. Here we learn early on that a girl is being rushed to hospital in Vienna after a drug overdose. Gradually we discover that the nervy, ferret-like man chain-smoking in the corridors is an American research psychoanalyst who has had an impassioned affair with the girl; and that the saturnine, long-haired man with the face of an emigré conductor who shadows him is a police inspector who believes there is more to the case than meets the eye.

If I had to pick out the central thread of this stylistically complex film, I would say it comes in a lecture we hear being given by the psychoanalyst (Art Garfunkel). His theme is that from birth we are all spying on each other; and the idea that animates the film is that even love is a form of espionage. The Garfunkel hero wants to possess the girl (the effortlessly sensual Theresa Russell) totally; she wants to remain a free spirit. But he voyeuristically watches her encounters with other men, stations himself outside her apartment and even surreptitiously steals her photographs like the hero of a John le Carré novel tracking down a mole; and the irony is that in the course of his professional duties he has to determine whether her Czech husband is involved in espionage.

Intellectually the film is endlessly stimulating: the viewer becomes a kind of detective piecing together the clues. For instance the heroine has an Austrian actor boy-friend who is, we deduce, appearing in Pinter's *No Man's Land*, a play that suggests like the film that no man can ever wholly possess or understand any woman. And Roeg also plays skilfully on all the associations that Vienna has in our minds, not only as the city of Klimt and Freud but also, with its zither music and low-angled shots of top-storey balconies, as the setting for one of the finest post-war thrillers, *The Third Man*.

If I have any doubt about the film it is that its cleverness is sometimes a bit self-advertising: I felt that Roeg was nudging us into noticing the way the surgical instruments that penetrate the girl's body for a tracheotomy have a dubious



Theresa Russell and Art Garfunkel in Nicolas Roeg's *Bad Timing*. Left, Steve McQueen as the hero of *Tom Horn*.



sexual quality. But although the film is sometimes a bit too aware for its own good it does convey very well the obsessive nature of desire; and, like Nabokov in *Laughter in the Dark*, it suggests that intellectual incompatibility on occasions merely heightens the passion. I cannot say I like it excessively but I could happily sit through it again if only because a second viewing would throw up a hundred points missed the first time. And although it is a director's rather than an actor's movie there is a mesmerizing performance by Harvey Keitel as the strange policeman who takes on the role of analyst to the post-Freudian hero. If you are not deterred by graphic sex or surgery I commend the film to your attention.

Alan Pakula's *Starting Over* is, in contrast, a much more reassuring and romantic film about the pangs and pleasures of love, but not therefore to be despised. Like so many American films it combines precise, detailed, comic observation with an element of spiritual

uplift. And if it sends you out feeling good why not? Love can be destructive as Roeg's film suggests; but it can also be healing and harmonious.

Sociologically the film is also interesting as the latest American example of Men's Lib. In *Kramer vs Kramer* we saw Dustin Hoffman bringing up a child with some success. Here we focus on Burt Reynolds as a newly divorced husband coping with the business of getting his life together. He attends a divorced men's workshop in a church-hall basement, tries a dating service and is caught in a terrible emotional tug-of-war between his unexpunged passion for his former wife (Candice Bergen) and his love for a nursery-school teacher. The resolution is happy; but the film makes it clear that divorce is no more a picnic for a man than for a woman.

Admittedly the film makes things difficult for itself by casting Burt Reynolds as the husband: you feel somehow he would have had a little black book full of telephone numbers and would hardly have had to resort to blind dates with man-hungry divorcees who try to tear his clothes off in the lift to their apartments. But the film has many superb comic moments: the eager sister-in-law who fiercely taps Reynolds's head and cries, "Hello, in there"; the way the divorced men politely line up against the wall once their hour is over to admit the divorced women's workshop; and the universal offers of Valium from voyeuristic shoppers as Reynolds collapses with an anxiety attack while buying a sofa in Bloomingdales.

These moments are funny because they are true; and apart from hitting

several nails firmly on the head the film also boasts a superb performance from the best screen actress in America today, Jill Clayburgh. She plays the solitary teacher to perfection, as a woman who has adjusted to loneliness but who also cannot wait to be shocked out of it. She also registers emotion like a seismograph. Early in the film she defends herself against imagined rape by Reynolds in the street only to find herself a few moments later turning up at the same dinner-party as he. Her face lights up with joy when she discovers that he is not going to repeat the crude things she said in the street, only to collapse into a familiar, bruised resignation when he does. That is real acting.

I would not exactly say it is the acting that draws you to *Tom Horn*, directed by William Wiard and based by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake on Horn's own memoirs: the attraction here is the poetry of the elegiac Western. Horn (embodied by Steve McQueen with a leathery finesse) is a former government scout and tracker who is hired by a group of wealthy Wyoming cattlemen to rid the territory of rustlers. He does so with bloody aplomb. But the cattlemen, alarmed that they may be tainted by his methods, arrange for it to look as though a 15-year-old ranch youth has been killed by him. Horn is brought to trial and inevitably hanged.

Like all good Westerns, it is a parable that can be applied to other circumstances. In part, it is about the simple hero of the old West who cannot adjust to the new (and McQueen registers this well by his hungry glances, when in captivity, at the ravishing hills of Wyoming). But it is also about society's distaste for the law-enforcers whom it needs to keep itself going. But all this would be so much intellectual theory if the film were not shot with feeling for the relation of man to landscape and for the atmosphere of the West: Wiard gives you a real sense of what death-in-the-afternoon is like in the middle of a muddy street and Horn's trial is conducted in an open-sided marquee that flaps and rustles in the wind. "There is no such thing," Al Alvarez once remarked, "as a bad Western." Well there is; but *Tom Horn* is a very good one because it has such a strong feeling for place, period and the pathos of decline.

Finally, in a good month, a reminder that Marcel Carné's *Les Enfants du Paradis*, written by Jacques Prévert, is with us once again at the Academy. It remains a beautifully vivid evocation of the Paris of Louis-Philippe, of the theatres, of the boulevards, and of the criminals, actors and courtesans who are the central figures of the period. I detect in England today a growing and rather disagreeable Francophobia. I think of no better cure for anyone who feels that disease creeping upon them than to pay a visit to this sumptuous, stunningly acted movie.

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Scottish return

by Margaret Davies

Scottish Opera, whose first visit this season to Sadler's Wells Theatre gave a poor impression of the company's recent work, returned for a second week with two of the more enterprising productions from their repertory. *Mary, Queen of Scots*, by Thea Musgrave, was receiving its first London performance; it was one of four works commissioned by Scottish Opera from native-born composers and had had its première at the 1977 Edinburgh Festival. Historical figures have always been a source of inspiration to writers of operas and Miss Musgrave, who was her own librettist, was taking no risks with her subject—Donizetti had already shown what a dramatically potent heroine Mary could make. Her opera covers the period when Mary was actually ruling in Scotland, from her return from France in 1561 until her flight to England in 1568, and it explores the Queen's relationships with the men who vied for her favours to fulfil their own political ambitions.

The first act establishes the power struggle between Mary and her half-brother James, Earl of Moray; the rivalry between James and Bothwell; and the threat to both men caused by Henry, Lord Darnley, to whom Mary is

doubly attracted, both sexually and as a means of strengthening her position on the throne. Having married Darnley she discovers the error of her choice and the second act shows her forced to turn to James for support. But he, denied any real power, plans revenge; to discredit her he incites Darnley to the murder of Riccio but is himself banished by Mary. Alone and weak after the birth of her son, she turns to Bothwell, whom she allows to seduce her, and in the last act events accelerate to bring about her downfall. She loses the support of the Scottish people and is forced to flee. Her imprisonment and death are summarized in a final dramatic tableau.

It is a perceptive study of the personal relationships which played an important part in Mary's life and reign, but by ignoring the religious tension in Scotland and the issue of Mary's claim to the throne of England Miss Musgrave has reduced her story to a trivial domestic level. Her music underlines the interwoven strands of conflict and is vivid and dramatic in the manner of a film score but not memorable for its invention or individuality. The arioso form of the vocal line, with its repeated outbursts of violence, tends to be monotonous and affords little opportunity for vocal display. The characters are nevertheless skilfully drawn, and interest is caught by

the potentially inflammable situation depicted at the court ball and held by the development of the plot, notably in the scene leading up to the murder of Riccio. The performance was conducted with dramatic flair by Meredith Davies and produced with smooth-flowing efficiency by Colin Graham in galleried sets designed by him and Robin Don, with handsome costumes for the court.

The title role was touchingly portrayed and sung by Catherine Wilson, who conveyed the many facets of Mary's character: a combination of vanity and vulnerability, determination and weakness. The contenders for her favours were all strongly sung: Malcolm Donnelly as the ambitious, ruthless James Stewart; Gregory Dempsey as the uncouth Bothwell; David Hillman as the charming but degenerate Darnley.

The gaiety of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* was a suitable foil to the gravity of Musgrave's *Mary*, and it was a pleasure to hear again this delightful work so long absent from London. It was given in an imaginatively detailed but straightforward production by David Pountney; Sue Blane designed the effective set, consisting of a sloping ramp leading down to a central platform; Maria Björnson provided ravishing costumes based on traditional Czech designs for the dancers; and Peter Darrell's choreo-

graphy animated the vigorous chorus numbers. The public-holiday merrymaking was crowned by an authentic circus performance, complete with tight-rope-walker, juggler and weight-lifter. The conductor, Albert Rosen, swept the music along with feeling for its bouncy rhythms and rich ensembles. Marie Slorach as Mařenka, Alexander Oliver as Vašek, Alan Cathcart as Jeník and William McCue as Kecal headed the cast in this enjoyable revival.

At Covent Garden Felicity Lott brightened a dull revival of *The Rake's Progress* by her eloquent singing and spirited characterization of Anne Trulove, whereas Donald McIntyre's Nick Shadow lacked incisiveness of vocal projection; and the conductor Maurits Sillem blurred the music's sharp outlines. *La fanciulla del West* came close to the vigorous realism of the original production with a new hero and heroine and many finely-sung, well-drawn portrayals of the supporting characters. Arlene Saunders's assured singing conveyed the blossoming of the homely Minnie from mother of the community to defender of the bandit; though Giuseppe Giacomin's diffident performance hardly suggested the kind of man for whom she would defy the law. Giuseppe Patané's conducting captured the music's wide range of emotions.

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The riches of Bordeaux

by Peta Fordham

I recently attended a tasting of the finest Bordeaux wines at the Ritz Hotel, which has always had a reputation for its cellars. It was certainly a surprise to most of us, however, to discover just what magnificence was to be found there. Here was a range of no less than 30 eminent châteaux of the redoubtable 1970 vintage, some on the present Ritz list and some being held in reserve.

One does not often get the chance to taste side by side the châteaux of Mouton-Rothschild and Latour (both Pauillacs), Cheval-Blanc from St-Emilion and Pétrus from Pomerol, and thus savour the unique characteristics of each region displayed in its best wines in a year of high quality.

Progressing slowly round the table, it was interesting to find the châteaux which were still holding back, promising much more to come. I should like, for instance, to keep the Ducru-Beaucaillou from St-Julien for another two years, while a lovely Haut-Bailly from Graves (an ideal wine with summer menus) with a fine nose and typical finish was temptingly ready. So was another St-Julien, Beychevelle, which was full and generous, while Chasse-Spleen from Moulis was nearly ready and Brane-

Cantenac, with its full nose and welcoming generosity, was certainly fit for immediate drinking. One St-Emilion, La Gaffelière, stood out—big, beautiful and still to be kept; while the Pauillacs and Pomerols, true to their nature and showing the lovely balance of the 1970 vintage, were still holding some of the pebbly hardness which is the characteristic remnant of their soil.

It was impossible to evaluate accurately so much impact on nose and palate, or indeed to hold the taste-buds at their best. But what of the "greats"? Anyone lucky enough to have some of these giants in their cellar would find the Cheval-Blanc—gentle, superb on the nose and wholly typical of the best that St-Emilion can produce—a possibility for drinking on a special occasion now: not that the charms of St-Emilion need any introduction to the English, whose favourite claret it tends to be. But one of the tests of greatness is long life and this is a great wine and could live a long time. The Mouton, Latour and Pétrus, also true to their types, must be kept for quite a while yet if they are to reach their peak. The Pétrus in particular promises to last and last. I realize that my palate, bred in the days of long-matured wine, is old-fashioned in its preferences, but I am content that it should be so.

Soon afterwards I went to Bordeaux

to discuss developments there in particular with my old friends Cordier, whose Gruaud-Larose and Talbot are always valued by English palates. Bordeaux is doing pretty well these days, something almost admitted even by those perennial pessimists, the Bordelais! Demand for fine wine is well exceeding supply, despite the swinging price increases and, although it was too early at the time of my visit to get a firm idea of 1979 vintage prices, they are not likely to fall. The Bordeaux market is capricious (very suspicious, too, it might be added) and certainly sensitive. One single big sale by a grower can affect prices of other growths, and one is invariably sworn to secrecy by any grower who has pulled off a successful coup. There is no equivalent to the Burgundy Hospices sales which fix prices; owners wait for neighbours to put out the first offer of the *primeurs*. And there can be bad mistakes, as happened with one St-Julien grower this year, who aimed too high.

The Ministry of Agriculture and the CIVB have tightened up control still more and various developments are taking place. There is more direct selling to consumers which, it is said, has snob value. Demand all along the line is so healthy that it may be the reason for the much increased development of

"generic" wines by firms of repute, including Cordier—sound, simple wines, a useful foot in another camp for the merchant and a worthwhile insurance for the future. A development perhaps less welcome to the consumer is the decision by many high-ranking châteaux to cut back the production of their "top" wines by appreciable amounts, and to produce a "second" wine by blending the remainder of the top growth, something that Latour have done for many years. This second wine, they say, marketed at a price perhaps 15-20 per cent lower than that of the first wine, will enable the grower to keep up the quality of the first, top wine. It occurs to me that it will also enable him to keep up the price. Cordier are apparently contemplating doing this with Gruaud-Larose, Talbot and their sound, good Meyney.

I had the opportunity of tasting some excellent vintages of all three and can report that it is still possible to pick up some bargains (best apply here to the English agent, Cordier-Laurent-Perrier at The Malt House, 21 London End, Beaconsfield, Bucks). There is, if you can find it, a particular bargain in the Talbot of 1972: owing to the year's bad reputation the price is lower than usual and the wine very sound. A house which is a good friend to English claret-lovers!

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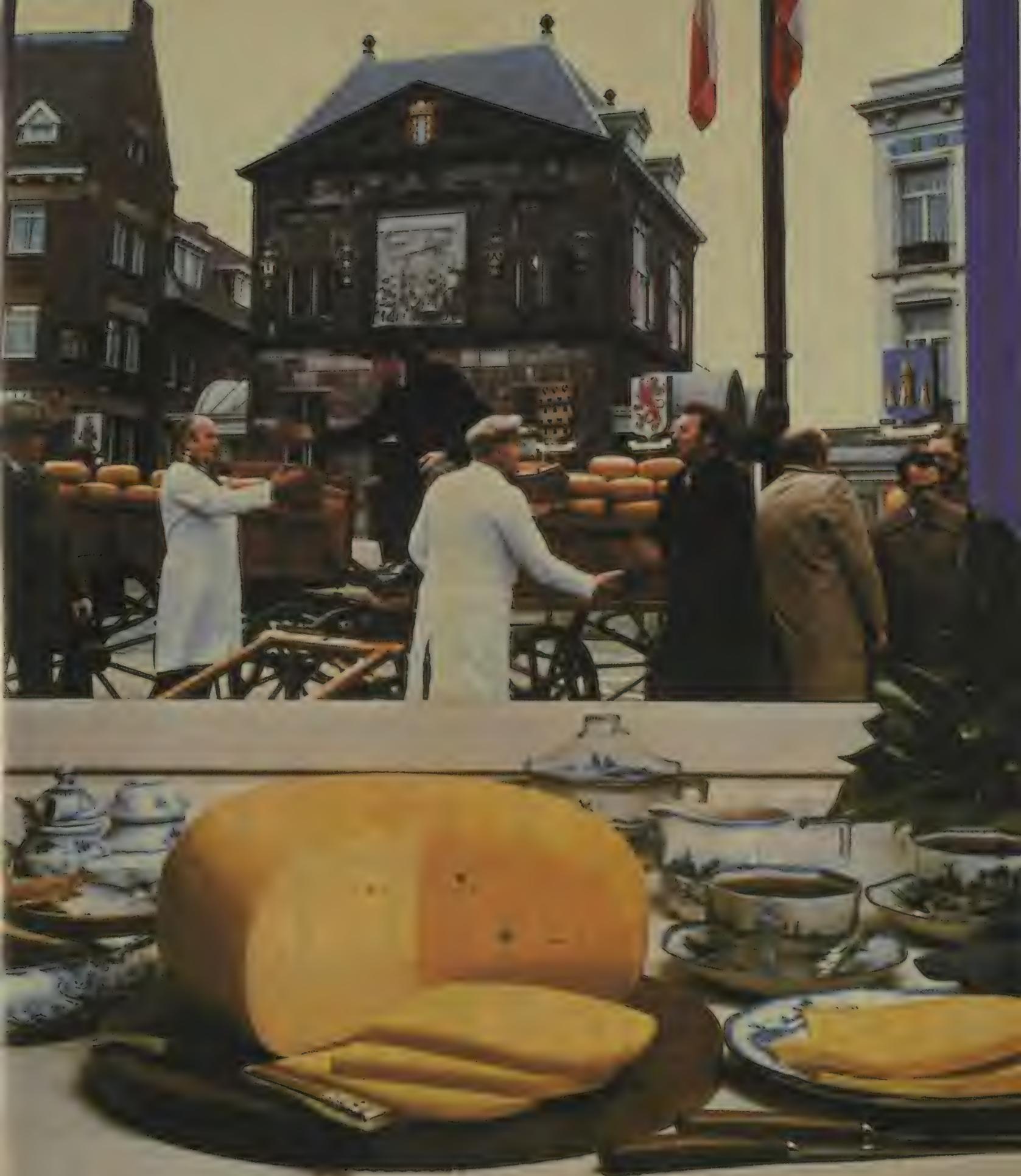
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New convertibles

by Stuart Marshall

In cars, as on bathing beaches, it is becoming popular to go topless. After a period when it was expected to be killed off by ever more stringent safety regulations, the convertible is alive and well and proliferating. This year three new convertibles have become available in Britain—the Volkswagen Golf, the Reliant Scimitar and the Triumph TR7.

It all makes an interesting contrast with the situation ten or 15 years ago when the convertible seemed to be a dying breed. Once, most family type cars had their opening versions. Who remembers the Morris Minor convertible of the 1940s, 1950s and early 1960s? Or the Sunbeam Talbot 80 and 90, the Hillman Minx and the Ford Consul and Zephyr convertibles?

Even before the spectre of safety regulations arose, the manufacturers were showing a certain reluctance to keep soft-top cars in their high-production-volume ranges because they created problems. In the days when a car was made on a separate chassis it was easy to produce a convertible. But ever since cars began to be made in one piece, with the mechanical components attached to a reinforced body shell, problems have arisen with convertibles. The modern car body is a box, made of thin sheet metal pressed into scientifically calculated shapes. It is extremely strong—until you cut off the top. Making a convertible sufficiently rigid not to flex and shake demands a great deal of expensive reinforcement on the bottom half of the body shell. Nevertheless it can be done with great success, as the VW Golf and Triumph TR7 demonstrate.

The TR7, perhaps BL's most attractive product at the moment and a car of which any manufacturer could be proud, was originally conceived as a drop-head. While it was still on the drawing board in the late 1960s Triumph took fright at a proposal in the United States—the company's vital main export market—to ban all soft-tops; so the car was redesigned as a hard-top. In this form it sold well enough though its lines were spoiled, especially from the rear. But America took a U-turn over convertibles and the proposal to ban them was thrown out. Triumph followed suit; the TR7 convertible is the result.

It has been a success in America, where it went on sale nearly a year ago. As a soft-top it has the same mechanical specification as the fixed-head. The engine is a 2 litre with four cylinders and the transmission is five-speed manual or three-speed automatic. Handling is fairly sporty but the ride is comfortable. The hood sweeps down to the rear top deck, which has been lowered in profile. The rear screen can be zipped down for extra ventilation and



The Triumph TR7 drop-head, above, has proved popular in its first year on the American market. Top left, Volkswagen's Golf convertible is compact but still seats four; top right, the Reliant Scimitar GTC, which has a strengthening T-bar.

the entire hood folds into a recess, without loss of boot or passenger space. Most remarkably the soft-top costs less than the fixed-head version; the prices are from £5,959 and £6,176 respectively.

Whereas the TR7 is strictly a two-seater, Volkswagen took on the more difficult task of making their Golf hatchback into a family convertible. A four-seater it is, though a rather cramped one. From the radiator grille to the rear edge of the door it looks the same as any other Golf, but the back half of the body has been made like a wedge-shaped bathtub. A massive roll-over arch immediately behind the front seats improves accident protection and provides seat-belt anchorages and channels for winding the windows.

Both the TR7 and the VW Golf have hoods that you no longer have to struggle with to open and close and which keep out the weather as effectively as any hard-top. The Golf in particular has a hood that is a work of art, deeply padded and made up of five separate layers. A pair of spring struts helps with raising and lowering. When folded, it does not disappear into the bodywork like the TR7's but stays in view, in the style of German military staff cars in the Second World War. Even so, the Golf convertible's boot is

small by saloon car standards and the opening is like an elongated porthole. Only the high-performance, fuel-injected GTi is being imported here. It costs £6,852 and looks made to measure for the owner who would dearly love an open sports car but cannot dodge his family responsibilities.

Reliant had fewer body rigidity problems to solve expensively when making a convertible version of the Scimitar GTC because this car has a separate steel chassis. The glass-fibre-reinforced plastic body does, however, add something to the overall strength of the car and Reliant have included a T-bar which links the roll-over hoop with the top of the windscreen, just as it did in the Triumph Stag. This ties the whole thing tightly together. Although the hood disappears when folded, there is a reasonable amount of boot space and the Scimitar convertible is a four-seater. It costs £11,360 and is just as long-legged, with its 2.8 litre V6, manual transmission and overdrive, as its GTE hatchback stablemate.

An open car does not have to have a folding fabric hood. Another idea is to have a rigid panel that lifts out in one piece. This so-called "Targa" top is the solution favoured by Fiat, with their elegantly sporting two-seater, the X1/9,

and by BMW, who are selling a few of their 320 and 323i convertibles in Britain. But BMW go one better than Fiat. Whereas the Fiat has only a roof that lifts out and stows above the luggage in the boot, the BMW is a cabriolet, with a rear section that folds down, too. This is a fairly expensive (from £9,014) solution, but the result is a car that can be used as a full saloon, a saloon with sun roof or what is virtually a completely open tourer.

Even on today's crowded roads there is something uniquely enjoyable about open-air motoring. You feel much more part of your surroundings than is possible in a saloon car and the whiff of new-mown hay (though not of juggernaut diesel smoke) adds spice to any trip through the countryside. In bygone days you had to dress up for a ride in an open car and not be afraid of the wind whistling through cracked celluloid side-screens. It is not at all like that in the 1980 convertible. Even in winter open-top motoring can be indulged in without risk of frostbite, providing the heater is turned on fully and the side windows are up. Clever design and large, slanting windscreens have almost eliminated the backdraught that once made open-car motoring a strictly warm-weather pursuit for all but the hardy.

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The bank in Baggot Street

by Kenneth Hudson

Since the Middle Ages the Celts, I was brought up to believe, have experienced life through their ears, not through their eyes. They have been great talkers, listeners, arguers, poets, singers and actors, but their visual sense, for some unexplained reason, has become almost atrophied. To painting, architecture and sculpture they are supposed to have contributed relatively little; to music, literature and rhetoric, a prodigious amount. Scots, Welsh and Irish—they are, so the theory goes, sound and words people first and foremost. And until quite recently they seem to have believed, or half-believed, this themselves, which was hard on anyone who wanted to create paintings or buildings in his homeland and possibly even more disastrous for television producers.

But, miraculously, eyes have become respectable and even fashionable in Ireland during the past 20 years. The sense of visual inferiority has gone, or nearly gone, and artists of all kinds are finding the atmosphere much more favourable to them. In the Republic itself various suggestions are put forward to account for the change—the pioneering work of the Irish Design Centre at Kilkenny; the Rosc exhibition in Dublin in 1967; the Haughey Act, which made it possible for foreign artists to live in Ireland without paying any income tax; a patriotic yearning to beat British television at its own game; and even, as an unexpected bonus, the EEC. By the late 1960s, whatever the causes may have been, interesting things were certainly happening in Irish art, and at absolutely the right moment the Bank of Ireland decided to have a new headquarters building in Baggot Street.

A few years ago one of the Republic's most distinguished citizens, a veteran of the Easter Rising, assured me that his country's best brains were shared about equally between the Bank of Ireland, Aer Lingus and the Irish Sugar Corporation. This may or may not have been true, but there are a number of very civilized men to be found on the upper levels of the Bank and they have given their wholehearted support to one of the most interesting industrial or commercial ventures in the art field in recent years, an eco-gallery. This is a collection of painting, sculpture and tapestry which forms part of the everyday working atmosphere of the Bank, and which members of the general public are invited to explore, enjoy and no doubt criticize.

Once the decision had been taken to create a new headquarters complex among the Georgian houses of Baggot Street the architect, Ronald Tallon, and one or two particularly interested members of the Bank's Architects' Department, began to form a collection of works by contemporary Irish artists.



"Contemporary" was taken to mean "since 1970". The date may be considered arbitrary, but it was in fact based on shrewd observation of the artistic scene, since by this time trends which had been developing during the late 1960s had become firmly established.

A new generation of Irish artists was asserting with great conviction that art in Ireland had an international role to play. It was no longer destined to be minor and parochial. By the time the new buildings were occupied in 1972 the Bank's collection contained more than 100 items. There are now 250 and the number is growing steadily. The policy has been both to buy paintings and sculpture from current exhibitions and to commission works directly from artists. Since 1972 the choice of additions has been the responsibility of Neil Monahan of the Architects' Department, who emphasizes that "quality, not style or investment appeal, is the significant factor in selection".

It was always intended that the collection should form an integral part of the building's design. Ronald Tallon provided the Bank with architecture which is both modern and simple. The internal finishes—oak, granite, undyed carpeting—demanded carefully situated points of colour, both to provide excitement and help give different areas of the building their own identity. Tallon was in a position to plan the general setting in which the paintings and sculpture would be placed, but he was not asked to think in terms of a precise, immutable arrangement. The idea from the beginning was that works would be constantly moved around. Only the big Aubusson tapestry, designed by Patrick Scott, was commissioned for a specific location, in this case the main reception area on the ground floor, where its great blaze of red

provides a welcome feeling of warmth and cheerfulness.

Broadly speaking, the larger works are hung in the reception and public areas of the Bank and the smaller paintings in private offices. They are rearranged from time to time so that the Bank staff has an opportunity to familiarize itself with the full range of the collection, but this can bring problems. On the one hand a particular individual or department may, on occasion, be glad to see a picture found another home, but on the other there is often opposition to the disappearance of what has become much appreciated.

The Bank staff do not have the paintings all to themselves, however. The policy has always been to give the general public access to the collection. Small groups of interested people are shown over the whole of it during normal business hours by members of the Bank's public relations department, who have been specially trained to carry out this very skilled work. For individuals who wish to avail themselves of the same opportunity there is rarely any difficulty in making a convenient appointment. In the main banking hall, in the reception area and in the outside courtyard, you merely have to walk around, look and behave as you would in any other bank. The works of art are freely and easily visible.

The publicity and public relations value of all this has undoubtedly been considerable. The Bank is seen to care about Irish art and Irish artists; its collection and its headquarters building help to reinforce the up-to-date image it is naturally anxious to cultivate and, equally important, the guided tours bring across the threshold and into direct contact with senior employees people of many nationalities who had

The main reception area, dominated by Patrick Scott's tapestry *Blaze*.

not previously given much, if any, thought to the existence of the Bank. And a special gallery for temporary exhibitions arranged by outside bodies brings in more visitors and allows a wider range of works of art to be shown.

The Bank's own collection works hard, with a return on the investment high enough to gratify any banker's heart. It is constantly in movement. A large part of it was on display in Kilkenny in 1976 and many of its paintings will be seen in Belfast for the Festival at Queen's this November. A major exhibition based on these much travelled paintings has been arranged for the new gallery at Galway University in 1981, and individual works are always out on loan to special exhibitions throughout Ireland, both north and south. The splendid loose-leaf coloured catalogue of the collection has been distributed throughout Ireland.

New works are being commissioned and bought all the time and the Bank is now in a position to give its branches, both in Ireland and abroad, the same kind of artistic facilities as its headquarters has enjoyed for many years. Like all major banks nowadays, the Bank of Ireland has important overseas interests, and it takes great pains to cultivate an international image. Partly, but by no means entirely, for this reason it is very proud of the Specially Comended plaque which it won last year in the European Museum of the Year Award competition, and which is prominently displayed in the Baggot Street premises for all the world to see. "Europe," this says in effect, "has noticed us. We have arrived."

Eyes on irises

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

I sometimes indulge in a fancy that the May- and June-flowering bearded iris, *Iris germanica*, holds the same place in the garden that a knight does on a chessboard. There is something valiant about the sword-like leaves held at the ready, and in the noble poise of the flower head, at once commanding and a little austere. The Iris of classical mythology was a female messenger, always dashing up and down the rainbow with dispatches from Zeus, and I do not see her with a beard. The bearded irises seem masculine; there is nothing fluffy or fussy about them; they do not cling or twine and their scent is not sickly. They have chivalrous connexions and appear in heraldry. The flower de lis was an Iris, not a lily, and *I. florentina*, a white form of *I. germanica*, with petals faintly washed with blue, became the emblem of Florence during the Italian Renaissance.

Mauve, white and purple forms can still be seen in Tuscany, sometimes supporting roadside banks between olive groves and vineyards. In that harsh climate, hot in summer, cold in winter and with a low rainfall, plants were grown for use, not decoration, and these irises and the somewhat similar glaucous-leaved *I. pallida*, now much admired in its variegated form, have long been cultivated as orris root. The rhizomes, when dried, slowly develop a violet scent and are powdered for use in toilet preparations. A dried root can be used in a linen cupboard instead of a lavender bag.

The flower of *I. germanica* has the crispness of a lettuce with three upstanding petals, called the standards, and three turning downwards, called the falls. This gives the flower its typical flambeau or torch shape. The pointed buds open in succession for a week or two of bloom which may be prolonged by planting different varieties. The tall hybrid irises have been bred in an enormous range of colours. They may be selfs of one solid colour as "Jane Phillips", 34 inches, a fine blue, "Canary Bird", 30 inches, yellow, or "Cliffs of Dover", 24 inches, white. The standards and falls may contrast, as with "Nashborough", which has yellow standards and red falls, or "Headlines", white standards and purple falls, both 36 inches. The beard is a little tuft at the top of the fall which may be bright orange, yellow or red. One of my favourite irises is "Dreamcatcher", 34 inches, orchid pink with a white beard.

There is an April-flowering dwarf strain of bearded iris, derived from *I. pumila* and a new intermediate strain, between 16 and 26 inches high, raised by Kelways of Langport, Somerset, which are ideal for small gardens and windy sites where tall varieties might keel over and need unsightly stakes. I

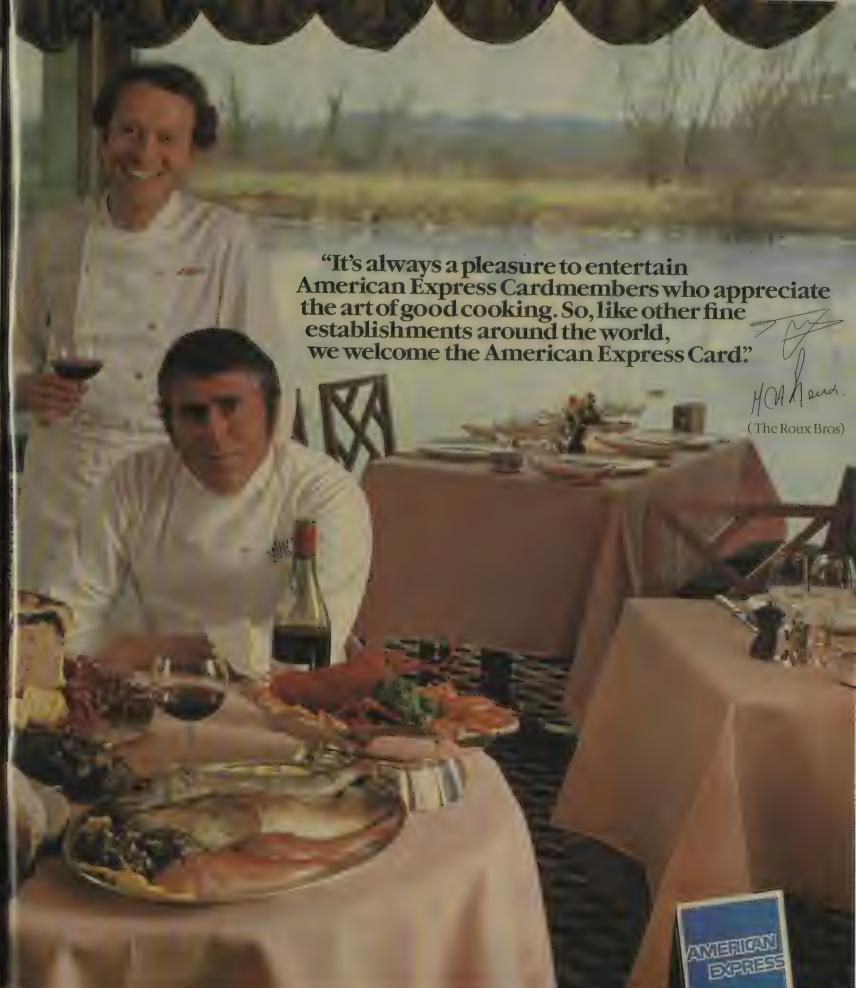
saw these intermediate irises last year when visiting Harlow Carr, near Harrogate, the 45 acre garden of the Northern Horticultural Society, and made notes of the colours. I thought then how lucky we are to have great plant collections like this which we can use as living encyclopaedias, and that we must all help to support them. I have now planted some intermediate irises in my garden including "Langport Jane", pale blue, "L. Lady", apricot, "L. Magic", red, "L. Romance", creamy yellow, "L. Song", lemon and "L. Star", white.

After irises have flowered the strong vertical lines of the plants are still most useful as an element of garden design, looking their best near such horizontals as paving, gravel, a low rock or sheet of water. They are best placed singly to give emphasis and do not combine well with other plants, which blur their outlines or shade or overgrow them, although they look well at the front of a border separated from taller plants by low-growing ones. I like to see pale-coloured irises where the flowers will be seen from behind, perhaps in a shaft of evening sunlight. Some people devote whole beds or even small gardens to bearded irises but when colours are mixed the effect is spoilt and too many clumps together take the appearance of a giant grass patch.

With its south European origins (not Germany as the name suggests), *I. germanica* benefits from sun and good drainage and will develop a disgusting complaint called rhizome rot if planted in a damp place. While sometimes called a flag it is not to be confused with *I. pseudacorus*, the yellow flag which will grow in water as well as out of it. This does not mean that it does not need fertile soil so humus and lime can be mixed in, and the soil turned over to a depth of 15-20 inches, before planting. Peat, garden compost, leafmould or dried seaweed are suitable but not heavy manure.

Bearded irises are best planted in July, just after flowering, but can be moved later or in spring. In gardens where they thrive they may need dividing every three years as the rhizomes double themselves every year. When planting make shallow depressions 9-12 inches apart, each in a W shape with a bump in the middle. Place the rhizome on the bump with the roots underneath down on either side, then fill in and cover firmly but leave the top of the rhizome breaking the surface, as it likes to be sun-baked. To stop wind rock, which could loosen the roots, cut the fan of leaves down to about 9 inches. There is no need to do this except when planting.

Irises are fascinating plants. If they catch your imagination you may wish to join the British Iris Society, 72 South Hill Park, London NW3. They publish a year book and news letters, hold an annual show and run a species seed exchange.



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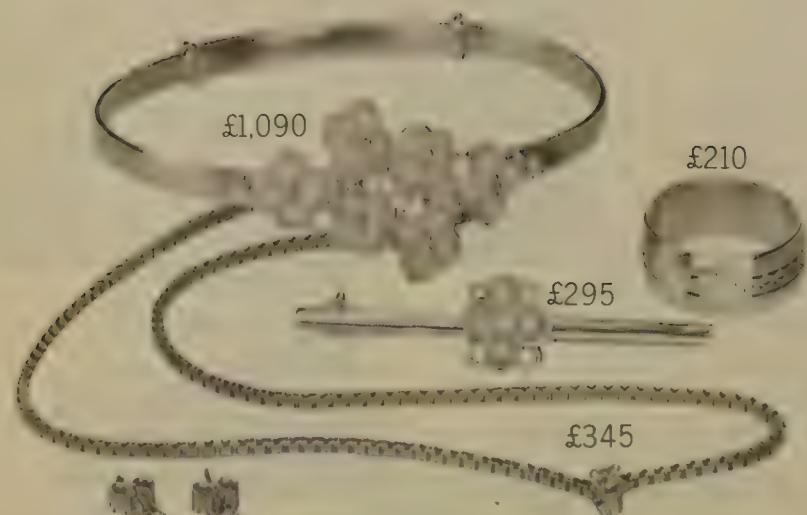
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Hope over experience

by Jack Marx

On the face of it a major two-suiter should be an advantageous holding, but it can present problems in the bidding when its supposedly fortunate possessor is not the first player to bid. At one table in the final of a team event, South was less fortunate in his choice of partner, whose action, or in this case inaction, conformed to Dr Johnson's definition of the triumph of hope over experience. This referred to the recent second marriage of a friend whose first had been most unhappy.

♠ 7	Dealer East
♥ 6 3	Love All
♦ A K 8 6 2	
♣ K 10 8 5 3	
♠ K 10 5 4	♠ Q J 2
♥ K 10 9 4	♥ 2
♦ 9 5 3	♦ Q J 10
♣ Q 4	♣ A J 9 7 6 2
♠ A 9 8 6 3	
♥ A Q J 8 7 5	
♦ 7 4	
♣ void	

The auction was memorably brief. South doubled East's opening One Club and all passed. East's is not the universal ideal of an opening bid, but it confronted South with a familiar but still not wholly solved problem. A strong overall such as Two Hearts might result in the bidding mounting too steeply for the second suit to be adequately displayed. The same might happen after a take-out double, though here the auction never got off the ground at all. Possibly the best move is an unassuming bid of One Heart, which will not scare or provoke anyone into inconvenient high-flying.

The outcome was depressing for North-South, who could register a plus score of only 100. After they had taken their four top tricks in the side suits and two spade ruffs East gathered in five trump tricks and a diamond. There are still North players, it seems, who remain unconvinced by repeated disappointments that a fabulous low-level penalty is not so much pie in the sky.

The other North-South did much better, but they had not been faced with an opening bid and the consequent temptation to grasp at some fabulous penalty to which their counterparts had succumbed.

West	North	East	South
		No	1♥
No	2♦	No	2♠
No	3♣	DBL	3♥
No	4♥	No	No
DBL	No	No	No

West's final double was clearly very dubious, since the double of clubs by a partner who has already passed twice need have no more ambitious motive than to direct a lead. West dutifully led Queen of Clubs, but South was never in serious difficulty. After ruffing the club lead he cashed Spade Ace and ruffed a spade in dummy, ruffed a second club in

hand and a second spade in dummy, took Ace and King of Diamonds and ruffed a third round in hand. He now had eight tricks with two still to come from his three top trumps.

West blamed himself for not choosing the Ten of trumps as his opening lead, but with careful timing South can still succeed. Even with only one spade ruff, he has the entries in dummy for three minor suit ruffs in hand. At this point he surrenders the lead with a spade, which East may win. If East now leads Club Ace, South will decline to ruff and discard a spade on both this and the next trick. By this time West will be left with three trumps only, will have to ruff and lead into South's trump tenace. South will now have made six trumps, one spade, one spade ruff and two diamonds.

On the hand below, the first East-West scored heavily, though not, one feels, exclusively on their own merit.

♠ 7 5	Dealer West
♥ 10 2	East-West Game
♦ K 10 9 6	
♣ A 10 9 6 4	
♠ K Q 10 8 4	♠ A J 9 6 3
♥ A	♥ K Q 9 8 5 4 3
♦ J 5 3	♦ 8
♣ K Q 8 3	♣ void
♠ 2	
♥ J 7 6	
♦ A Q 7 4 2	
♣ J 7 5 2	

At both tables the East-West bidding was unopposed. This was the auction at the first:

West	1♠	5♦
East	4NT	6♣

The direct use of Blackwood with a hand like East's that includes a void is not exactly a model of scientific precision, but it could be argued that there was a two-to-one chance on West holding the right Ace if he held only one, as he did. The partners were using Roman Blackwood and East hoped that West would show the right two Aces for a grand slam, since this variant of Blackwood enabled them to be identified.

The bidding by the other East-West was no more praiseworthy and was not even successful:

West	1♠	4♣
East	3♥	4♣

It must be presumed from West's Four Clubs that he would have made the strong rebid of Three Clubs after a simple take-out of Two Hearts. East therefore felt safe enough in bidding only Four Spades, knowing that West must be strong enough to proceed. However, North had doubled Four Clubs and that may have acted as a deterrent, even though it was no more than an interjection to suggest a lead. In the present writer's view it is better not to force on a tricky hand like East's when the bidding might perhaps have gone:

West	1♠	3♣	4♣	5♥
East	2♥	3♣	5♣	6♦



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CHESS

Stamina at the top

by John Nunn

It is often said that top chess players are younger now than in the past. How much evidence is there to support this assertion? Much chess publicity is concerned with the performance of teenage prodigies and it is easy to gain the mistaken impression from the Press that after the age of 20 players are on the way down. It is true that Britain has a particularly young team, all the top players being in their 20s or early 30s, but internationally the picture is very different. The eight challengers fighting for the right to meet world champion Karpov (28) are Petrosian (50), Korchnoi (48), Polugaevsky (45), Tal (43), Spassky (43), Portisch (43) and the two youngsters Hubner (31) and Adorjan (30). Outside the world championship cycle Geller (55) is the current Soviet champion while Gligoric (57) had the highest score of any player on the top five boards in the recent European team championship. The main reason for performance decreasing with age is probably lack of stamina. A 15-round individual tournament is a gruelling affair, so older players often play better in team events, which are generally shorter.

The following game between two of the above players, played in the 21st USSR Championship, 1954, is from Korchnoi's second appearance in the Soviet championship and at the age of 22 his second place must surely have indicated that he was going to stay at the top for a long time.

Sicilian Defence

Korchnoi	Geller
White	Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3
3 P-Q4	PxP
4 NxP	N-B3
5 N-QB3	P-Q3
6 B-KN5	P-K3
7 Q-Q2	B-K2

Today it is more common for Black to play 7 ... P-QR3 8 0-0-0 B-Q2, developing the queenside as quickly as possible.

8 0-0-0	0-0
9 P-B4	P-K4

This idea of Geller's was played quite frequently in 1954 but has now been superseded by 9 ... P-KR3.

10 N-B3?

The reason for the disappearance of 9 ... P-K4 is the line 10 N-B5! BxN 11 PxB R-B1 12 K-N1 Q-R4 13 BxN BxP 14 N-Q5 QxQ 15 NxBch PxN 16 RxQ giving White an advantageous ending.

10 ... B-N5

10 ... PxP 11 BxP B-K3 is an interesting alternative, sacrificing the pawn on Q3 to speed up the queenside attack.

11 P-KR3

A better idea, suggested by Boleslavsky, runs 11 B-K2 R-B1 12 P-B5

when White has good chances to occupy the weak Q5 square.

11	... BxN
12 PxN	N-Q5
13 PxP	PxP
13 ... NxBP?	loses to 14 PxN!

14 R-N1?

Now White really does get a bad position. After 14 P-B4 N-K3 15 PxP NxB 16 PxN QxQch 17 RxQ BxP Black is only very slightly better.

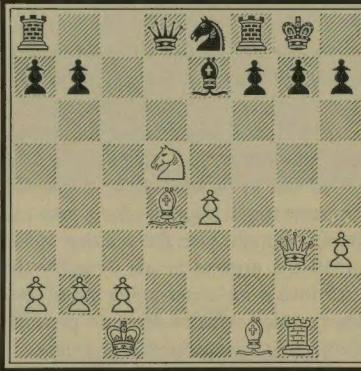
14 ... NxKBP?

Wins material, but gives White a strong attack. After the correct 14 ... R-B1! 15 B-K2 (15 B-R6 P-KN3! 16 BxR QxB also gives Black a raging onslaught) RxN! 16 BxN BxP 17 PxR B-K2 White's king proved fatally exposed in Karaklaic-Joppen, Belgrade 1954.

15 Q-B2	Q-N3
16 B-K3	N-Q5
17 RxN!	PxR
18 BxP	Q-Q1

18 ... Q-K3 was also possible, when 19 B-B4? QxB 20 N-Q5 N-K1! is unclear.

19 N-Q5	N-K1
20 Q-N3	



20 ... P-B3?

Blocks one diagonal, but creates an even more serious weakness on another. 20 ... B-R5! was best when 21 QxPch NxQ 22 RxNch K-R1 23 RxBPch K-N1 24 R-N7ch K-R1 25 R-Q7ch (25 R-N6ch B-B3 26 RxB K-N1!) K-N1 26 RxQ QRxR 27 B-B4 R-B2 is not better for White, so he would have to try 21 Q-B4 instead, with chances for both sides.

21 B-B4 R-B2

Or 21 ... K-R1 22 N-B4! followed by 23 N-N6ch.

22 N-B4	B-Q3
23 BxRch	KxR
24 Q-N3ch	K-K2
25 BxPch!	Resigns

Korchnoi has beaten Petrosian in the quarter-finals of the candidates' matches and will play the Russian, Polugaevsky, in the semi-finals. These two met in the last candidates' series when Korchnoi won by the crushing score 8½-4½. Now, three years later, Polugaevsky will be out for revenge but in my view Korchnoi will once again win through to the final. Next month I will write about the Phillips & Drew Kings tournament.

With acknowledgements to the creative genius of H. M. Bateman



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